Collier's

TEN CENTS FEBRUARY 15, 1947

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THE FABULOUS BILLY ROSE

and a LINCOLN STORY
by HOWARD FAST

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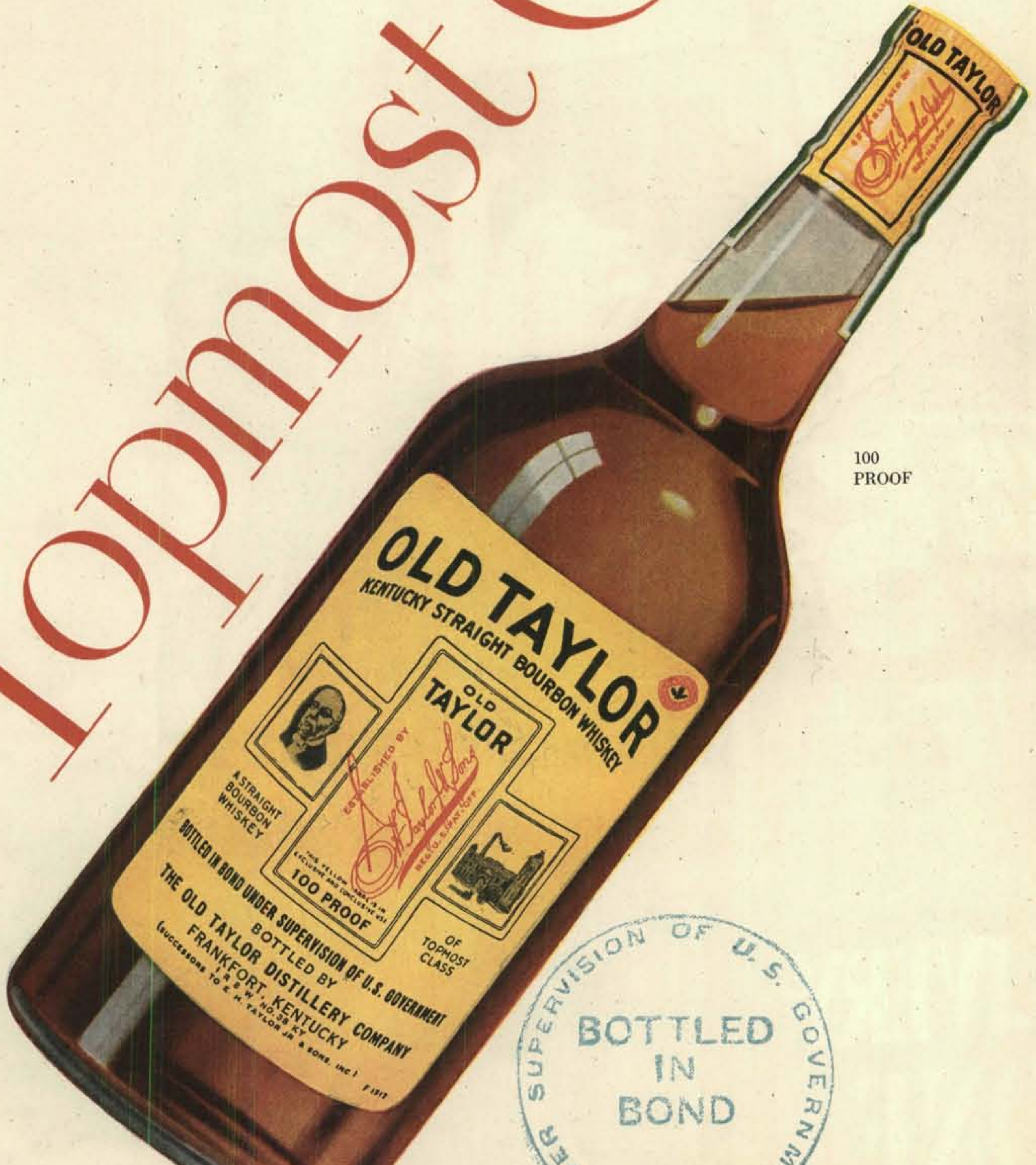
OLD TAYLOR
OLD TAYLOR
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
OLD TAYLOR
ESTABLISHED BY
A STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
100 PROOF
OF TOPMOST CLASS
BOTTLED IN BOND UNDER SUPERVISION OF U.S. GOVERNMENT
BOTTLED BY
THE OLD TAYLOR DISTILLERY COMPANY
FRANKFORT, KENTUCKY
(SUCCESSORS TO E. H. TAYLOR JR & SONS, INC.)

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PROOF

UNDER SUPERVISION OF U.S. GOVERNMENT
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BOND

A development of
B.F. Goodrich
FIRST IN RUBBER

New nylon-rayon truck tires are better than prewar tires

A typical example of B. F. Goodrich improvement in tires

EVEN the largest B. F. Goodrich truck tires are now better than prewar. The latest improvement is a nylon "shock shield" right under the tread to break the force of sharp blows. It is used in sizes 8.25 and larger.

Nylon is strong and elastic. When a heavy truck hits a pointed rock on the highway the tire must absorb the blow. Such impacts often lead to bruises and blow-outs. That's one reason so many truck tires reach the scrap pile before they're really worn out. Nylon shock shields now give extra protection to the rayon cord body. That protection means a four-way saving: (1) Average tire mileage is increased. (2) Tires have greater resistance to bruises. (3) There's less danger of tread separation. (4) More tires can be recapped.

Nylon was used by B. F. Goodrich as early as 1942 in building airplane tires for the army and navy. The shock-resisting ability of nylon cord made it ideal for use in big tires where 80-ton loads had to be set down at high speeds on improvised landing strips. It was used in all tires for B-29 bombers.

The development of truck tires with a nylon shock shield is typical of the constant improvement being made in all types of tires by B. F. Goodrich. Only from B. F. Goodrich can you get truck tires built with a weftless rayon cord body. Now they have the extra protection of the nylon shock shield. Nylon makes them more expensive to build, yet they sell at regular prices. Before you buy tires, see the B. F. Goodrich man. *The B. F. Goodrich Company, Akron, Ohio.*

Truck Tires BY
B. F. Goodrich

COLLIER'S

February 15, 1947

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THE WEEK'S MAIL

CHURCHILL'S HIGHROAD

DEAR EDITOR: I congratulate you on The Highroad of the Future (Jan. 4th) by Winston Churchill and Town Meeting of the World by Stephen Bonsal. You are rendering an important service in bringing to us such expressions from men who know how to clarify our thinking.
B. A. SHUMAN, White Plains, N. Y.

. . . Re The Highroad of the Future, no reasonable person will deny that during the half century since Churchill and his contemporaries came of age and began directing world affairs, they gave us two world wars and world-wide depressions. Churchill and his crowd have had two generations of time to try out their ideas and the results are, to quote him, "A horrible retrogression! Back to the Dark Ages without their chivalry, without their faith." What can those who are to pay for this do but cry out, "How long, O Lord, how long?"
EX-LT. C. STEWART PETERSON, M.A.,
Baltimore, Md.

. . . Isn't Mr. Churchill's plan for a United States of Europe just a device to establish a super buffer state between the Western powers and Russia? B. STORER,
New York, N. Y.

. . . There is one question Mr. Churchill did not touch upon. How can a United States of Europe become a functioning reality similar to the United States of America while each European state retains its nationality? It seems the only way Mr. Churchill's plan could become workable is through the breaking down of national barriers and boundaries so that European nationalities may become intermingled. LEE ROSE,
New Brunswick, N. J.

. . . Our thanks again to Collier's for giving us the greatest article of our times, The Highroad of the Future.

In statesmanship, vision, literary quality, and human understanding, Churchill and Collier's take leadership.
DR. FRANCIS TREVELYAN MILLER,
Historical Foundations, New York, N. Y.

BRIDGE GAGS

DEAR EDITOR: Lee Hazen's anecdotes about certain old lady bridge players, in Grand Slam Gags (Dec. 28th), reminded me of an incident I once "kibitzed." As you know, in tournaments players travel from table to table, introducing themselves to their new opponents by number. Accordingly, when one elderly woman approached a new table, she said, "I'm 100."

(Continued on page 84)

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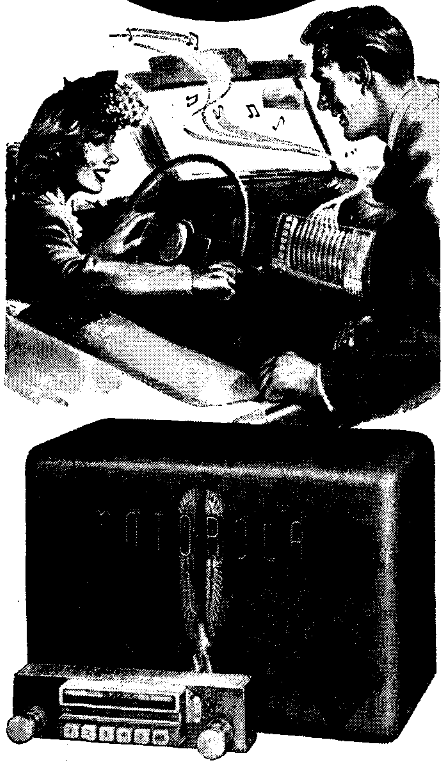
Publishers of Collier's, The American Magazine, Woman's Home Companion

BIGGEST THRILL ON WHEELS



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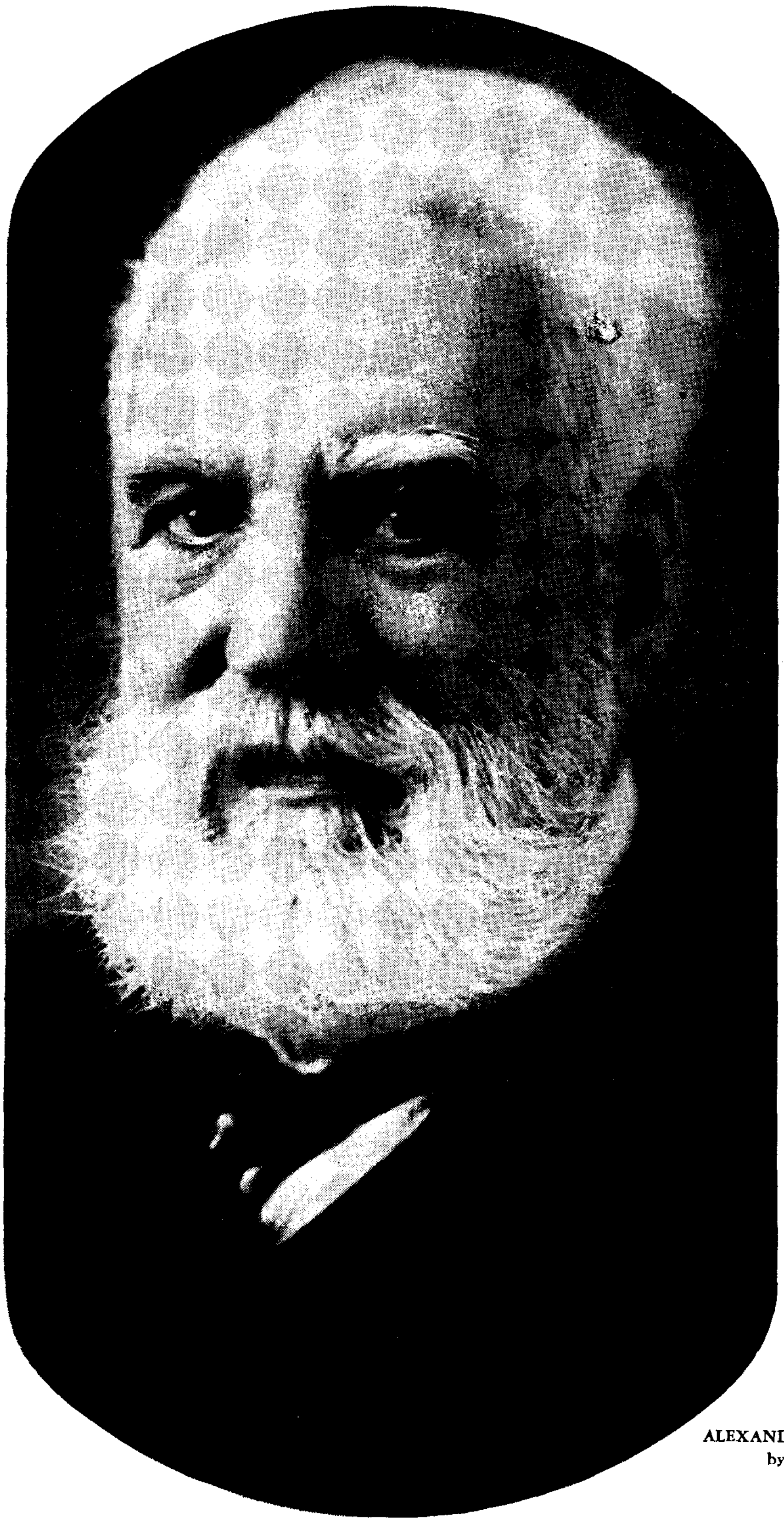
★ 100th Anniversary of the Birth of Alexander Graham Bell · March 3, 1947 ★

He gave the world

a new voice



ALEXANDER GRAHAM BELL
by Moffett, 1918

Alexander Graham Bell was a teacher of the deaf. He was also a trained scientist who made it possible for millions upon millions of people to hear each other by telephone.

The telephone brought something into the world that had not been there before.

For the first time people were able to talk to each other even though separated by long distances.

Horizons broadened. A new industry was born, destined to employ hundreds of thousands of men and women and be of service to every one in the land.

Alexander Graham Bell was a great humanitarian, not only as a teacher of the deaf, but in his vision of the benefits the telephone could bring to mankind.

Bell's vision has come true. It keeps on being an essential part of this nation-wide public service.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

DON'T SKATE ON THIN ICE WHEN IT'S A QUESTION OF CARING FOR THAT BRIGHT SMILE!

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE HELPS CLEAN MANY OF THE DANGER SPOTS

WHERE 3 OUT OF 4 CASES OF DECAY START!

Even a child knows that cracks in ice can be dangerous! But do *you* know that tiny cracks and flaws in tooth enamel are the places where tooth decay most frequently begins? Yes! More than 3 out of every 4 cases of decay start in little, hard-to-see imperfections in the tooth's surface: Some of these little pits are so small that you might have them without even knowing it. So small and hard-to-reach that a less efficient dentifrice may skip right over them!

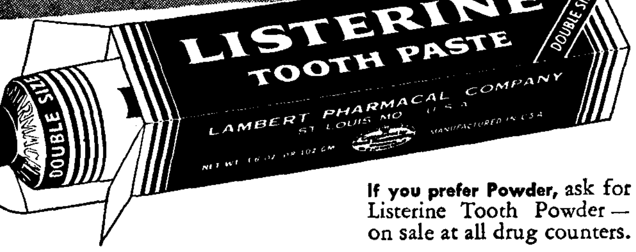
That's why experts and scientists, working with a Company with 60 years experience in Oral Hygiene, decided to do something about these danger zones! As a result, they created the formula for Listerine Tooth Paste with a special ingredient that helps clean many of the tiny danger spots where decay may often begin.

If you think "all dentifrices are alike," switch to Listerine Tooth Paste today. See for yourself what this cleansing "Prescription for Your Teeth" can really do for your smile!

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY
St. Louis, Missouri

PRESCRIPTION FOR YOUR TEETH!

REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping IF DEFECTIVE OR NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN



If you prefer Powder, ask for Listerine Tooth Powder—on sale at all drug counters.

BARNEY TOBEY

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

BY FRELING FOSTER

After many years, French champagne is now available in the United States in jeroboams, large bottles which contain four 26-ounce "quarts."

In the early 1900s, the first automobiles struck so many pedestrians and frightened so many horses that Tennessee passed a law requiring every motorist who planned a drive to warn the public one week in advance by inserting a notice in the newspapers.

The San Francisco-Oakland Bay Bridge has 264 employees, this large number being required as the span, owing to its eight-mile length and heavy traffic, maintains its own police force and fire department. The staff also includes 29 mechanics whose sole duty is to service disabled cars, which average 43 a day.—*By Pat Crow, Pullman, Washington.*

Eleven states now have statute laws or constitutional amendments which ban the closed shop, either completely or unless a majority of the employees vote for it—Alabama, Arizona, Arkansas, Colorado, Florida, Kansas, Louisiana, Nebraska, Oregon, South Dakota and Wisconsin.

Of the some 250 major epidemics of infectious diseases that have occurred in the past 3,400 years, the greatest was the Black Death, which, between 1333 and 1382, killed 75,000,000 persons in Europe and Asia. The second greatest was the influenza pandemic which swept throughout the world in 1918-1919 and carried off 21,000,000 victims.

Since 1899, all programs used in legitimate theaters in New York City have been more or less standardized, being written and produced by one company. The program section of this publication, called The Playbill, is prepared especially for each theater, and the remainder of its 40 pages are devoted to columns on such subjects as fashions and night life that appear in all copies, of which 225,000 a week are being used this season by 35 Broadway houses.

The first Englishman to visit Japan was William Adams, who arrived in 1600 and, at the request of the shogun, spent his remaining 20 years there giving the country its first knowledge of shipbuilding. To preserve his memory, Tokyo named a street for him and erected a temple where, on every June 15th since, a celebration has been held in his honor. In 1934, or 314 years after his death, the Japanese built another memorial to Adams in his home town of Gillingham, England.—*By Hazel Sokolove, Arlington, Virginia.*

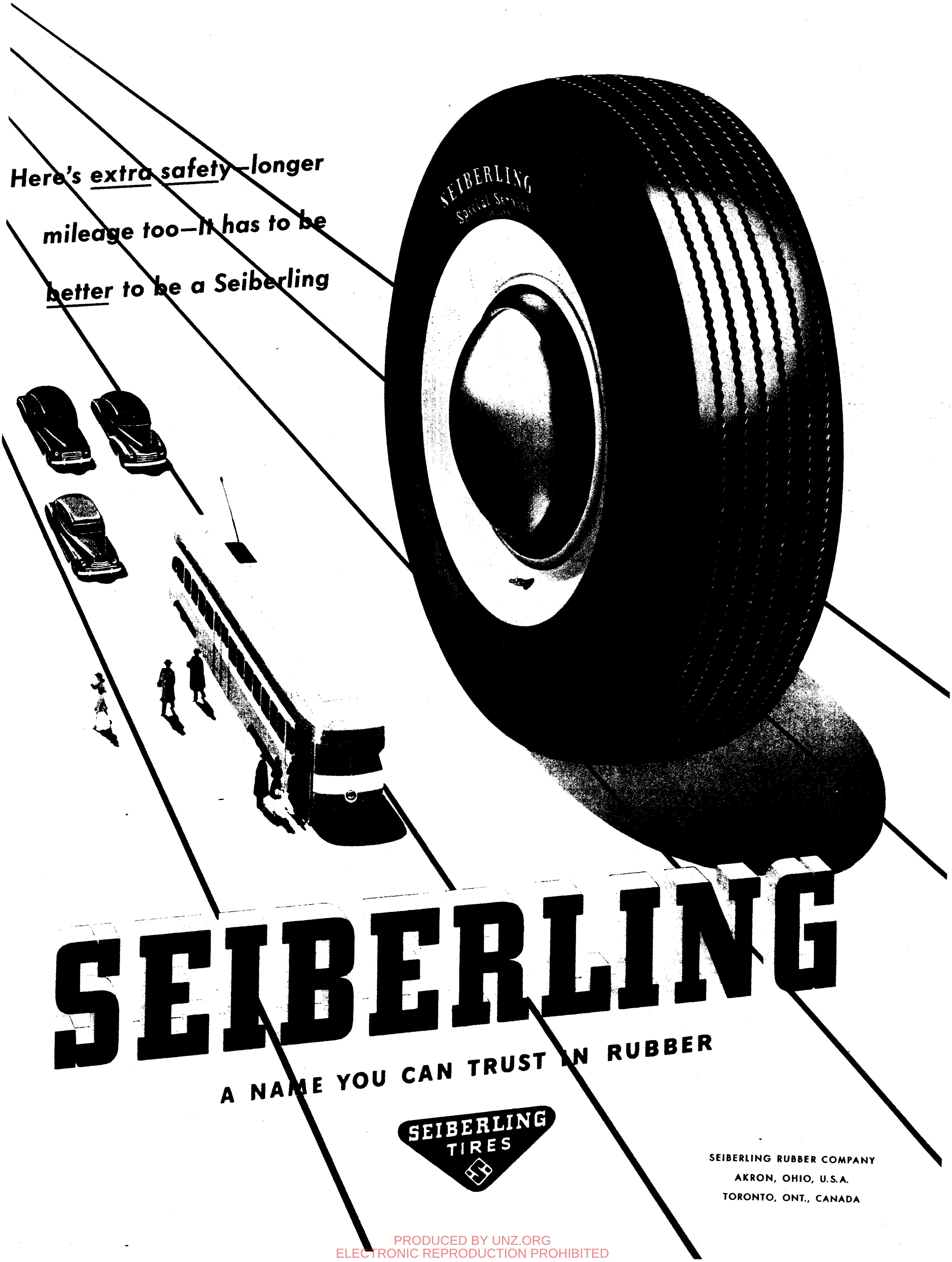
Among the cases that caused many cities to ban dance marathons over a decade ago was that of 26-year-old Charles Gonder of Bayonne, N. J., who dropped dead in one of these endurance contests in 1932 after dancing continuously for 1,147 hours, or 48 days and nights.

The world's most religious country is Tibet where, out of an adult population of 2,000,000, more than 100,000 women are nuns and 400,000 men are Lamaist priests and monks. It also has the largest monasteries, three near Lhasa—Drepung, Sera and Ganden—housing a total of 20,000 of these lamas.

Up to 20 years ago, England had no greyhound tracks or football pools and its gambling was virtually confined to horse races. During 1946, however, its people bet only $483,000,000 on their once favorite sport, compared with $564,000,000 bet on football pools and $967,000,000 bet on dog races.

The record for suspended animation is held by several little worms, a species of Nematoda, that came to life recently upon being soaked in water after having been preserved in a completely dried-out state for 39 years.

Ten dollars will be paid for each fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by their source of information. Address Keep Up With the World, Collier's, 250 Park Ave., New York (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighted and no items may be reproduced without permission



Here's extra safety—longer mileage too—It has to be better to be a Seiberling

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SEIBERLING TIRES

SEIBERLING RUBBER COMPANY
AKRON, OHIO, U.S.A.
TORONTO, ONT., CANADA

SEIBERLING
Special Service

HERE'S HOW TO
Put an end
TO HARD WINTER STARTING

IF YOUR CAR is hard to get going—balky and undependable—on cold winter days, there may be only an adjustment or minor repair required to correct this condition. Perhaps the coil is at fault, the wiring worn-out or battery terminals corroded. It might be that the carburetor merely needs adjusting or the distributor points cleaned and spaced.

Whatever's wrong, your neighborhood United Motors man can locate the trouble easily and correct it quickly and economically. His thorough service will make your car as sure-starting as the day you bought it . . . no matter how far the mercury drops!

Any season and in any place, you'll find a nearby United Motors Service station ready to meet your needs with all that's best in modern automotive service. That friendly orange and blue United Motors sign is your assurance of *original-equipment parts, dependable workmanship* and *approved service methods* wherever and whenever you see it.

LOOK FOR THIS SIGN — UNITED SERVICE MOTORS — IT'S RIGHT NEARBY

United Motors Service is a nationwide organization of selected independent service stations authorized to sell and service these products:

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DELCO Auto Radios
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DELCO Home Radios
NEW DEPARTURE Ball Bearings
HARRISON Thermostats
DELCO Shock Absorbers
GUIDE Lamps
DELCO-REMY Starting, Lighting and Ignition
KLAXON Horns
HARRISON Radiators
DELCO Hydraulic Brakes

THE WEEK'S WORK

JERRY COOKE

ROBERT DOISNEAU

Midnight, New York—Thomas H. Beck calls Paris. 5:00 A.M. Paris—W. B. Courtney awakes, receives call

RECENTLY that good, white-maned poet and guitarist of Galesburg, Illinois, Carl Sandburg, moved from his skyscraper house atop the sand dunes of Lake Michigan to an eyrie atop Flat Rock Mountain in North Carolina. It was here amid his flocks of prize Toggenburgs, books, American song bags and charming disarray that he wrote this week's editorial.

Not that the ubiquitous Mr. Sandburg is a lone eagle who seeks the high places. We looked him up and found that he is a flatlander, born about 300 miles from Lincoln country, educated in various Middle-West brain works, married to Lillian Steichen, father of three daughters, and several times a grandfather. In his day he has been dishwasher, waiter, poor, and everything on a newspaper from editor's football to editorial writer—mostly around Chicago. He has lectured the world over with the guitar, has appeared often in these pages, done many books of children's verse, and it may be recalled his Lincoln saga was started originally as a child's biography, but grew and grew till it became its present six-volume self. Right now he is engaged in doing a $100,000 "movie novel" bought unwritten by M-G-M.

Today at 69, Mr. Sandburg is as vigorously nonchalant about living as ever. He still will vault lightly over a fence during a ten-mile walk, drop in on an editorial conference, talk to tramp or tycoon with equal unconcern, churn his goat milk into butter, pick up his guitar and entertain for hours with Americana from his bottomless song bag.

Oddly while many know who this unaffected All-American poet of the plains is, few know much about him. It is difficult to sum him up, except that some future editor of Collier's is likely as not 69 years hence to order a piece from some future Lincoln entitled, What Would Carl Sandburg Have Done?

THE Chairman of the Board of this company, Mr. Thomas H. Beck, sat in his car speeding north on Park Avenue a while back, picked up the phone and made the first transatlantic call from a private automobile in New York, waking our Mr. W. B. Courtney from a sound sleep at the Hotel George V in Paris, France. This was a historic occasion, but there is some doubt about Mr. Courtney's being proud of his share in it. It was 5 A.M. in Paris. Mr. Beck, on the contrary, felt not the least bit sleepy. It was only midnight in New York.

We took a ride with the gravel-throated Mr. Beck around New York in full daylight while he put in and received a few calls to show off his new supergadget. We learned that the phone hangs from a hook on the dashboard, costs $7 a month, or about 35 cents (the price of a drink) per call, requires a heavier-than-ordinary car battery, is still a scarce item. Mr. Beck got his—the Number One mobile radio phone in the New York area—because he made a suggestion for such a device to the phone company some years ago.

Thus far Mr. Beck's only troubles with the car phone are to convince people he is calling from his auto; and to discourage friends who want to borrow the car to make a call to Paris. Also when he parks in New York, he finds he must lift the hood and remove the radio phone fuse lest a long-distance fiend hop in the car and call Topeka or Timbuktu. This possibility largely inspired Frank Owen's cartoon on p. 76. Close inspection will reveal Mr. Beck's caricatured presence in the car whose license plate, incidentally, contains Mr. Beck's call number.

On the basis of past performance, the future will find Mr. Beck using his car phone to call planes, trains, all the ships at sea, or the new contemplated moon rocket ship—the latter, of course, if he is not already in the ship calling his own car.

This week's cover: The heartsick gentleman inserting the valentine so furtively in the postbox is none other than Reynolds Kirk, 10-year-old nephew of Quentin Reynolds. James Snyder is the photographer. Kirk's ambition—*not* to be a writer. He'll settle for shortstop on the Yankees. The name of the girl receiving that valentine? Ask him yourself. . . .

TED SHANE

Janie's dancing with a college man

A MIRACULOUS change has swept the room. A name band plays where the divan once stood. The carpet has turned to a gleaming dance floor.

And as Janie glides with little Sue—she's at a night club, high over New York, dancing with a dashing college man.

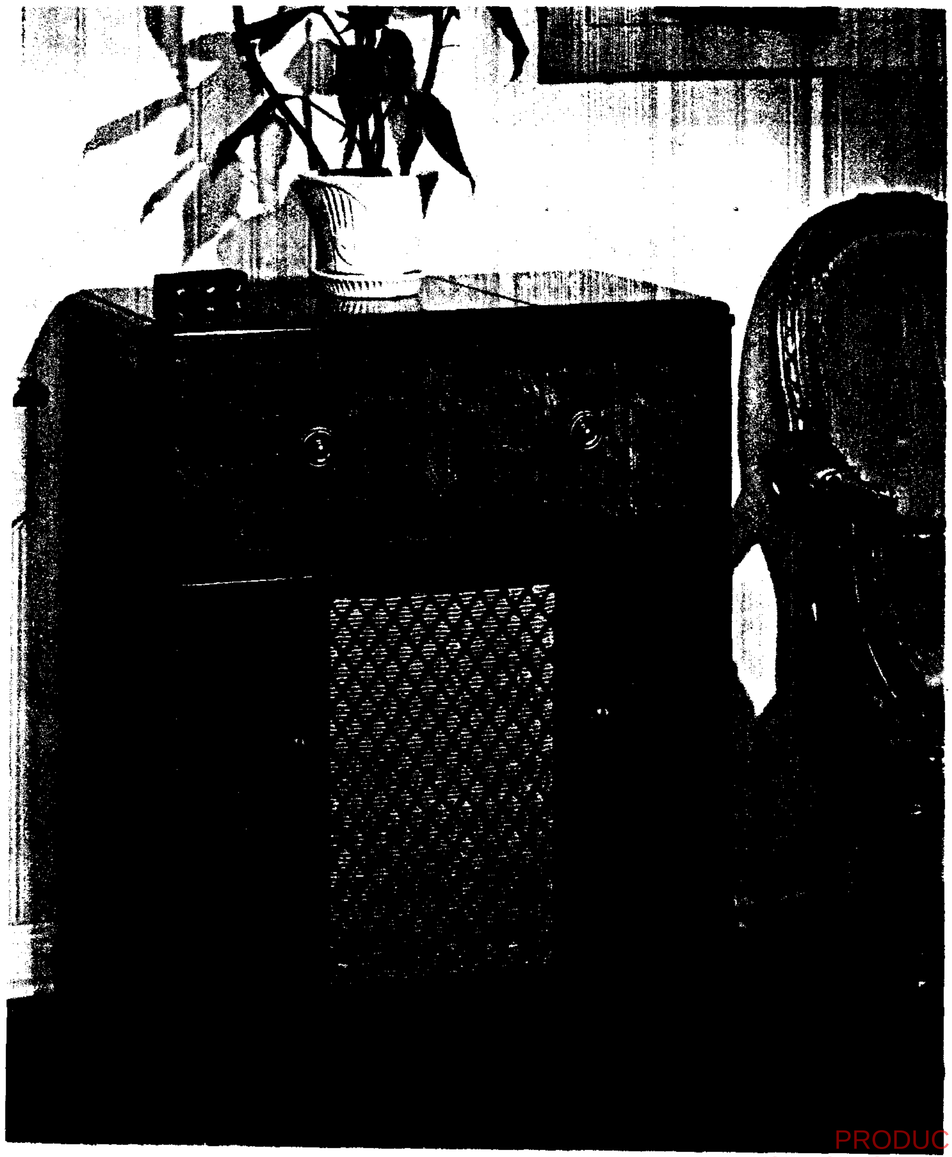
Only a young girl dreaming . . . ?

True enough, but wait until *you* hear the thrilling tonal realism—all the delicate shadings of sound—of your favorite broadcasts or records on a magnificent new Sparton Radio-Phonograph.

See this superb model at your Sparton dealer's* now. Under the Sparton plan of selling direct to one dealer *exclusively* in each community, even the Sparton price is sweet listening.

**Consult the Yellow Pages of your telephone directory.*

Sparton Model No. 7-BW-76-PA.



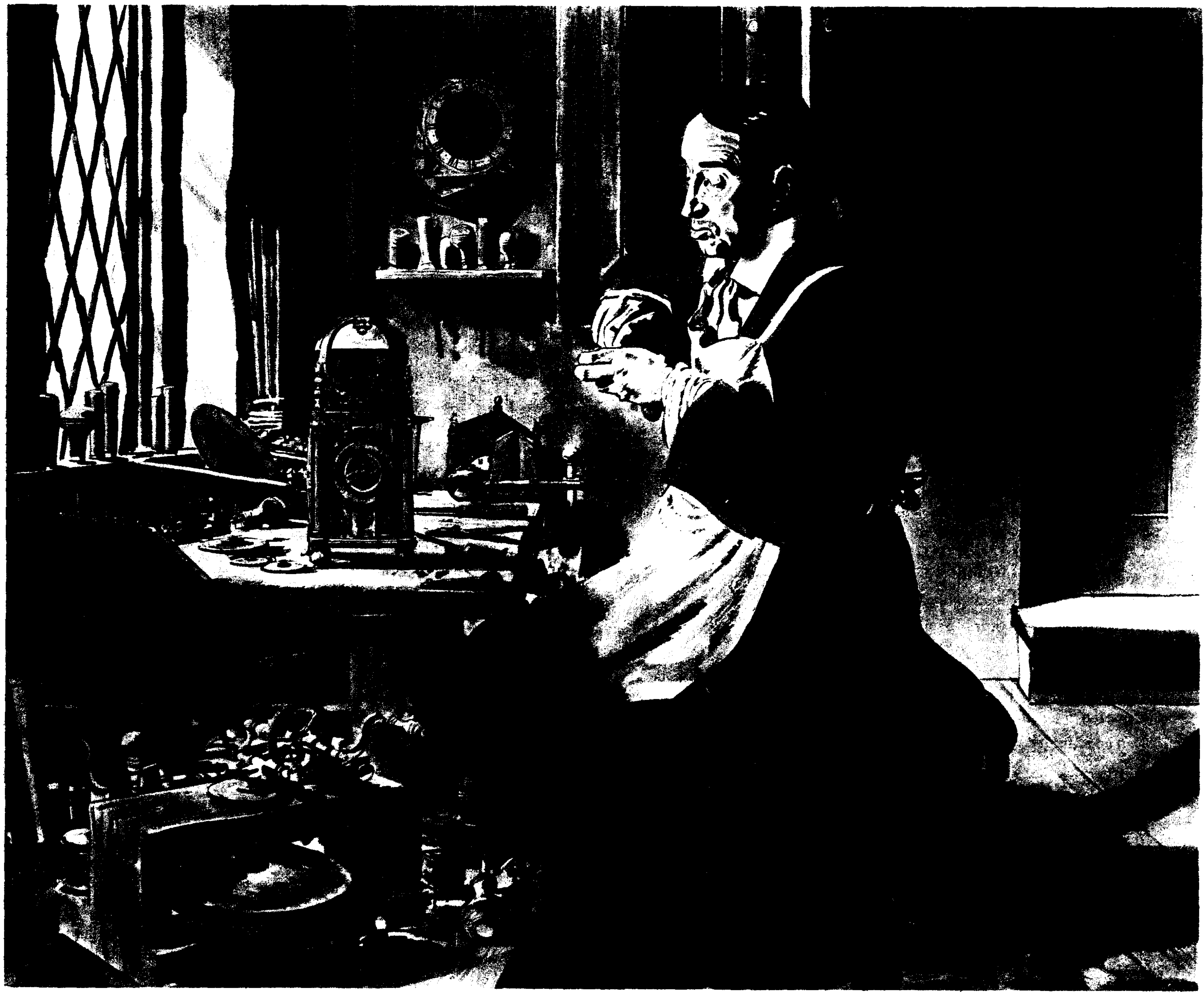
Sparton

RADIO'S RICHEST VOICE SINCE 1926

Superlative performance in this handsome Sparton Radio-Phonograph assured with Standard Broadcast, two Short-Wave bands, two built-in antennas, and trouble free automatic record changer. Available in matched mahogany or matched walnut veneers hand-rubbed to a gleaming brilliant finish. Apartment-size, its styling harmonizes beautifully with finest furniture.

THE SPARKS-WITHINGTON CO., JACKSON, MICHIGAN

Sparton of Canada, Limited, London, Ontario



Why America's first clockmaker didn't make clocks

IN 1683 an English clockmaker named William Davis came to Boston and opened a small clock shop—the first in America. He'd no sooner hung up his sign than the Puritan fathers swamped him with orders—not for new clocks, but for repair work.

Just about every clock in the colony, it seemed, was on the blink. This was largely because the colonists had had to import their clocks from Europe, and the rough sea voyage and salt air often raised hob with the works.

Even though the average colonist had to be fairly handy with tools and at carpentry, clock repair was too much for him. This required an expert, a specialist. So everybody relied on Davis—relied so heavily, in fact, that it's believed Davis never got around to making any new clocks.

Since Davis was gathered to his fathers, the clocks of the world have ticked off millions of hours. But his career illustrates one point which is even more true today than when he was alive.

And that's this: There's no substitute for an expert, for a *trained specialist.* And there are a great many things which the average man can't even hope to do correctly without the aid of such a specialist.

One of these things is planning a sound insurance program. Insurance, like the inside of a clock, is complicated. To understand rates, risks, premiums, and policies—*and to be able to fit them to any individual's needs*—is something that requires a great deal of highly specialized knowledge and training.

A man with precisely this kind of training is your Travelers agent or insurance broker.

He knows the fine points. He's experienced. He has good judgment. He's friendly and considerate. He's the best man to help you plot a course in insurance that most economically and soundly fits *your* risks, *your* income, and *your* responsibilities.

He can help you avoid mistakes. Alert to changes, he can keep your policies constantly up to date. In short, he can take a real load off your mind.

Why not ask him to drop in to see you—soon?

MORAL: INSURE IN

The Travelers

ALL FORMS OF INSURANCE AND SURETY BONDS

The Travelers Insurance Company, The Travelers Indemnity Company, The Travelers Fire Insurance Company, The Charter Oak Fire Insurance Company, Hartford, Connecticut.

THE FABULOUS

BILLY RO

LOTOW

As a showman for the millions (people and dollars) the Mighty Midget of Broadway makes Barnum and Ziegfeld look like junior partners. The Midas touch of this incredible song writer, producer, columnist, night-club owner and World's Fair entrepreneur has made him a millionaire at 47. Above, in his New York offices, Billy inspects costumes for a Diamond Horseshoe show

EARLY in his career as a song writer, some twenty years ago, Billy Rose dashed off a ditty about a cartoon character named Barney Google, owner of a spavined horse, Spark Plug. The words were inane and the melody was equally childish. The first two publishers listened to it and held their noses.

Armed with copies of Barney Google, Rose then attempted to persuade various noted singers around Broadway to perform his aria. The singers not only held their noses, but firmly shoved Rose out of their dressing rooms.

The Mighty Midget then rented a horse costume from a theatrical costumer and called upon Ole Olsen and Chic Johnson, a struggling team of comedians, who were playing a small-time vaudeville theater in New York. Rose informed them that he was the composer of the funniest song in decades and he could show Olsen and Johnson exactly how to sing it so that audiences would be thrown into hysterics.

Without any encouragement, Rose donned the horse costume. He cantered about the dressing room, baying the lyric about Barney Google with the goo-goo-googly eyes.

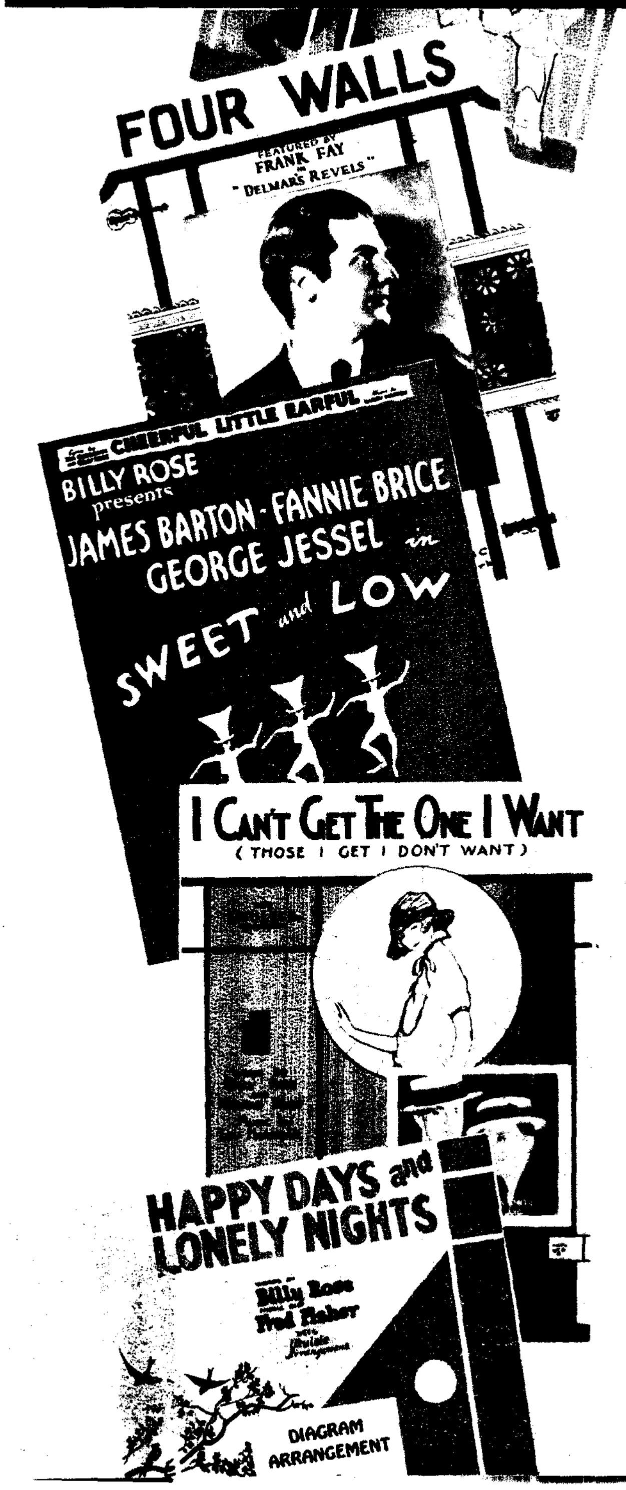
"See," cried Rose, "you get a stooge to put on this horse costume, and he trots down the aisle of the theater, and you get an actor who looks like Barney Google and this actor is

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY GEORGE KARGER

Billy Rose was born of poverty-stricken parents on New York's squalid East Side. Above, a portrait of the Mighty Midget at the tender age of one year

INTERNATIONAL

Members of War Industries Board present their chairman, Bernard Baruch (center), with loving cup as his protégé, Billy (extreme left), beams his pleasure


FOUR WALLS
FEATURED BY FRANK FAY IN "DELMAR'S REVELS"
CHEERFUL LITTLE EARFUL
BILLY ROSE presents
JAMES BARTON · FANNIE BRICE
GEORGE JESSEL in
SWEET and LOW
I CAN'T GET THE ONE I WANT
(THOSE I GET I DON'T WANT)
HAPPY DAYS and LONELY NIGHTS
Billy Rose
Fred Fisher
DIAGRAM ARRANGEMENT

whipping the horse into the home stretch. They race all around the theater. Meanwhile, you boys are singing choruses of Barney Google on the stage. It's terrific."

Olsen and Johnson, who would do anything for a laugh, capitulated and sang the song in a way a popular song has never been rendered before or since.

In two weeks, Barney Google was the rage of New York. In four weeks, it swept the country. Barney Google wasn't just a song hit. It was a disease. It eventually sold 1,000,000 sheet music copies and the various recordings of Barney Google sold by the million!

The career of Billy Rose demonstrates the fact that a poor but ambitious American lad, by means of hard work, thrift, abstaining from whisky, and keeping unhealthy hours, may rise to become the proprietor of the Diamond Horseshoe, one of the most famous night clubs in the world, and amass about $5,000,000 in cash, securities, real estate, and world-famous oil paintings, including a later Rembrandt. He may also become one of the most popular journalists of his time, whose whimsical column, Pitching Horseshoes, is now syndicated in over 100 newspapers.

Rose's personality is composed of contradictory impulses. His character traits are complex. Rose has always baffled and confused the Broadway mob.

Tallulah Bankhead, for instance, who worked for him in Clash By Night, remarked, "My association with him was the ghastliest experience of my career. Rose is a bully through and through."

On the other hand, Jimmy Durante, who worked for Rose in Jumbo, recently confided, "Rose is a generous guy, a swell producer. He understands actors, and if he gives you advice or suggestions how to improve your act, it pays off."

George Jean Nathan calls him the foremost showman of our time, while Richard Maney maintains he is a crassly commercial fellow with merely the knack of a huckster. Chuck Green, a Toots Shor character, once remarked, "If you was in the snatch racket it would be a waste of time for you to kidnap Billy Rose, inasmuch as who would you contact for the ransom? Rose has not got a friend." Ben Hecht goes so far as to assert, "Fundamentally, Rose is a poet, a frustrated poet." However, on another occasion, when somebody remarked that Billy Rose wore a wistful expression, Hecht snorted, "Yeah, he's as wistful as a meat ax."

Squalid Early Environment

The future Barnum of Broadway was born William Samuel Rosenberg in 1899, in a squalid tenement apartment in New York's Lower East Side. He was the oldest of three children. His parents were poor, almost destitute. His father, a salesman of buttons and trimmings, rarely earned more than $20 a week. Frequently, the only food in the house was a loaf of day-old bread. Frequently, the rent wasn't paid, and they were dispossessed, their broken-down furniture piled on the sidewalk.

Willie was a skinny, undernourished, sickly little boy. The tougher boys always picked on him and he often came home after a day of play with a bloody nose, a broken lip or a black eye. So he learned how to run. He began running, out of sheer panic, when he was six years old, in order to flee from his enemies.

At Public School No. 44, Willie Rosenberg ran fast enough to make the track team. In 1914, he acquired his first medal—a silver medal for winning the 50-yard dash in an interscholastic track meet.

Willie Rosenberg was introduced to Gregg shorthand in high school. He fell passionately in love with it, took shorthand notes all the time. He paid his sister Miriam a nickel an hour to dictate to him every night.

After three months, he was writing shorthand faster and more accurately than the instructor.

John Robert Gregg, the inventor of the Gregg method, offered a silver medal for the fastest shorthand writer in the school. Willie Rosenberg won it. The following year he defeated the best student shorthand writers in New York City.

Gregg decided he could make Willie Rosenberg the world's champion shorthand writer. He paid Rosenberg $50 a week while he was in training. Willie took notes faster and faster. He reached 100 words a minute, 120, 150, and eventually achieved a rate of over 200 words a minute, which put him in the championship class.

Willie demonstrated the virtues of the Gregg system. He could write Gregg backward as well as forward. He could write it backward with the left hand while writing it forward with the right hand. His mother's parlor was filled with bronze and silver cups, as Rosenberg triumphed in one shorthand contest after another. Dr. Gregg still considers him "the finest natural shorthand writer I've ever encountered."

Early in World War I, Willie started to work for the War Industries Board. From just an office stenographer, he soon headed a large corps of the fastest stenographers and typists in the country. His skill attracted the attention of Bernard Baruch, chairman of the WIB. Baruch followed Rose's

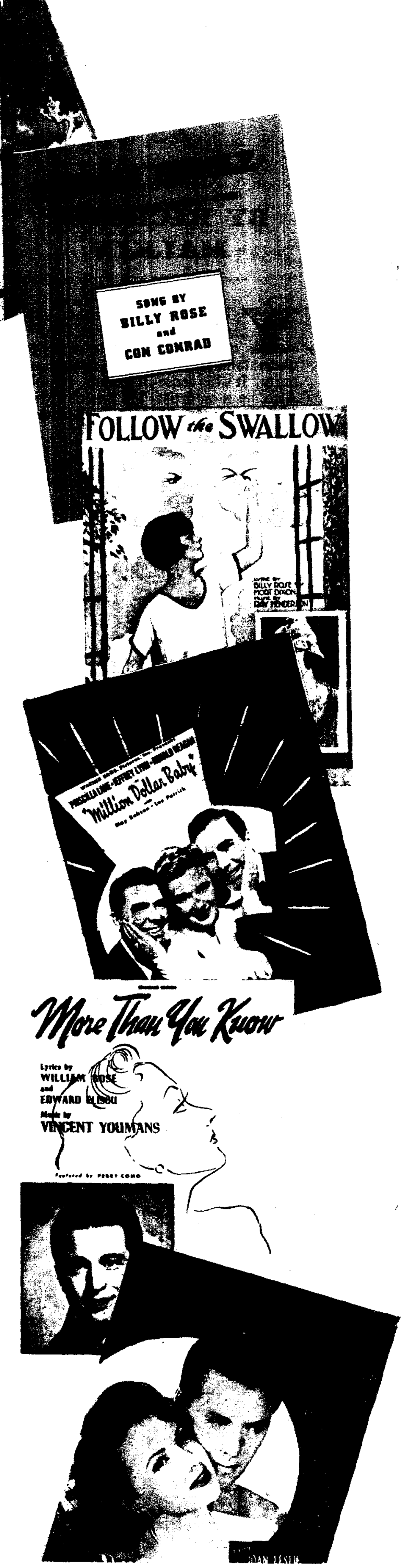
INTERNATIONAL

Helen Morgan, queen of piano-sitting singers, was a frequent guest at soirees in Billy's first apartment

CULVER SERVICE

Olsen and Johnson, who introduced Barney Google to the world, try out another routine involving a weird horse

The parade of lyrics written by Rose in the twenties soon put him in the big-money class with an annual income of $100,000



subsequent career closely and today they are fast friends.

During the war he sat near the seats of the mighty. He had reported the conferences at which men like Baruch, Grace, Farrell, Lammot du Pont, Gary, Schwab, Guggenheim and other captains of industry had spoken. He had been impressed by them, and admired the wealth they controlled and the power they embodied. There was no future in shorthand. The most a shorthand reporter—even a world's champion—could earn was a paltry $300 a week. No, decided Rosenberg, he wanted to be a captain of industry. So he decided that for a year or two he would wander over the United States and search for an industry to captain.

A good pool player, Rosenberg traveled through South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Kentucky, Tennessee, Ohio, Missouri, Louisiana and Texas, playing pool and talking shorthand to fellow stenographers. His savings ran out in New Orleans and he took a boat home.

Among the passengers was a girl named Sylvia, who was wide-eyed about Broadway. She spoke with vast excitement of the wonderful cabarets and the shows of Broadway. She excited his curiosity.

Up till then, he had never seen a play or a musical comedy, had never been in a cabaret or a fancy restaurant. He had never even walked up the white-lighted Rialto segment of Broadway.

Sylvia took him to Wolpin's Restaurant, the Lindy's of its day, and she introduced him to several song writers. Willie Rosenberg had never heard of any of them.

"I wasn't at all impressed by these people," Billy recalls. "I saw they were unimportant, shoddy, second-rate compared to the men I had worked for during the war.

"Then I learned some of these song writers, people nobody ever heard of, were making as much as $75,000 a year, five times as much as the fastest shorthand writer. And these boys weren't Kerns or Berlins.

"I realized I had stumbled into a fantastic world. Now get this—I had no particular desire to write music, but I saw no reason why I, with a little preparation and work, could not join the gold rush."

Genesis of a Song Writer

He shortened his name to one syllable and began mingling with other writers, song pluggers, piano demonstrators, actors, singers, musicians, band leaders. He studied the lyrics of his contemporaries and his wonder grew.

He announced, one day, that he, too, was a song writer. To prepare himself for his new career, Rose repaired to the New York Public Library and each day, for many months, he studied the origins, history, leading exemplars and techniques of American threnody from Stephen W. Foster to Harry Ruby. Song writing, he believed, was a skill, not an art. The troubadours at Feist's, Remick's and Witmark's did not seem to be geniuses inflamed by a muse, but carpenters who had unconsciously mastered a trade. What they had learned by trial and error, he would learn deliberately. What they had wasted five years in mastering, he would master in five months.

Rose scientifically divided the hit songs of 1890 to 1920 into various categories. He then toted up the salient characteristics of each, and estimated which group made the most money. Finally, he tried to analyze in which category there was the least competition to an aspiring lyricist.

The most fundamental group of popular songs, the meat-and-potatoes song, was the romantic love song like Kiss Me Again. After the love ballads, the second largest category was in what might be termed the Dadaist style, in which the writers took complete leave of sense. These comprised: (1) The "nut" or "novelty" song, like Yes We Have No Bananas. (2) The jingle type of song, like Happy Birthday To You. (3) The succession-of-sound songs—simple, repetitious, easy to memorize. These were the songs most likely to become famous in the shortest span of time. Based on elementary animal sounds, a child of four could chant its meaningless diphthongs. There had been the widely popular It's Mr. Dooley, Dooley-Dooley - ooley - ooley - ooley - ooooo. During the war, Jada, Jada, Jada, Jada, Jing, Jing, Jing had been popular as had Yaaka, Hula, Hickey, Dula.

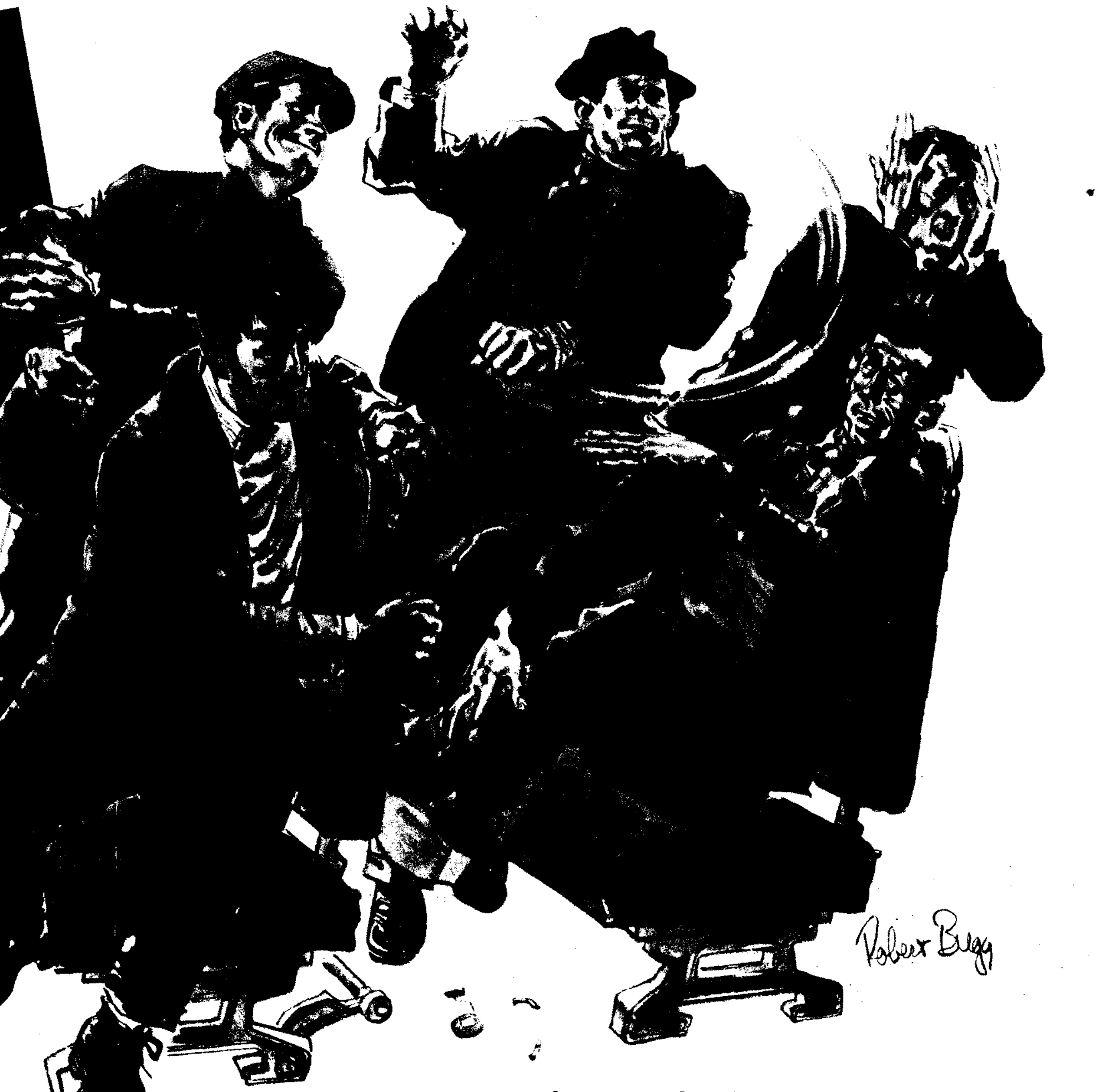
Rose decided the succession-of-sound songs was the logical form for him to undertake and the most promising sound was "oo." Rose's pockets were soon filled with ideas for songs, catchy titles, and typed verse and chorus of a dozen ariettas. He batted out one, two, three songs a day. For him to work more than a week on a song was unusual. This is typical of Tin Pan Alley. At first, Rose hectored the publishing houses—to no avail. He pestered veteran composers to make beautiful music for his words. They refused to collaborate. Once, in Wolpin's, he accosted Harry Ruby, a tall man.

"Harry," Rose said, in a tone of intimacy that was not reciprocated, "I have a great idea for a song."

"I'd rather not hear it," said Ruby. "It'll sell a million copies."

(Continued on page 81)

A JOKE IS A JOKE



I do not remember what happened after the watch fell out, for suddenly the world seemed full of flying fists

BY RICHARD MALKIN

YOU got to understand my friend Ignace. He is a good man, but, as I say, you got to understand him. Ignace means no harm. It's his sense of humor, I think. Also, he is an artist. He was that way in the old country; he is that way here.

In the old country they used to call him Magic Fingers. And the fingers are truly magic—so quick, so smooth, so light you never know they're on you. Oh, take my word for it, that Ignace, he is a great one for tricks.

The trouble really started on the bus. We got on board for the mill, and Ignace sat between me and a fat man in a dark suit with one of those lapel watches you could buy for three or four dollars before the war. I saw Ignace give the watch one of his special looks, and I said to him in Polish, "Please, Ignace, this is not the place for a joke."

He laughed and told me that a joke is a joke whether it's on a bus, in a tavern, or in the arms of a girl. The next thing I knew, the fat man's lapel was bare. I tell you I was very angry with my friend Ignace, but I could not make a scene, you understand.

Pretty soon the fat man made a move for his watch. My heart went way down when I saw this. Trouble was coming for sure. I felt very sorry for Ignace.

The fat man hollered, "My watch!" and his wild eyes accused Ignace and me. I sat very still, but Ignace put on a show of surprise. He is good at that; he is a real actor. Ignace showed a lot of sympathy for that fat man; he turned his own pockets inside out, and believe me, there was nothing in them but a dirty handkerchief and some change.

The fat man turned on me. So did all the other people on the bus.

"Oh, not him!" said Ignace. "He is my friend Jan from the old country."

"Sure!" I said, laughing out loud, and turned my pockets inside out. The lapel watch fell to the floor.

By all the mercies of heaven, I swear I did not know it was in my pocket until I saw it there on the floor. I am an honest man. Ask Father Storsecki. Ask my landlady.

The truth is that I do not remember much about what happened after the watch fell out. I only know that all of a sudden the whole world was filled with fists and knees and shoes with long points. I screamed for my friend Ignace, but blood continued to run—*my* blood.

It was a heavenly blessing when I was kicked off the bus into some tall grass along the road. I found Ignace at my side, wiping the blood from my face and tending a deep cut near my eye. He was so tender that I forgave him at once.

"My friend Jan, my friend Jan," he said over and over again.

And my whole heart was filled with tears and pity for myself, and I sobbed, "My friend Ignace, my friend Ignace."

We did not go to the mill that day. Instead we went back to my room where Ignace helped patch me up. Then I put up a small kettle of tea to boil and cut a few slices of *halvah* as a special treat. But all the while I was thinking about Ignace—my friend Ignace—and I wondered why he put the watch in my pocket. However, I am a man of my word, and since I had forgiven him I felt it my duty not to ask. Then, like the snap of a whip, Ignace said, "Eh, Jan? You think about that cheap monkey-on-a-string watch? Don't answer. I know. Well, I'll tell you."

And he told me in a quiet voice, such as he never used with me before, that his wonderful talent with his fingers was his greatest joy in life. It made him feel as Piotr, the fiddler from our town who became famous in the wine cellars of old Warsaw, must have felt. Can you understand? There was the soul of an artist in both of them.

Have you ever seen my friend Ignace make a coin disappear in the air? Have you ever seen him pick a dollar from someone's ear? Have you ever had him loosen your belt while you stand like a fool without even knowing about it? I swear to you, these are wonderful things. He is a genius.

But Ignace does not want this talent to die. The way he said it, with his mouth full of *halvah* and tea, it was a very important thing. He practiced wherever he went—in the mill, in the movies, and, like that day, on the bus.

Oh, I wish I could tell it like Ignace, and make it sound the same way. When he practices, it is not like stealing. Maybe it *looks* like that, but you have my word and Ignace's that it is not. There is a difference—a very big difference—when you consider his great talent.

My friend Ignace decided to teach me all his secrets. "People will soon call you Magic Fingers Number Two," he said, and we both laughed.

But you will be surprised to know that I learned the art—maybe not as well as Ignace—who can? But after a few months I was able to pull a penny out of someone's nose, make an ace turn into a king, and change a white handkerchief into an American flag. Please understand I was not nearly so fast as Ignace—he is like lightning—but I could fool many plain people like my landlady and my foreman.

THEN, this morning, my friend Ignace spied the fat man with the lapel watch sitting in front of us on the mill bus. *"Pst!"* said Ignace in Polish. "Here is your chance to do something really big."

"No, not *him!*"

"You must," he said. "This is a test for you."

"But *him!*" I complained. "He thinks I am a thief."

"You *must!*" Ignace said again. "It is like an aviator going up alone for the first time."

I thought this over. Ignace was right. There is a day of great test in every profession.

I looked around me. Everybody was busy reading newspapers. Ignace nodded to me and I nodded back. A shiver walked up my back. I guess that's what people call a thrill. Very carefully I leaned forward. I let my fingers play on the back of the seat, and pretty soon they moved down along the fat man's shoulders and down his lapel. Now I could touch the string.

I looked back at my friend Ignace. He winked. I winked, too, and a second later I had the watch.

But I did not learn from Ignace for nothing. I made a motion as if putting the watch in my pocket, but instead I slipped it into Ignace's. This was complete success. I leaned back feeling very good, thank you.

And then the fat man started screaming, "I been robbed! Somebody got my watch!" He looked at the man on his left and the man on his right, and then he turned around and saw me.

"Crook! Robber!" he yelled.

I was very calm. "Search me," I said.

The fat man stuck his hand into my right pocket and—miracle of miracles—he pulled out his watch. I was so amazed that I had no feeling when they started hitting me again.

I am an honest man, Your Honor. You got to understand that. I am trying very hard to be an artist—but my friend Ignace, he is the great one.

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT BUGG

HOME AGAIN

BY FRANK J. TAYLOR

Despite three years behind barbed wire, the loss of all his possessions and despite police who ordered him out of his home town, Henry Suezaki can say, "It's still the land of liberty"

As HIS ancient truck wheezed into Watsonville, California, Mr. Henry Suezaki exulted in a "home-sweet-home" feeling. In the truck were his wife, Grace, his sons, Albert and Richard, and Mrs. Suezaki's mother, returning from exile in Colorado. Three years was a long time to be away from home; during it the Suezakis, trying to be good Americans and grow food, had lost everything except the few belongings in the truck.

In that respect, they were in the same fix as most of the other Americans of Japanese ancestry who had been arbitrarily uprooted from their homes and livelihood on the Pacific Coast. Now the War Relocation Authority was urging them to go back home, start life anew and get off the taxpayers' backs. Like the majority of the exiles, the Suezakis were eager to do just that. Three years was a long time to be homesick.

Henry Suezaki was feeling so good, as they rolled into town, that he was willing even to forgive the foul-mouthed Arizona cop who had cursed him and hoped the whole family would perish in the desert. "I didn't mind it myself," Henry said, "but we're trying to raise the boys up in the Christian spirit." As for the overzealous officer at the California border who made him unload every item on the truck, then reload it, Henry harbored no hard feelings against him. That was merely his duty.

In his pocket, Henry had two cherished letters, one from the mayor of Watsonville, the other from the chief of police. They said, in no uncertain terms, that Suezaki, popular young oil-company salesman whom nearly everyone in town called Henry or Hank, was a loyal American and a damn' good guy. The city officials had voluntarily handed him the letters three years back, when the family left town, to help him in a tight spot if he needed them. Henry drove his truck first to the police station to report back to his friends.

It was late and the chief wasn't there. The officer on duty looked at Henry's Army-issued permit to return home, then bellowed, "My advice to you is to get the hell out of town and stay out. And tell your friends to stay out of town, too."

Thunderstruck and speechless, Suezaki slunk out of the police station. Scared, he pointed his old truck for the pass over the mountains, hoping that his tightly rationed gas would get him into the Santa Clara Valley, where he had some friends. The clunker made it, and that night the Suezakis slept sandwiched among the Shikamuras in the town of Mountain View. Next morning Henry reported to the Mountain View police station. There the reception was different.

"If you have any trouble, we're standing by," assured the chief.

That same day, with an official of the War Relocation Authority in near-by San Jose, Suezaki started pounding the roads of the Santa Clara Valley, looking for a job. They went from farm to farm. Within a fortnight Henry closed a deal with the Risotta family, who owned a ranch near Campbell, to plant a six-acre strawberry patch and sharecrop it. From that day on, the five Suezakis sweated from dawn till dark. It was their chance to start life anew.

The Santa Clara Valley was one of the bright spots of tolerance in

(Continued on page 34)

The Takeda family were the victims of one of the few cases of violence in the Santa Clara Valley when their house was fired. But now they are fully accepted

CHARLES E. MACE

Though their numbers are not yet great, Communists are kicking up a loud and anti-U.S. fuss in South America. Our diplomats foresee real danger to democratic interests where low living standards make rich soil for Red propaganda

RED STAR RISING

ACME

Luis Carlos Prestes is Brazil's only Communist senator and is the leader of the resurgent party in that country. Reds look forward to day when they'll control Chamber of Deputies, may be overoptimistic

IT WAS the night before elections in Santiago, Chile, a city as far as any in the world from Moscow. But huge streamers overhead called upon any and all, "Vote Comunista." Party posters and placards were decorated with the hammer and sickle. A large corner building, the headquarters of the "Partido Comunista," was topped off with a giant illuminated red star.

Newsstands prominently displayed El Siglo, official organ of the Communist party. That night in blood-red headlines El Siglo warned that "agents of President Truman with millions to spend are trying to steal the victory from the people." Throughout the evening Communist party processions paraded and demonstrated. Long past midnight, crowds in the plaza burst into the International.

Election day came, and nearly a half million men went to the polls. Women had campaigned, electioneered, and led parades, but did not vote. When the ballots were counted, the Communists had polled some 50,000 votes, and the left-wing candidate, Gabriel González Videla, whom the Communists had supported, was the new president of the Republic.

González was the nominee of the Radical, which, as the Chileans described it, is "the advanced New Dealish" party. He accepted the support of the Communists "just as Señor Roosevelt accepted the support of Earl Browder, but to get elected and not to do their bidding."

However, when Señor González took over as chief executive of the long, slim South American nation he installed three Communists in his cabinet, including Carlos Contreras La Barca, the boss of the local party, as Minister of Economy. Contreras had been a member of the Chilean Senate for several years and is an able, scholarly as well as two-fisted gent who knows his way to and around Moscow. In spite of a cold eye, Minister Contreras is much less awkward and blunt than some of his Russian comrades.

Communism has gained not only in Chile, but all over South America. For years there had been small cells in several of the countries, but with the end of the war in Europe they began to multiply and spread. By the time the Japs gave up in Tokyo Bay, new Communist parties had sprung up in every country from Venezuela to Argentina.

Growth of Moscow Influence in Brazil

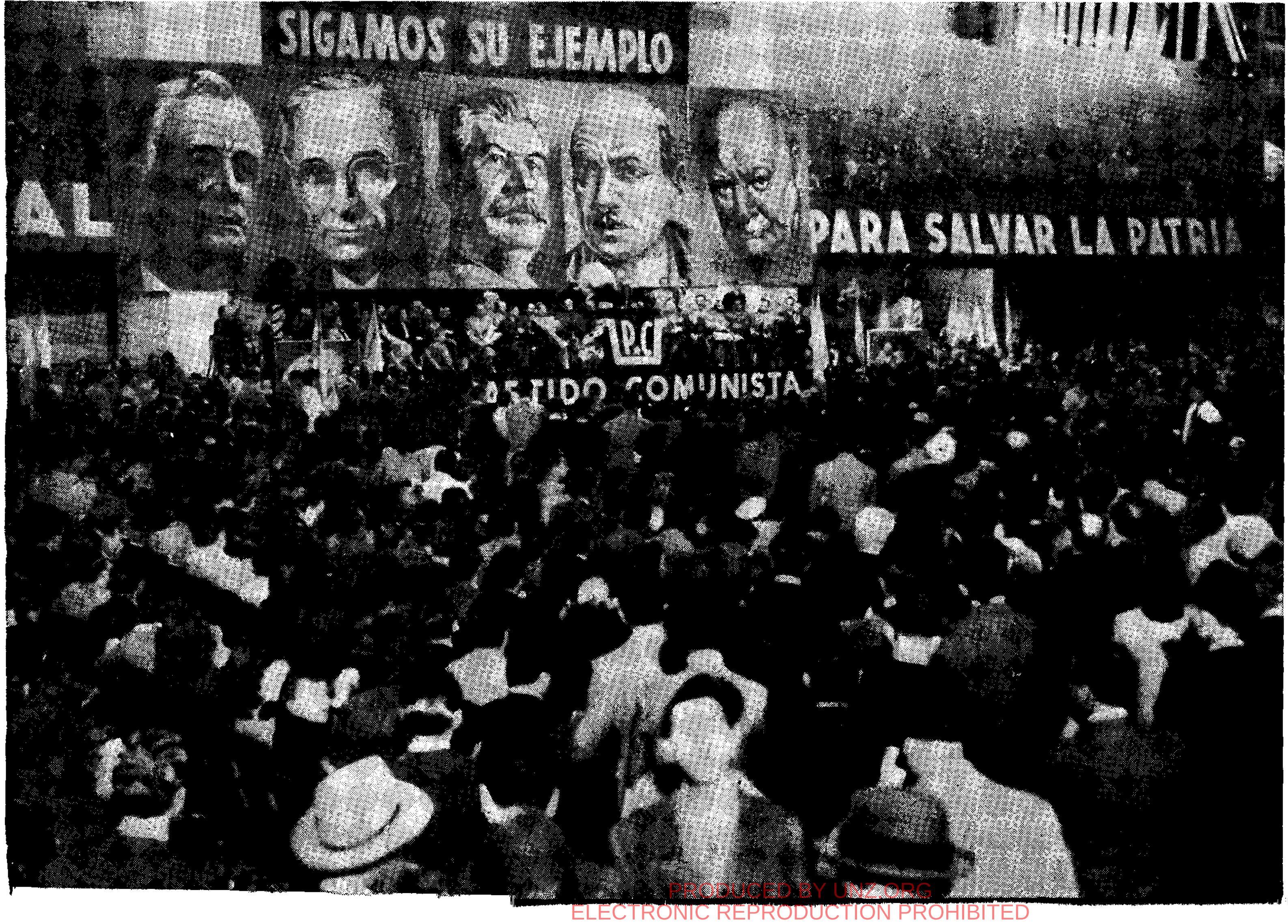
Next to Chile the movement has probably made greatest headway in Brazil, where less than two years ago, when the Vargas dictatorship was still in power, the party could have mustered only a few hundred adherents, most of whom were still speaking in whispers for fear of being slapped down. Now that Vargas no longer rules it is different.

Senhora Sylvia de Souza, a middle-aged, smartly dressed lady with overly rouged lips, who smoked a large black cigar, gave me information about the party's growth. It has some 130,000 active members. Of course, she pointed out, I could learn this for myself "from lists deposited with the government. But we polled more than half a million votes for the party in the elections of last December." And next time? "Ah, senhor, we shall gain control of the Chamber of Deputies, if not the Senate."

Such assurance seems much less exaggerated when you consider that of the four main political parties in Brazil at the moment the Communist party has the third largest bloc in the Chamber of Deputies (14 seats out of 284) and one senator.

Huge Communist rally in Argentina was dominated by pictures of Roosevelt, Truman, Stalin, Attlee and Churchill under slogan reading, "Let us follow their example." One of chief activities of Argentine Reds is the building of a series of Slavic committees through which Soviet agents try to influence natives of Slav descent

ACME



IN THE SOUTH

BY EDWARD TOMLINSON

The senator is Luis Carlos Prestes, the leader of the party, who represents the federal district including the city of Rio de Janeiro.

The senhora's prediction seems much more plausible when you meet Senator Prestes himself, most famous of the Communist leaders in South America. Prestes is a starved-looking little man in black-rimmed spectacles. He reminds you of Mohandas Gandhi in pants, and is just as self-effacing and determined.

Prestes grew up in the picturesque gaucho country of Rio Grande do Sul, the Texas of Brazil. After finishing military school he rapidly rose to the rank of captain in the regular army. In a revolution in 1924, he led a company of cavalrymen, but ended up on the wrong side. Refusing to surrender he and his followers took to the interior of the country, making a foray of six thousand miles from the far south, westward through the primitive and wild regions of Mato Grosso, and finally ended up two years later in the northern state of Bahia on the Atlantic.

Living off the country, Prestes requisitioned food and supplies from small farmers, ranchers and village storekeepers, and signed for them in the name of a revolutionary government which did not exist. With government troops hot on his trail he succeeded in escaping the country, and spent the next four years in Argentina and Bolivia doing menial jobs.

Meantime, various courts-martial back home condemned him as a deserter, a thief, and one court convicted him as "an intellectual murderer," because his followers had put a woman to death for giving information about them to the government. Prestes' accumulated prison sentences amounted to one hundred years.

In Buenos Aires he read Karl Marx and became an avowed Communist. But for his Communism, Prestes instead of his old friend and fellow Rio Grandensa, Getulio Vargas, might have headed the revolution of 1930, which put Vargas in power for fifteen years. Prestes was actually invited to lead the revolutionary army but refused, saying he was preparing for "the real revolution."

In 1931, Prestes made his way to Russia, where for four years he worked as an engineer, helping build some of the big bridges and hydroelectric plants. In 1935, he slipped secretly back into Brazil and began the organization of an underground Communist party. After "a Communist inspired" revolt of an army regiment in Rio, he was discovered, arrested and jailed for the next nine years. His wife, Olga Benario, was also arrested. Since she was of German birth Rio police shipped her to Germany, where she eventually fell into the hands of the Gestapo and died in a Nazi prison camp.

Out of Prison, Reorganizes the Party

After the Brazilian government had established diplomatic relations with Moscow, Prestes was released from prison. Meantime Dictator Vargas had called for elections and the organization of political parties, preparatory to re-establishment of a constitutional regime. Prestes, his friends and followers sprang to action, and the party grew fast.

It would be a grave error to think that the Communist parties in South America are led by frowzy-headed, professional agitators. Many of them have come by their beliefs and convictions the hard way. Like Prestes, several have suffered persecution, jail, exile and all manner of indignities at the hands of dictators. Juan Fuenmayor and Dr. Gustavo Machado, two of the leaders in Venezuela, knew the terrors of old Juan Vicente Gomez, dread tyrant of the Andes.

But like Prestes and Contreras, the Communist leaders are usually men of brains, and sometimes members of the aristocracy. Dr. Machado belongs to one of the richest of the old families of Caracas. Nearly all are experienced writers, authors and newspapermen, who have had to maintain themselves and their publications against all kinds of arbitrary censorship and strong-armed governments.

Hector Pablo Agosti, one of the key figures of the Communist movement in Argentina, has helped to keep alive, throughout the Fascist-tinged dictatorships of the past several years, such Communist papers as Orientación and Pueblo Argentino of Buenos Aires. Jorge Acosta, secretary general of the Communist party in Peru, also directs the party organ, Labor, a weekly magazine, and the Communist daily, Vanguardia.

As in Brazil and in Chile, the Communist parties in all the countries are still minority groups, but their influence is not in direct ratio to their numbers. They are the most active, objective, the most tightly organized and disciplined of all the political groups. Following the tradition of the Russian Communist party they do not go in for numbers, but for loyalty, performance and obedience to the party will.

Up in Peru, the ancient land of the Incas, the Communist party claims only 35,000 active members, and has been able to elect only four representatives to the National Congress, but it exerts an influence out of all proportion to its size. The Peruvian Communists have concentrated on the organization of unions in the all-important copper industry, among the railroad and transportation workers and employees of

(Continued on page 54)

Holding a floral tribute (below, left) to Argentine hero Gen. San Martin is Constantine Shevelev, left, head of the Russian Trade Mission, and M. Dashkevich, right, Tass agency chief. At right below, Chile's new, Communist-supported President González Videla dances with Mme. Zhukov, wife of Soviet Ambassador

ACME

INTERNATIONAL

MISTER LINCOLN

BY HOWARD FAST

Maybe this story never really happened—but, in all humility, we feel that it gives a likeness of Mr. Lincoln that he would not have been ashamed of

MRS. JAMES ALEX was as pretty as a picture. She was twenty-four years old and she had blue eyes and brown hair and a Cupid's-bow mouth. Before she married James Alex, she had been a Carrington of Bridgeport, and she had the haughty polish that goes with the Carringtons of Bridgeport.

That was the sentry's impression as he watched her enter his man's world. Manlike, he sought for one word to encompass a woman, and here the word was "sulky."

Mrs. Alex tried not to see the sentry. She was a little afraid and a good deal embarrassed. She had already passed a trooper who was stripped to his waist, squatting on his heels and picking things from his shirt. When the sentry grinned at her, a boyish grin out of a freckled face, her cheeks went red with anger and annoyance.

Mrs. Alex looked straight ahead and held her head high.

The sentry, a huge Irishman, said, "Now who would you be looking for, missus?"

He was eying her rudely and calmly, from her trim ankles to her poised Carrington head. She had come out of a world where men did not look at women like that, yet she could not think of slapping that huge red face. She blushed like a girl.

"I want to see Captain Alex," she said. The grin became even broader.

"I'm his wife!" she told the Irishman tartly.

The grin worked out of the red face, and the sentry studied her carefully, as if he were speculating inwardly upon his captain's taste in women.

A trooper came by, leading two splendid bay horses. He twisted his head to look at her, and the horses pranced and reined back. They were grand horses, and perhaps one belonged to her husband. There was romance in this world of men: She could forgive the sentry now; he belonged to her husband, just as the horse did.

"Do you want me to send for him, missus?" the sentry asked. "I can't be leaving my post, but I'll have a man call him."

"No, I want to go to him myself."

All the length of her journey was for this: the admiring, envious glances of her friends, to whom she had read his letters, the newspaper accounts of his bravery, all of which she had carefully cut out and pasted into her scrapbook; the romance which she had lived for a year at home, and which she was seeing at firsthand only now.

"Now I ain't supposed to pass anyone into camp," the sentry said.

"I'm his wife," she said, walking past the sentry, her Carrington manner retrieved. She had not come all the way from Bridgeport, Connecticut, to argue with a sentry.

"In the big, brown tent," the sentry called after her, grinning.

She approached the tent eagerly, only slightly apprehensive. She carried a basket of fruit and little cakes which she had baked herself; and that was to surprise him and to show she had not wasted her time entirely, a young wife alone.

The camp fascinated her, to see the things she had read about for so long come to life, the lines of picketed horses, the round, pointed tents, romance, color—a man's world, *his* world. The horses were his horses, and the curious pipe-smoking troopers, bearded and in dirty gray undershirts, were his men. She was already composing stories to tell when she returned. She would organize groups to roll bandages, and when they sat together in the evenings, she would bring the whole thing to life. She might even deliver several lectures to raise funds for the wounded.

WHEN she lifted the tent flap, she recognized her husband at once, although his back was to her. His broad shoulders were unmistakable; he sat bent over a spindly camp table, studying a map that lay before him. He had lost weight, and his black hair was streaked with gray.

She thought to herself: Gray at the temples, dignified, such a fine figure. The Carringtons could not understand her marriage to a man who was nothing at all, only Mr. James Alex. But when he came back, a hero, and they began to entertain, her parents would change their minds.

Without turning his head, her husband snapped, "Is that you, Peasely? Damn it to hell, I can't make anything of this! We're at half strength! The men need a week's rest! Now they want us to ride—"

She stood there, smiling proudly. The phrase for him was "hard-bitten, hard-riding cavalryman." She hardly knew this husband of hers; they were only married a week when he went south to the front.

"Peasely, are you playing games?" he roared. He swung around, saw her—his face became blank, his jaw fell. Shaking his head, he stared idiotically, his dark mustache quivering. He had a long, dark, handsome face, but her first impression was of dryness, lines, pouches under his eyes.

She came toward him, putting down the basket and holding out her hands.

"Ellen," he said. "Is it you, Ellen, or am I dreaming?"

"If you're dreaming, darling, it's a good dream, isn't it?" she asked him. She had expected to go into his arms immediately, but this was too much of a stranger, and she waited.

He gripped her hands, and she felt his fingers bite into her flesh. He held her away from him, smiling foolishly, staring at her, searching every detail of her—so like the big Irish sentry, looking at her the same way.

"Aren't you glad to see me, Jimmy?" she asked.

He nodded foolishly. "Yes," he said unsteadily, "yes, by God, of course. Only it's so damned impossible. I'm sorry, dear—you get into the habit of swearing down here. How did you get here?"

"By train." She was nettled that he had not taken her in his arms or kissed her. "The general is father's old friend. He's proud of you—the general, I mean. He says you're a fire-eater. I'm proud of you, too." She was almost in tears by now.

"I haven't kissed you!" His frayed mustache tickled her face. She closed her eyes, frightened; she was a woman married two full years, yet he was a stranger.

"Sit here," he said to her. "Let me look at you." He threw back the flaps of the tent, and the sunlight poured in. She was as beautiful as he had remembered. He himself was big, dirty, and awkward.

"Little girl," he said. They were foolish, inane words but all he could think of.

"I don't feel like a little girl." She was pleased again. "I'm the wife of the famous Captain James Alex. I baked some cakes for you, and they're in that basket. I shocked Mother so, being in the kitchen all day. It isn't so hot here as she said it would be."

"Not so hot." He smiled. He hadn't heard her words, only the lilt of her voice. And then he asked her, "Why did you come?"

"Why? Isn't my place with my husband?" She began to pout.

"Yes, only—when are you planning to leave?"

"Do you want me to go?" Her eyes were becoming moist.

"No, of course not. I'm glad you're here. Ellen, can't you see how I feel, just sitting here and watching you? But this is no place for a woman. We're in for trouble."

"I want to bear your trouble." She did, a little of it, just enough to take back with her.

A MAN bulked into the tent opening and stood still, his eyes on her. "Peasely, this is my wife," Alex snapped. "Lieutenant Peasely."

The lieutenant tried not to stare at her. "Glad to meet you, ma'am." He wrenched his eyes away and saluted. "Have the men parade, sir?"

"Yes, yes."

"When do we move?"

"Tonight."

"Any destination, sir?"

"Sealed orders," Alex muttered irritably. "Oh, damn it, Peasely, get out of here!"

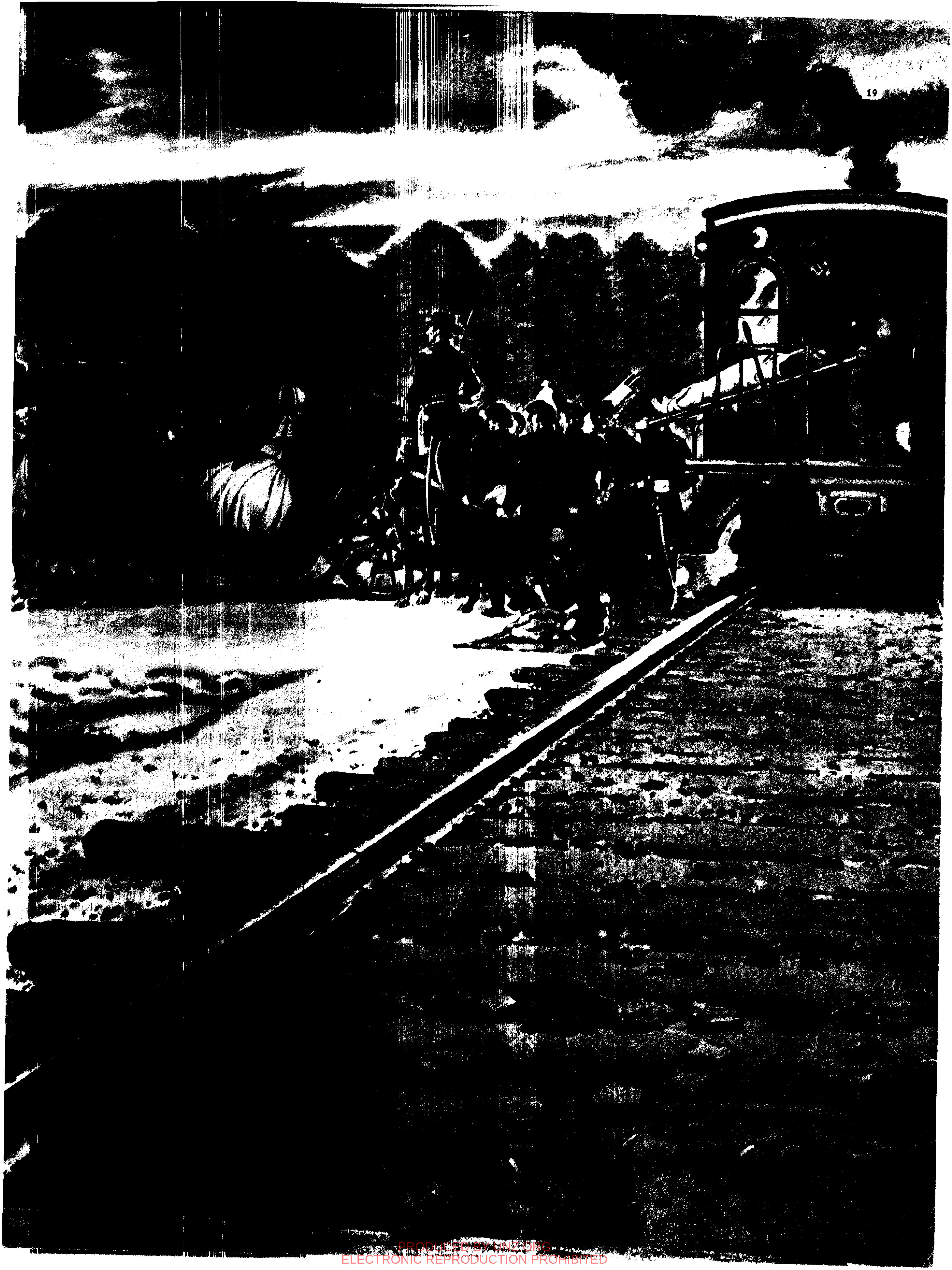
The lieutenant left hurriedly. Captain Alex said, without looking at his wife, "Don't you see, you have to go home, Ellen? Why did that fool let you come here?"

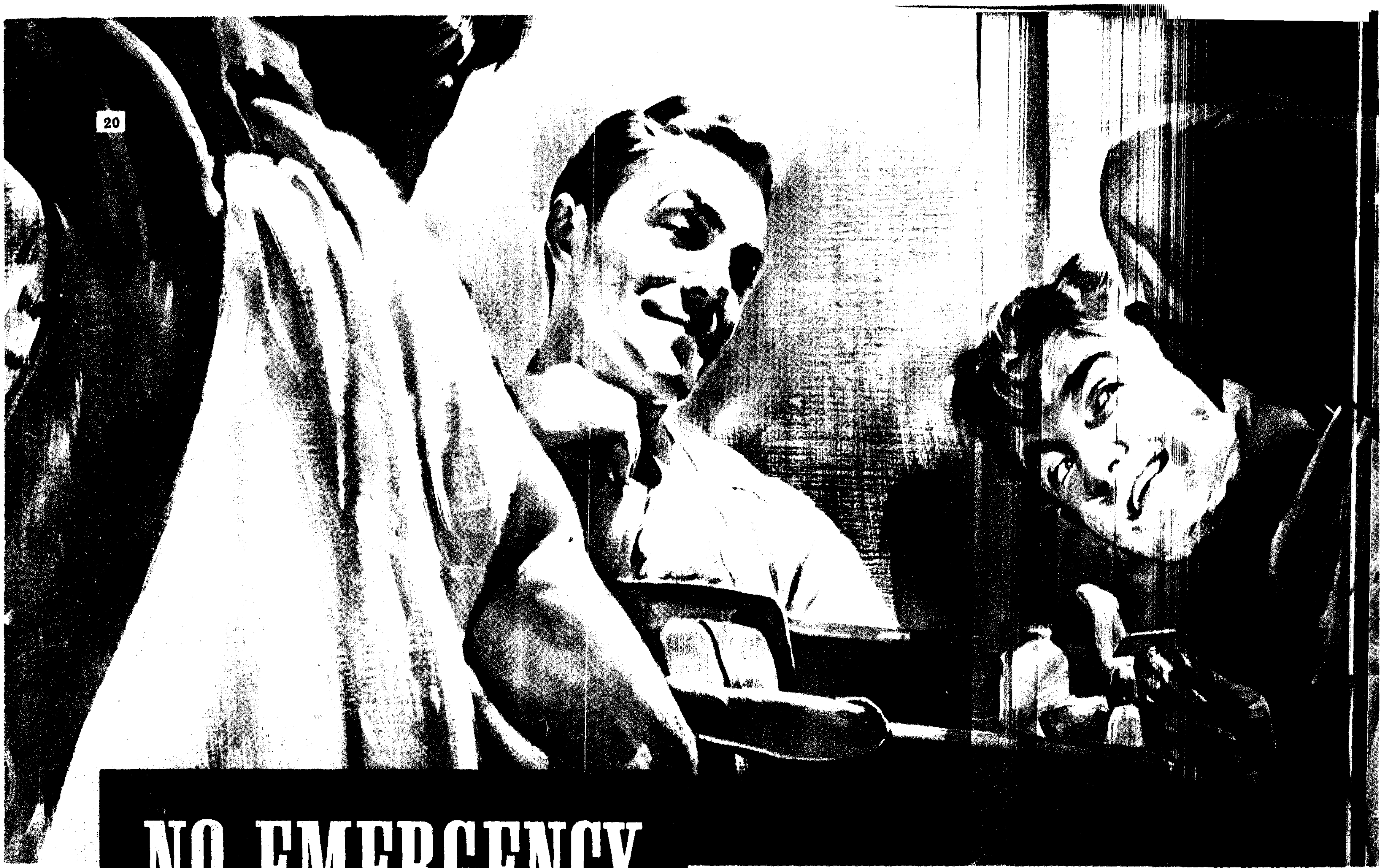
By "that fool" he meant the general, whom she remembered as a nice old man with a white beard. He had spoken very well of Captain Alex, and she didn't think that he should be called a fool. But those were only vagrant thoughts as her blue eyes

(Continued on page 49)

The tall, bearded man asked Mrs. Alex to share his carriage. "I have no choice," she said and they started off with the blue-clad escort

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER





"Kinda late, aren't you?" The man smiled, his teeth yellow against the white lather. Keller wasn't going to answer, but then he said, "I've been on K.P."

NO EMERGENCY

BY HARRY MIDDLETON, JR.

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

It was unimportant, in a way. And in another way, it was the most important day of the year and the most important hour

AT EIGHT o'clock there weren't many men in the latrine: just two besides Private Keller. One, in shorts and unlaced G.I. shoes, looked closely into a mirror and squeezed thick pimples on his forehead. The other, his body still damp and warm from a shower, a bath towel tied around his heavy waist, stood next to Keller and lathered his face. Inside the shower room, water splashed noisily against the tin walls. Keller, studying his reflection in the mirror from a new angle, ran a comb through his hair for the last time, wiped it carefully on the towel, and clipped it in his hip pocket. Then he took his towel and folded the edges of it underneath his shirt collar like a bib and thoughtfully rubbed after-shave powder into his cheeks.

The lathered man next to him held his razor under the water faucet and looked at Keller.

"Date tonight?"

Keller continued to rub, over his chin and under it and on his neck.

"Well—" When he spoke, he kept his eyes on the reflection in the mirror. "—not exactly a date. My wife's here."

"Yeah? When she come in?"

"Yesterday," Keller said. He put the can of powder back into his leather toilet kit on the shelf.

"Kinda late, aren't you?" The man smiled and his teeth were yellow against the white lather on his face. "Damned if I'd hang around till eight o'clock if I had a woman waitin' for me."

Keller pulled the towel from his collar and folded it hurriedly. He thought he wouldn't answer, but the man kept looking at him, so he said, "I've been on K.P."

The man in shorts at the row of basins in back of Keller turned around. "Wife just come up?" he asked.

Keller picked up the bag and towel and started for the door. "She got here yesterday." Then he said, "It's our anniversary."

The man shaving grinned again at Keller in the mirror. "You'll have a good time tonight," he said, and clicked his tongue against the roof of his mouth. The man across from him laughed, and Keller went out, closing the door behind him. He put his bag and towel in the foot locker at the end of his bed, took his blouse from its hanger, picked up his cap and left the barracks.

Outside, the air was warm. He paused on the step to put on his blouse, button it carefully and pull it down over his hips. Then, setting his overseas cap cautiously over one side of his head, he started for the orderly room. He tried to force out the scene in the latrine. After all, he reflected, it was his own fault. He hadn't had to tell them about the anniversary. They hadn't asked him, and, anyway, it didn't make any difference. None of this, he told himself, made any difference—the small crowded town with its noisy streets and noisy bars, the soldiers in wrinkled blouses and olive-drab shirts and their partners who stopped to wet their lips in the reflection of smooth glass under red neon light, the hotel and its cramped single room, the camp, even the barracks white and artificial in the early moonlight. None of it mattered. It would be their anniversary as it had always been—theirs, and not to be shared or made a part of K.P. and the lathered man in the latrine and the drunken soldiers with their frowsy partners.

Keller knocked at the orderly room door. Inside, a sergeant dropped his cigarette to the floor, crushed it out with the heavy toe of his shoe and kicked it under the desk. "Come in!" he yelled to whomever it was knocking at the door.

Keller opened the door. "You the C.Q.?" he asked. Sergeant Carter nodded and lighted another cigarette.

"I want to get my pass."

"What's your name?"

"Keller. Private Edmond Keller."

Sergeant Carter picked up the passes and thumbed through the Ks—Keddle, Keefler, Kelling, Kilbride. "You're not here, Keller."

Keller stared at the pile of passes. "How come? I put in for one."

"I don't know. There's none here for you now. Who'd you ask?"

"The first sergeant. I was on K.P. all day, and I came over here this afternoon and asked him. He said all right, it'd be here."

"Well"—Carter pushed the pile across the desk—"have a look yourself. I don't know where it'd be."

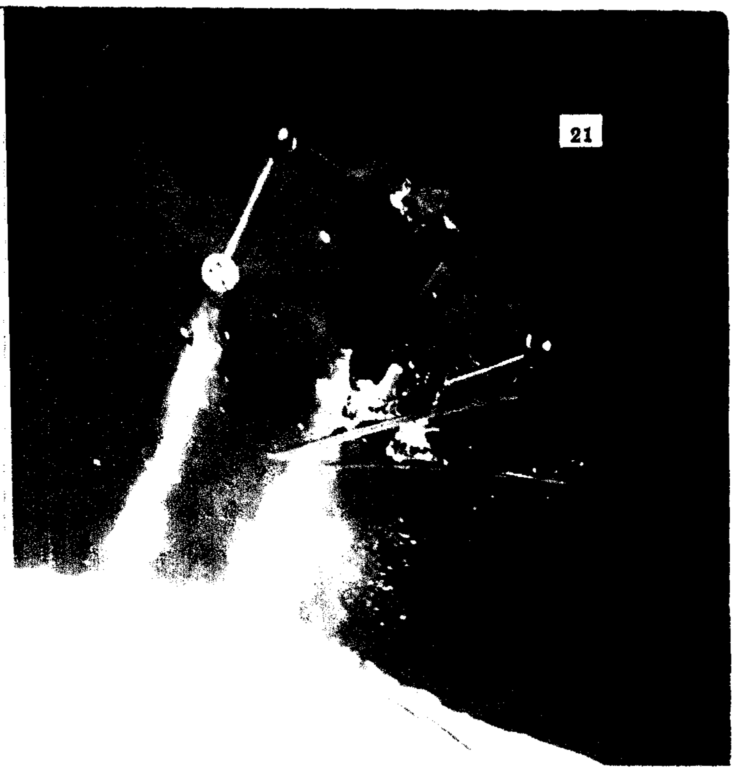
"He put it on a piece of paper," Keller said. "He took my name and put it on a piece of paper and said he'd take care of it. Look and see if the paper's still on his desk."

"Hell! There's so many pieces of paper around here now with things on them I'm going nuts," Carter said. "And, anyway, even if it was

(Continued on page 63)

O[illegible] A[illegible]

BY M[illegible] M. [illegible]



Alf does an [illegible] but first he [illegible]

When Alf Engen was a creaking ancient of thirty, he took up downhill skiing. Experts doubted whether the jumping champ could survive new hazards. But Alf proved he's a hard man to keep down

THE story, as I heard it, begins in the early days at Sun Valley—1937. At that time the Austrian ski *meisters,* cutting their flawless curves on Dollar Mountain, Proctor, Ruud and Baldy, were the sensations of the skiing world. Only one skier in the United States could rival their fame and popularity. This was the legendary Alf Engen, also instructing at Sun Valley, Alf of the mild blue eyes, the round-cheeked friendly face and the iron legs.

There was glory enough for all. The Austrians were supreme in their own field—downhill and slalom—while Alf had dominated American ski jumping for almost a decade. What possessed a certain small clique of the downhillers to try to make a fool of the great jumper is hard to divine. One surmises jealousy over the crowd of awe-struck youngsters that followed Engen everywhere. Whatever the reason, Alf suddenly found himself the target of a campaign of sneers, sarcasm and innuendo. The obvious purpose was to rile him up enough to enter the downhill race which would soon high light the Sun Valley winter season.

Now, competitive sports have never known a milder-tempered athlete than Alf Engen—nor one in whom the competitive flame burns higher. Without ever having skied on slalom skis or made a downhill turn in his life, he took up the challenge of the Austrian clique.

It was about the same as if a classical dancer got into a rug-cutting contest or a speed skater took his long racing blades into the arena against a batch of top figure skaters.

F. C. Koziol, supervisor of the Wasatch National Forest, saw that race. He was stationed halfway down the mountain where the course emerged from a forest onto an open slope. He saw Engen start down on his ten-foot triple-grooved jumping skis—skis made to run arrow-straight. Soberly he told us that he never dreamed that any man taking such a physical beating as Alf took in the first half of that race could keep on getting up.

Unable to turn on his heavy skis, Engen simply battered his way through the forest, caroming from tree to tree. Somehow he fought his way through and onto the open slope. That was something he knew all about, a sheer drop and a straight run to the finish. The downhillers had taken that last steep *schuss* in easy spirals. Alf took it like the in-run of a jumping hill, in one long heart-stopping plunge.

Skiing history does not record the comments, if any, of the Austrian clique when the final results of the race were tabulated. In a big field of the country's top downhill skiers, Engen had finished fifteenth. Comparisons are futile. One thinks of some amateur boxer outpointing Jack Dempsey for five rounds, or a dory-boat fisherman placing well up in the Diamond Sculls. But nothing quite like it has ever happened in sports.

That night, Koziol went to the manager of Sun Valley and asked why he didn't have some of the slalom artists take Engen in hand and teach him downhill skiing. The manager thought it a splendid idea. Next day, sure enough, a bewildered Alf was to be seen on Dollar Mountain, practically surrounded by instructors. At the end of the day the head of the Sun Valley Ski School regretfully told the manager that Alf was hopeless. Oh, he might learn to handle himself after a fashion on slalom skis, but become a racer, never. Why, he was almost thirty years old. Better for him to stick to his jumpers.

But it was too late. Germanic genius for pushing the wrong guy around had kindled a fire that no amount of deprecation could quench. With no fuss, but with endless patience and determination, Alf practiced for a year on the limber slalom skis, so unlike his massive jumpers. In 1938 he slipped away to California and won a minor downhill race. In 1939 he tackled the Austrians and all others head on in skiing's most exacting event, the National Four-Way—slalom, downhill, cross-country and jumping. He took second. In 1940 he won it. And in 1942 he won the pet (*Continued on page* 28)

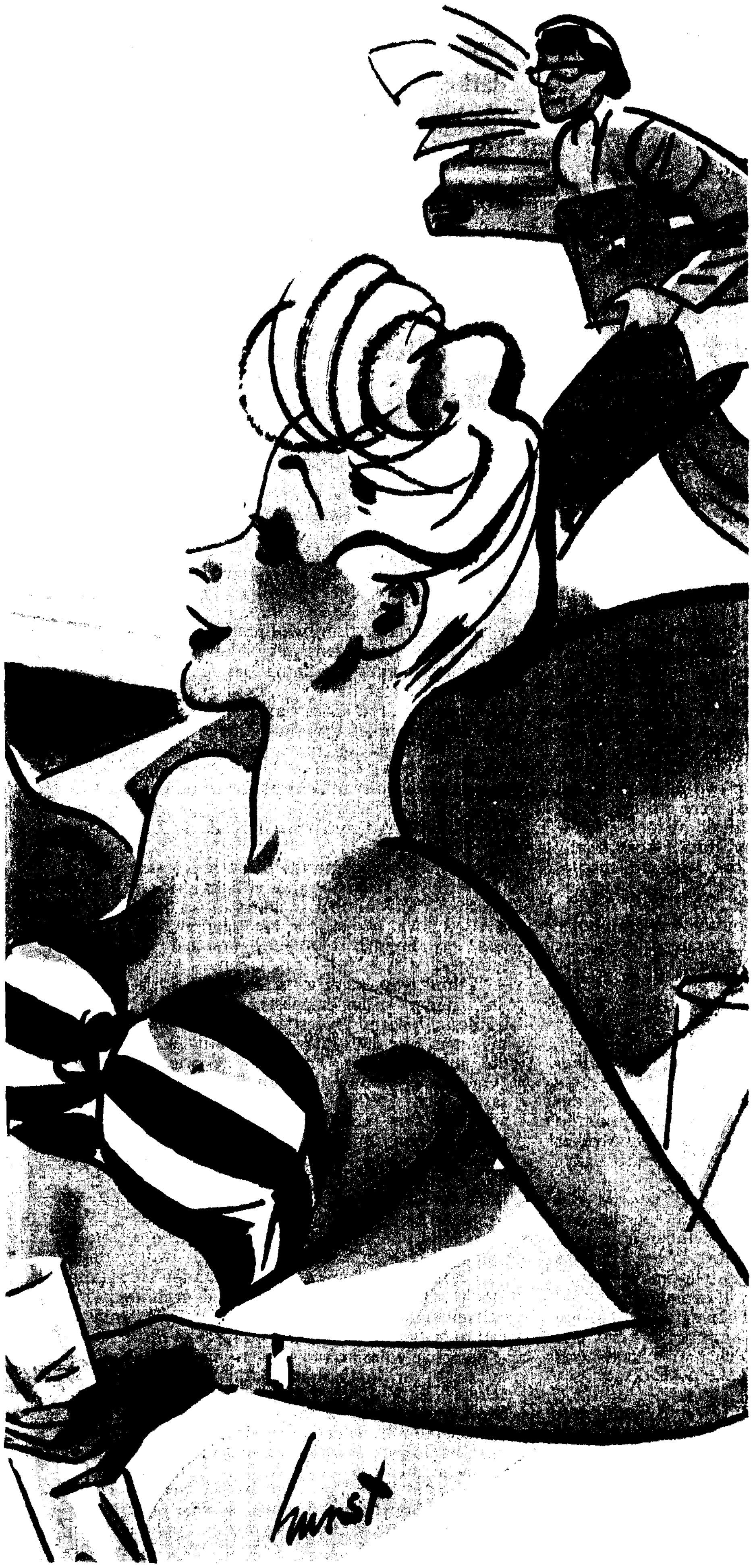
PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY GEORGE LEAVENS

The intrepid Mr. Engen's young son gets acquainted with a ski binding while Mom and Pop look on. Most experts can't perform without their own skis, with which they are familiar. Yet Alf won the National Jumping Championship last year on borrowed skis. Below, he speeds downhill in a slalom race

HOLLYWOOD, I LOVE YOU

BY FREDERICK HAZLITT BRENNAN

When you pity the common man as hard as Mr. Dabney did, Russia is really the only answer



Fearless Frank, seeing Mrs. D. for the first time, turned on a grin that was nothing short of hysterical. Then he introduced Miss LeMoyne Sommers

FAR be it from Miss LeMoyne Sommers to cast aversions on a Hollywood big shot like Mr. Dabney that makes thirty-five hundred dollars a week writing for pictures. Mr. Dabney was one of Antoine's best customers, especially in the bar, and he called LeMoyne honey and never tipped less than a dollar, for black coffee, even.

LeMoyne fully realized that a person should not have a narrow frame of mind when working in a high-class restaurant on the Sunset Strip, because such a person must deal with picture people. Still and all, no matter how liberal a person was in their manner of thought, a fella like Mr. Dabney strained your tolerateness to the utmost. Mr. Dabney was what the picture people called "a Pinko," meaning that he was not an open and vowed Communist, only his heart bled for the common man or woman, as the case might be, and he pitied you in a nasty, superior way that was hard to bear.

Like for instance the day Mr. Bleeding Heart Dabney came in with a new, strange fella that LeMoyne had not seen around before. This new character was a big guy who looked something like Jack Carson, only not so smarty pants in his mental attitude, and LeMoyne had to admit he was definitely her type.

So what? So Mr. Dabney said, "Here's a case in point, chum. Take a good look at the poor man's Ingrid Bergman and tell me why she should be waiting on us for thirty bucks a week and tips!"

The new fella glanced at LeMoyne and blushed. "You're right, Mr. Dabney," he said. "She—uh—I think she ought to be in pictures."

Mr. Dabney shook his head and gave a pitying sigh.

"In a decent society she'd be queen of the ballet," he said. "But you're a Fascist, aren't you, honey? A sweet, beautiful and dumb little Fascist, aren't you, honey?"

Well, LeMoyne realized that this was one of the days when Mr. Dabney had consumed maybe five or six Martinis for breakfast. Mr. D. called everybody a Fascist when under the influence, even his Pinko friends.

"Oh, sure—natch, Mr. Dabney," LeMoyne said, "We have vichysoisse today—and the smoked turkey cold plate is extra good."

Mr. Dabney grinned at his companion. "Are we suckers? Do your worst, LeMoyne."

This new character looked awful embarrassed, so LeMoyne said, "Perhaps you'd ruther have something else?"

"No . . . uh . . . that's okay."

"Hold it, honey!" Mr. Dabney said.

"Sir?"

"I've forgotten my manners. LeMoyne, this is Fearless Frank McCorkle. He's working for me until the producers take war veterans off their blacklist. And by the way, Frank, no more of that mister routine. Call me Chuck!"

"Well . . . yessir . . . okay."

Mr. Charles Call-Me-Chuck Dabney looked at LeMoyne real sorrowful. "She won't call me Chuck. It's sir and mister with honeylamb. You see what democratic America does to children, Frank?"

"Yessir—that's right."

"Oh, it's jest common business courtesy to call you sir and mister," said LeMoyne. "Please excuse my politeness."

Mr. Dabney laughed. "A sharp kid, Frank," he said. "She pitches some lovely curves."

"Yeah, I can see that," Frank said.

When LeMoyne returned to Mr. Dabney's booth with two orders of vichysoisse, Frank was there all by himself.

"It's lucky you ordered cold soup."

"Yeah."

"How long you been working for Mr. D.?"

"Two days."

"I guess you're driving for him and bodyguarding him?"

Fearless Frank appeared startled in his facial expression. "Why, yes—uh—that's right. You're a good guesser."

LeMoyne shrugged. "Oh, nothing fancy. He got his driver's license suspended for intoxication, and his other bodyguard quit last week."

"Yeah? How did that happen?"

"Mr. D. is alla time getting into arguments and calling people Fascists. Bodyguarding him is a rugged job."

Mr. McCorkle eyed LeMoyne squarely and his voice was kind of tough, like James Mason when he raps a girl's knuckles, only you could tell that Mr. McCorkle was not truly statistical and cruel but just trying to defend himself.

"Dabney's a good Joe," he said. "He saved me from that twenty bucks for fifty-two deal. I didn't see any producers offering to hire me."

It simply made LeMoyne's blood turn cold to hear this kind of talk from a big, able-bodied fella like Mr. McCorkle. Goodness knows LeMoyne held no grief for producers and their low morals, but Mr. Dabney was no bargain either. He secretly wanted to have a revolution and shoot all the producers and be the big chief commissar or something. Mr. D., with his third wife and his mansion in Bel Air and his swimming pool and stuff, could afford to have such an ambition. But a poor young fella like Frank was not in such an impregnantable spot; you cannot be a Pinko or a Commie in Hollywood unless you are in a high salary bracket, two thousand dollars a week at least, so the producers hafta respect you. If Frank's heart got to bleeding for the common man, why, it would louse up his whole career.

"What type of employment was you seeking, Mr. McCorkle?"

"Well . . . uh . . . stunt man . . . or assistant director or something like that. I was a master sergeant in the paratroops."

LEMOYNE was about to have a heart-to-heart discussion with Mr. McCorkle, but loud talking at the doorway to the bar interrupted her. She saw Mr. Dabney squared off in front of Mr. Ted Manion, executive producer of Federal Films. Mr. Manion was merely shoving Mr. Dabney with his hand and telling him to shut up and go eat his lunch.

"Excuse me—" said Mr. McCorkle.

He got up and walked to where Mr. Dabney and Mr. Manion were shoving at each other. It was all conversation, LeMoyne could've told him, and not one punch in an hour of it. But Fearless Frank got between them and would of socked Mr. Manion had not Gus, the headwaiter, and several fellas from the bar told him it was all in fun.

Mr. Dabney and Mr. McCorkle returned to the booth. Mr. Dabney had not even removed his sunglasses.

"I called him a reactionary Fascist bully," said Mr. Dabney. "He took it. You saw how he took it? I've got a flat contract with two years and seven months to run. Just let him try to fire me!"

Frank didn't say anything. Mr. Dabney sat down and looked at his soup.

"Did I order this? Take it away."

Once and so often a person has to let their emotional feelings show that they are not a namby-pamby that will stand for anything.

"If you insist, sir, I will," said LeMoyne in a genteel tone of voice. "But the soup will be wasted and a lot of people are starving."

(Continued on page 41)

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL OLIVER HURST

THE BIGGEST TABOO

Some of the most revolting crimes to darken our police records are committed by the sexually maladjusted. Here for the first time the ancient veil of secrecy which has strait-jacketed our treatment of these offenders is ripped aside

BY HOWARD WHITMAN

THIS is the story of a brave venture. Brave because it advances alone, not too well armed, against the black forts of ignorance and taboo. It is a venture against sexual maladjustment and sex crime which twist the lives of tens of thousands of people into patterns that are as pitiful as they are ugly.

The scene is a little clinic in a Quaker Meetinghouse in New York City. Within its walls a team of doctors, supported by judges of the New York courts, treat sex offenders as *sick people* whose illness, though mental, is no less a disease than influenza or typhoid. As long as we viewed the sexually abnormal as fiends and demons we could do little about them. The doctors at the Quaker Meetinghouse refused to accept this ancient untruth. They are willing to tackle the big job of working with an illness so deep, so shocking to our morals, so little understood that we have kept it under wraps since the Middle Ages.

They constitute the levee which New York has thrown up against the abnormalities which well up, quite expectedly, after the emotional cloudburst of war. Arrests for morals offenses rose to 202 a month in 1946, over the 172 a month in 1945. The city's latest annual tally shows more than 2,000 arrests for degeneracy, 562 for rape, 245 for indecent exposure, 285 for impairing the morals of minors, and 389 for other sex offenses.

Throughout the nation, the annual roll of sex crimes has risen to 40,000—not counting the thousands which go unreported because women victims and the families of abused children prefer to "keep it quiet." John F. Smithers, head of the New York Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, reports that carnal abuse of children accounts for 25 to 35 per cent of all the Society's cases.

Not a day goes by that aggrieved parents don't huddle in the Society's waiting room with boys and girls of five, eight, or fourteen who have been lured into alleys or rooming houses and mistreated. "Often we are confronted with heartbreaking cases of girls of thirteen, fourteen or fifteen who are pregnant as the result of such mistreatments," Smithers relates. "Last year we handled 528 offenses. But there is no way of knowing the amount of abnormality which confronts us. So much of it is hushed up. It is the big taboo."

To Keep Them From Making Headlines

Instead of screaming and gnashing its teeth when crimes of maladjustment erupt on the front pages, New York—at the quiet brownstone Quaker Meetinghouse—is making its bid for prevention and cure. The Society of Friends provides the premises. A group of volunteer psychiatrists, headed by Dr. George W. Henry, associate professor of psychiatry at Cornell University, provides the know-how. The idea is to treat offenders early, at the first infraction, not to wait for some later episode to evoke the impotent scream of 72-point headlines.

In the chambers of Chief City Magistrate Edgar Bromberger stood a young man of twenty-two, flushed and tense. His lips quivered and he said explosively, "You think you can change human nature! Well, you can't!" For a moment he glared hot defiance at the bench, then his head drooped forward and he stared at the floor.

"We're not aiming to change human nature. We just want to give it some co-operation," Judge Bromberger said in low tones. He talked to the young man—we'll call him Emil Smith—for half an hour, ending with, "I'm not going to send you to prison, Emil. You are going to the Quaker Meetinghouse. I think Dr. Henry can help you." The judge closed his folder on the case, and three court attachés looked more than a bit puzzled as Emil Smith was led from the chambers. They had been used to seeing these offenders packed off to the workhouse for ten days or three months.

Next morning Emil took a bus to the Quaker Meetinghouse. He walked up two flights of winding, wooden stairs. His hands were clammy as he sat down beside Dr. Henry's desk. It took a while before he felt safe, but when Smith's story finally began to unravel, it came out with no stitches dropped.

Let me condense it for you:

Emil was the youngest of four children, all boys. His mother wanted a girl so desperately that before Emil was born she had picked a girl's name—Emily—and bought a layette entirely in pink. Once when Emil was six, an older brother taunted him, "Mom cried for a week when the doc told her you were a boy—she didn't want to look at you!"

Emily was shortened to Emil, but his mother always called him Emmy. She kept him in girl's dresses until he was three and afterward made him her chief assistant in the kitchen and taught him to sew. He could never get a haircut without Mother along, and she invariably told the barber to "leave it long and wavy."

When Emil was fourteen he had his first date with a girl: a school dance. His mother wept when he went out that night and Emil remembered his own feeling of misgiving. He wanted to get home as early as possible. "I felt I was two-timing Mom," he said. The only satisfactory attachments he could make, in which he did not feel like a traitor to Mom, were with boys. He was with a boy friend one recent night in Rockefeller Plaza when detectives rounded up fourteen of what the doctors call "sex variants." These were youths in their late teens and early twenties, dressed flamboyantly, calling one another by girls' names, a few waving handkerchiefs.

They weren't hurting anybody, but they were badly off the track. Without help, they might sink into any one of the fierce distortions of the sex drive: not only homosexuality, abuse of children, rape, and incest, but also such crimes as fire setting, sadism, and murder.

What are the chances for Emil Smith? For one thing, he felt more like a human being when he came out of the Quaker Meetinghouse. Dr. Henry and his assistant, Alfred A. Gross, a onetime clergyman, had given him for the first time in his life the hope that he might be "just like everybody else." For the first time, instead of making him feel like dirt, people in authority had told him he need not be ashamed of his emotional illness any more than he would be ashamed of a weak heart or palsy.

Emil is in a mood to be helped. Dr. Henry, or a member of his volunteer staff of psychiatrists, will handle the inside renovation. Emil will get an emotional house cleaning. Meanwhile the magistrates courts' probation workers, under capable Dorris Clarke, will do the outside job in Emil's community. Whether he will achieve complete adjustment is up in the air. But a social adjustment is virtually certain. Emil will find a way to live more productively, less offensively. You can forget about ever finding him beneath the "sex fiend" headline in the morning tabloid.

Three hundred cases have been handled at the Quaker Meetinghouse since the project began in February, 1946. Of these, Judge Bromberger reports, "only two failed to show improvement and a progressive ability to control abnormal tendencies."

Patients From Varied Walks of Life

Of those who climb the old wooden staircase to Dr. Henry's office, not all are flighty kids like Emil Smith. Their number includes a war hero of the AAF, a naval two-striper, a clergyman, a professor and any number of young married men with families.

"I think you ought to have a talk with a priest," Dr. Henry often suggests. Three clergymen, Catholic, Jew and Protestant, serve as volunteers on his team. In the quiet of their studies, they hear the unburdenings. The Catholic priest told me, "One young man wept for an hour before he could say a word. When he stopped crying he freely admitted his abnormality. That wasn't what bothered him. But he was scheduled to go into the Army and knew he couldn't do it without being found out. That made him hysterical."

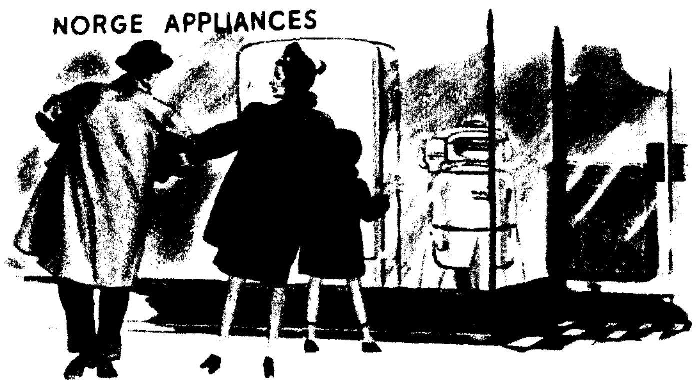
Those who have been helped are not quick to forget. They remember Gross' first greeting, "We have only one article of merchandise to sell you: your self-respect." Each mail brings two or three post cards from alumni, telling how they are getting along. One customer, tough and seemingly incorrigible upon his first visit, said later, "To think I had to get arrested to find an outfit like this!"

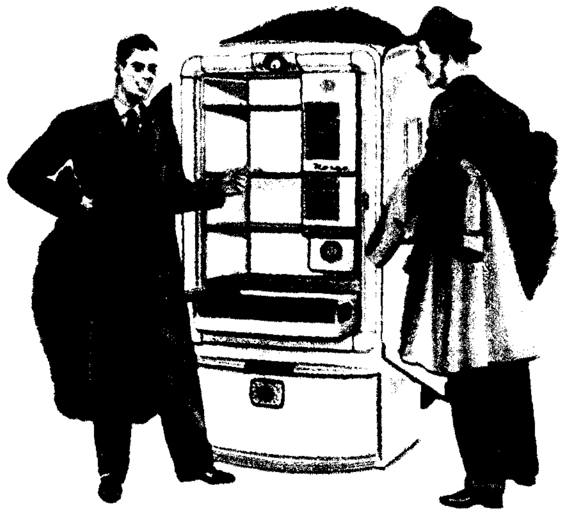
Dr. Henry has served for ten years on the Committee for the Study of Sex Variants and conducted, at the New York Hospital, probably the most exhaustive study of abnormality ever undertaken. During the war, Selective Service referred to him its most baffling cases including that of Wayne Lonergan, who later killed his wife in the most sensational sex murder New York had had in years. Twice rejecting Lonergan for armed service on grounds of maladjustment, Dr. Henry wrote prophetically in his second report, "If this man is not given psychiatric treatment, he is likely to become a serious menace." Unhappily, there was then no clinic at the Quaker Meetinghouse to help him.

Sexual deviation is no rarity, like Uncle Ezra's six-legged calf. If we have been kept in the dark about it, we can blame the ridiculous custom which bids us to the extremes of "Hush-hush!" or "Scream!" In intelligent discussion we hush ourselves mercilessly. But let sex wash up something ugly and foul, and we scream it in our blackest type.

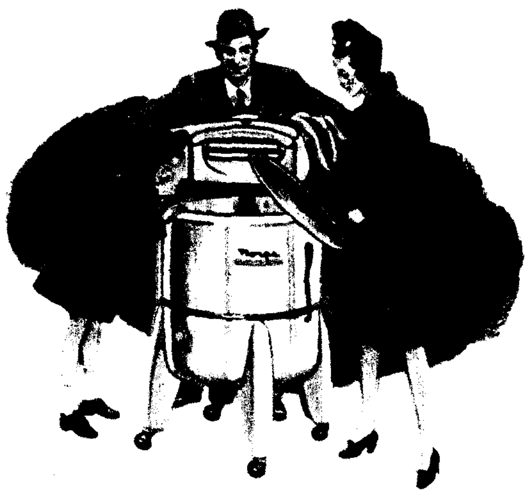
Selective Service, holding a mirror to the national countenance, made *(Continued on page 38)*

"Let's go in and see what's new!"

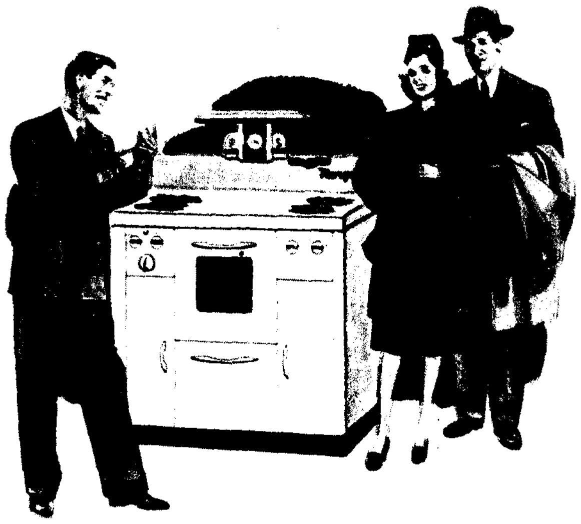




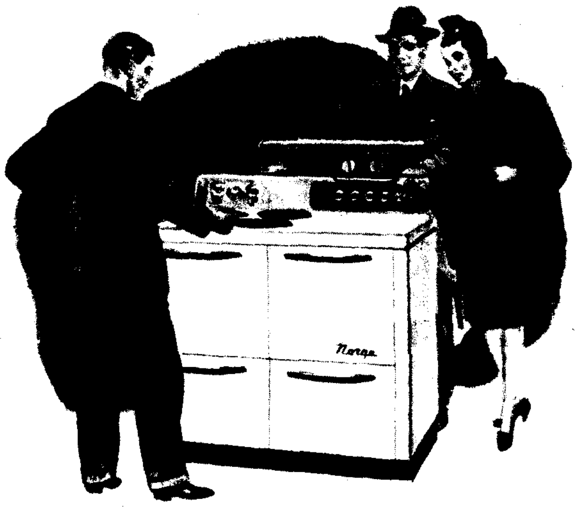
COMBINATION REFRIGERATOR and frozen food "locker." Safe-keeps 31 pounds of frozen food. Lots of bottle space, six storage zones, automatic defrosting, "Rollator"* economy. Four other home models. Five-year protection plan.



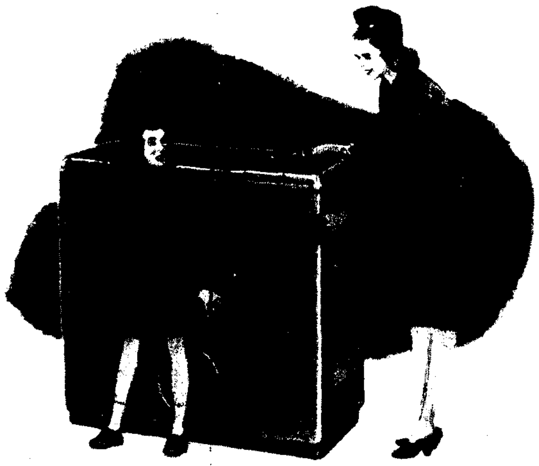
"RO-TA-TOR" WASHER. It washes, rinses, dries for the line. Splashproof tub, steam-seal cover, eight-position pressure cleanser and damp drier. Clothes last longer because of the glass-smooth plastic "Ro-ta-tor." Four models.



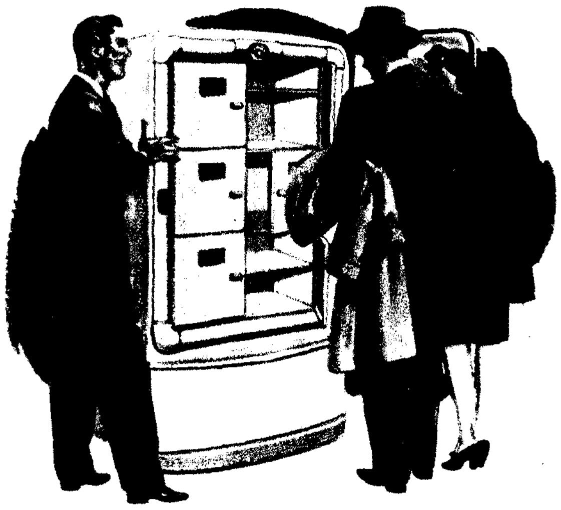
DIVIDED-TOP GAS RANGE. Large work space, large slide-out broiler, two large utensil compartments, large oven with temperature control and inside light. Effectively insulated. Two other models.



ELECTRIC RANGE. Combines every practical improvement in electric cookery. Automatic controls, deep-well cooker and three surface units, two-element oven, smokeless broiler, utensil and warming drawers. Two models.



HOME HEATER. Here's low-cost, controllable oil heat. Exclusive features, such as L-shaped heat exchanger with porcelain-enamel finish, downdraft "Whirlator" tube. Four models, wide price range.



HOME FREEZER. New vertical type freezes and stores more than six cubic feet or 200 pounds of food—extending the season of abundance, low cost and top quality. Larger chest models also available.

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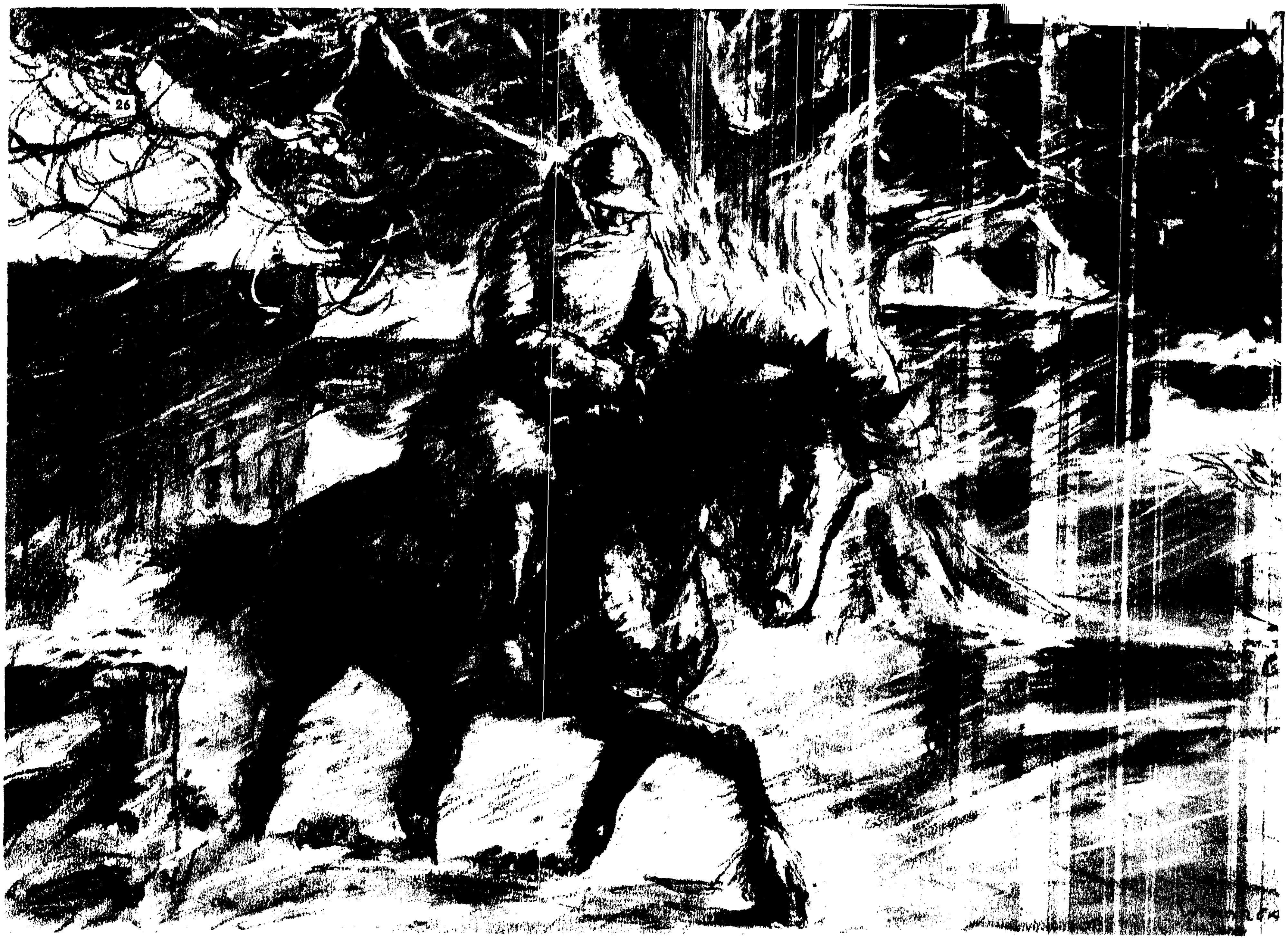

I saw Black Tony make a looping turn and come toward me through the snowy wind. Grandfather was astride him, looking like a great snow-crusted bear in his buffalo coat

THE OAK AND THE SCYTHE

BY LLOYD ERIC REEVE

I GUESS Grandfather was what we call a fatalist. Anyway, he always said that when your time came, you went; that there wasn't anything you could do about it. "There's an old man," he'd say, "and he's got a big scythe. Mighty careless how he swings it around, too. Try to duck it, and like as not you'll just get in the way. Only thing to do is just to keep about your own business."

That was the way he felt, I guess it was why he got up out of a sickbed to carry the mail, even though Doc Barlow had already warned him it would be his death. But carrying the mail was Grandfather's business, or rather, carrying the rural *free* delivery. He never called himself a mail carrier. He always said he carried the rural *free* delivery. He stressed the word *free*, so that it sounded big and proud; that was because it was American, he said. Free was America's word. Grandfather was very proud of being an American. He'd come over from England on a sailing ship as a boy. Once he told me that when he'd first set foot on American shores he felt like he was being born again.

He'd had pneumonia that winter, had it terribly bad. I remember how sick he was, and how all the time the great oak outside his window had tossed and groaned in the howling winter winds, as though it shared his agony with him.

More and more, during those frightening days, I came to think of the old oak and Grandfather as fighting a mighty battle together. But for a long time, it didn't seem possible that either could lose. I could not think of the great oak as fallen—or of Grandfather dead.

Nothing could stop Grandfather, neither the storm, nor the warning of the oak. Only fate could halt him, but it had to catch him first

But I watched him waste away. It was like a snow man sagging and shrinking and turning dirty gray in the first deadly days of spring.

I remember particularly how he looked in the big bed at night. The kerosene lamp filled the room with dark, questing shadows. I became afraid to sleep alone at night, thinking about all the omens of death I'd heard: the mysterious knock at the door, vague shapes slipping through the hushed house of sickness, the way Anderson's dog next door took to howling at night, and the faint rattle that crept at times into Grandfather's hoarse, congested breathing.

His huge body was slack and hollowed beneath the bedcovers. The apple-red cheeks had faded. His white bushy beard seemed to swell around the sinking face, and I saw the skull. Fever reamed out his eyes until they became burnt black holes. I remember the sickroom smells, and the way Grandmother hovered over him, walking always on tiptoe.

Doc Barlow had said there would be a crisis, and then Grandfather would either die or get well. And the night of the crisis, the first of those two great gales stormed in from the snowy wastes of the prairie. All night I heard the old oak battling with the icy winds. Sometimes a great blast would suddenly shake it, like a Gargantuan monster trying to kill its prey. At other times the rushing air would keen through it on a vast rising tide until the tree itself would seem to voice its defiance on a long high-pitched scream of agony. Once I looked out the window and saw its black branches wrestling wildly against the cold, bright stars. It looked like a wounded giant grappling against the sky with some enormous unseen foe. I thought surely it must crash to earth at last.

But it didn't. Next morning the tree was still throbbing with the hoarse, defeated sobs of the wind. And Grandfather's fever had broken shortly after midnight. He was weak and spent, but he grinned a little as he called me to him.

"Listen, Davy," he said. "Can you hear the oak?"

"I can hear it, Grandpa," I said.

"It had quite a tussle last night," Grandfather said. "So did I. The old man was swinging his scythe all over the sky. But I guess the oak and me sort of put our backs together. Anyway, it's still out there—and me, I'm still here." Grandfather chuckled weakly. "It's going to make Doc Barlow mad as sin. He figured I was a goner for sure."

(Continued on page 59)

ILLUSTRATED BY WALLACE MORGAN

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OLD MAN ON A MOUNTAIN

Continued from page 21

event of the downhillers, the National Slalom and Downhill combined. Which leaves only 1941 to be accounted for.

All he did in 1941 was take second in two of the four National events: Jumping and Slalom-Downhill; and win the other two: Four-Way and Two-Way. Quite an accomplishment for a creaking ancient who took up downhill skiing too late in life. He had already had one outstanding career as a jumper. Now, in his second incarnation as an all-event skier, he compiled a record that has never been even approached, much less equaled.

An Interlude in the Saga

World War II brought an end to national competition and it appeared that at last the Engen saga was sung. Alf hung up his boards and played his part throughout the war in an obscure but important post in the Ogden Quartermaster Depot, where he was in charge of winter warfare equipment. He had an automobile accident which nearly finished him physically. During his long convalescence, fat, the bane of every athlete, came to muffle the reflexes and strangle the beat of the fighting heart that had carried him to the heights in two skiing careers.

But in the fall of 1945 the war was over. Snow came early to the precipitous slopes of the Wasatch Mountains, within view of the Depot. Up there among the gleaming peaks, Alf's almost equally famous brother, Sverre, was head of the Ski School of Alta, Utah, and needed help with the flood of postwar skiers. Alf emerged from his shadowy warehouses, looking a little apprehensive as the smell of snow and wax awoke half-forgotten reactions.

"Going to compete this year, Alf?" The question came twenty times a day. Alf, putting the snow bunnies through their snowplows and stem turns, always smiled his shy smile and shook his head. "Too long away from the skis. Too old." But people wondered, watching him practice slalom after teaching hours until it was so dark he couldn't see the flags.

When the entries for the Alta Snow-Cup Race were posted, the secret was out. The Snow-Cup, held late in December, is the season's first ski meet of national importance. And Alf's name was on the list; the old man of the mountain was going to the ski wars for the third time.

As the racers gathered at Alta to practice, one topic seemed to be the magnetic north of all after-skiing conversation. Alf was skiing better than ever. Only an accident like catching an edge or breaking a binding could keep him from winning the Snow-Cup.

But Alf never raced in the Snow-Cup. A week before the meet, three young skiers went into a prohibited area at Alta and started an avalanche which buried one of them. Alf was prodigious that night. He broke trail in waist-deep snow to the scene of the accident. He dug out the crushed but still-living body of the skier when he and Sverre located it with probes under four feet of snow. He was in the nightmare struggle to get the boy back down the mountain, an affair in which every few steps one of the carriers would go down in the treacherous snow and simply be tramped over by the rest while a new man took his place. Part way down he rushed ahead and practically singlehanded dragged a heavy toboggan up to meet the rescue party.

Two days before the Snow-Cup, Alf went to the hospital with an unusually painful and serious type of rupture. For a while the question was not whether he could race, but whether he could ever ski again. In a month, after three operations, he was back at Alta, and the National Jumping Championship was looming up just ahead. His body had healed, his legs felt good and the flame inside burned as high as ever.

Alf Engen was now thirty-seven years old, a doddering relic by the merciless statistics of sport, which say that after thirty the champion's hairline sense of balance and razor-edged co-ordination of nerve and muscle begin to fail. And as Walter Prager, the great racer and teacher, once aptly put it: "After you get to be thirty you begin to think you'd rather live than win."

From Steamboat Springs, Colorado, scene of the 1946 meet, news flashes carried the word back. Alf was outjumping all the other contestants in practice; he had broken the hill record; and then, he had broken his skis. This was real tragedy. In a contest where everything depends on balance and co-ordination, the feel of a familiar pair of skis under him is all-important to the jumper.

DON'T LOOK NOW

The squeamish rarely care to
cope
With life beyond a microscope.

—William W. Pratt

Alf's broken skis were not the worst tragedy of Steamboat Springs. Skiing in America has grown up with one of the finest traditions of sportsmanship in all athletics. It is actually commonplace for each ski racer to begin his lonely ordeal with time and the force of gravity with the "Good lucks" of every other contestant ringing in his ears. But to Steamboat Springs came a few competitors who were laying for Alf. He had jumped the socks off them in meet after meet before the war. And here he was, undaunted by two trips to the hospital and the weight of his years, doing it again. There must be some way to get this old man of the mountain off their shoulders.

They managed to convey to Alf's ears the thought that he would be doing a fine thing if he dropped out of Class A and competed only in the Veterans' Class. The old man, who had gone to Steamboat Springs undecided whether he would jump was in doubt no longer. He said he'd rather come in last in Class A than win in any other division.

Like the Austrian clique at Sun Valley so long ago, the malcontents at Steamboat Springs didn't have the wit to leave well enough alone. They undertook now to outmaneuver the old man. A bit of technical explanation is necessary here to make clear what happened next. In a ski jumping contest, the length of the jump is only part of it. Like figure skating, ski jumping is a classic art. From the moment he plunges down the in-run until he rides his leap out to the end of the landing hill, the contestant is watched by the judges and penalized for every flaw in his technique.

Obviously, a power-jumper who launches himself into space with every atom of strength in his body is more likely to commit slight technical faults than a picture-jumper who concentrates on form. And when a skier like Alf Engen comes along who combines great power with superb form, the picture artists are out of luck.

But there is a way of offsetting the lift of an Engen's legs. That lift can be built into the hill. And this is what the malcontents at Steamboat Springs proceeded to do. They went out one night and remodeled the take-off by adding an upthrusting extension to it. They were trying to make of the National Jumping Championship what the real jumpers contemptuously call a gliding or sailing contest.

Next morning, Alf happened to be the last man to reach the hill. All the other jumpers were present but only the gliders were practicing. Even as he listened to the explanation, he saw that the gliders were getting much greater distance than before. He noted also that they were going dangerously high in the air and with narrowed eyes he gauged the angle of the new take-off. It was a neat trick. If anyone—Alf Engen for instance—*really laid into a jump off that monstrosity he would go so high that the shock of landing would break him to pieces.*

The other jumpers were for lodging a protest with the meet officials, but the old man plodded on up the hill. He said he'd give it a try. They saw him studying the profile of the in-run and the landing hill as he climbed; saw his shoulders dip as his muscles adjusted themselves to a set of new signals. The famous Engen leap upward and out would be suicide on the glider take-off. All in a few seconds, Alf had to rearrange the entire timing and pattern of his jump.

The contestants watched him mount his skis and set himself at the top of the in-run. A few started up after him. If the old man could take it, so could they. With the jumper's quick fling and thrust, Alf gave himself to the hill, and every eye followed his crouching, accelerating figure. Would he play it safe and merely sail over the tricky take-off, or would he lay into it?

The Champion Challenges Death

Alf jumped the only way he ever had in his life, hard, but low and forward. Even then he rose to a fearsome height. On a good hill—and Steamboat Springs was a good hill before the gliders tampered with it—the jumper is never far from the ground. The profile of the landing slope matches the trajectory of the flying human so that the two come together at an easy angle. But the exaggerated lift of the glider take-off plus the drive of his own legs sent Alf out on a distorted trajectory.

When his forward momentum died he was far above ground and plummeted to earth in what amounted to a free fall. Every watcher felt his leg muscles knot as Alf's skis bit into the packed snow of the out-run; winced at the crack as the tortured wood slivered and split. Alf rode them out safely, but he would never jump again on those skis.

Instantly a bitter wrangle flared around the take-off. Alf took no part, for he had broken his only pair of jumping skis and figured himself out of the competition. But the other jumpers flatly told the gliders that either the trick take-off came down or there wouldn't be any jumping meet. With Alf disposed of, the gliders were willing to compromise. The outcome of the argument was removal of half the chute. It was almost a jumping contest again. So ended the day before the finals.

Alf had disappeared and little was heard of him until the contestants gathered again in the dressing room on the day of the championship. He had been busy most of the night waxing and refitting the bindings on a pair of borrowed skis. No one present has cared to describe in detail that scene in the dressing room. But it is known that the old man

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of the mountain told the gliders exactly what he thought of them and their fancy take-off, told them that he was still in the contest and that if they beat him they'd have to do more than sail for it. About all the picture jumpers had accomplished was to get the old man the maddest he had been since Sun Valley in 1937.

In a jumping contest, each man is allowed a practice leap on the day of the finals, to test the snow. Alf had more than that at stake on his practice run. He had a pair of unfamiliar skis to try out and as he left the third version of the take-off, he laid into them with all the skill and power he possessed. Power to see how far he could drive them; skill to keep that disastrous height to a minimum. It was a tremendous jump—and it broke his borrowed skis.

No Fear of Borrowed Skis

Surely that finished him. He could drop out now with prestige undimmed. No skier had defeated him, but a series of misfortunes any one of which would have stopped an ordinary man. Alf himself thought he was done. But as he stood glumly beside the course a group quickly gathered. Another Class-A jumper offered to scratch his own entry if Alf would use his skis. A veteran of the old halcyon days of jumping held out his pair. After a moment of study, Alf took the veteran's skis. They were old. One had lost its camber and the other was warped. The bindings did not fit his boots. But the veteran's skis were heavy and strong. The old man of the mountain knelt in the snow and went to work on them.

Ordinarily a jumper spends most of the night before a tournament waxing his skis and testing the fittings. Alf had just forty minutes until they would be calling him to the in-run. He could have appealed to the judges for more time, or even the right to make another practice jump. It never occurred to him.

Picture Byron Nelson entering the last round of the Open with somebody else's clubs, somebody a number of inches different in height and reach. Or Ralph De Palma going to the starting line with a secondhand jalopy. Or Howard Hughes taking off for a transcontinental record in a plane with unfamiliar controls and flight characteristics. Alf Engen was attempting a feat no less incredible.

Steamboat Springs is a town where the grammar schools offer courses in skiing and grandmothers go shopping on hickory. More than one canto of the Engen saga has been written on its jumping hill and its slalom runs. Even the youngest spectator understood that this was no ordinary contest. That lonely figure setting himself at the top of the in-run was backing his fighting spirit with his neck. More than one old-timer, knowing the odds against him, hoped that Alf would be content to take it easy.

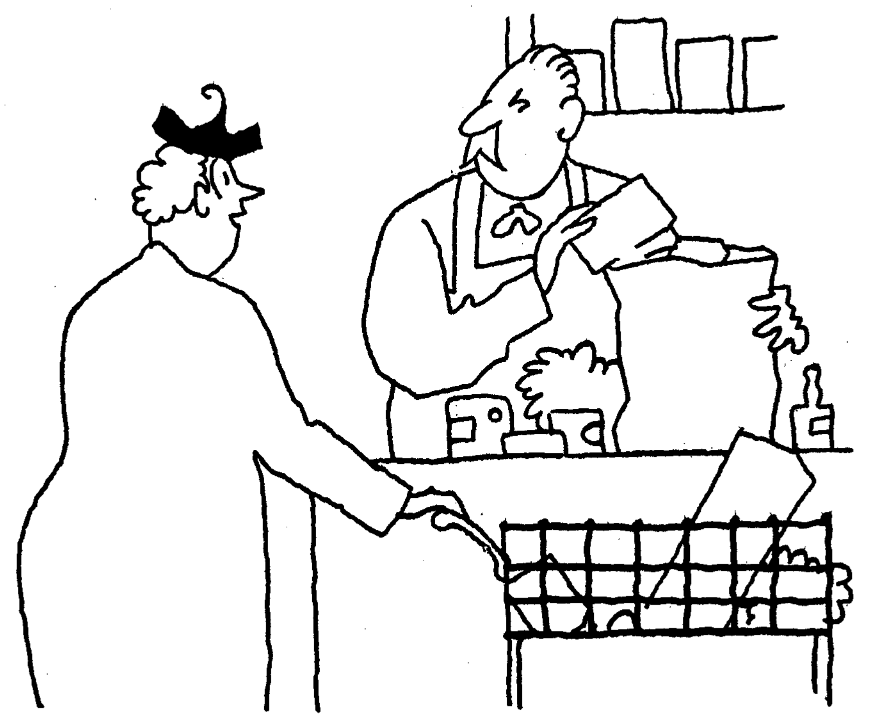
The bugle rang out and the red flag dropped. The lonely figure plummeted down the incline. It hit the take-off and launched itself into space as only Alf Engen can, like a projectile. Aching seconds passed while he drilled a straight line across the sky. Then, gradually, his flying body began to curve toward the earth, falling faster and faster. The crowd was so still that on its farthest rim they could hear the wind whine in the folds of his jacket. At the edge of the landing hill, directly under him, it was a rising screech ending in a crack like a rifle shot as his skiis took the snow. His body contracted like a spring under the shock, for he had flown high and far, farther than any jumper had ever flown before on that hill.

But it wasn't over yet. The heavy ten-foot slabs of hickory had driven inches into the snow. Would they hold together? Could Alf, at airplane landing speed, bring them to the surface and ride them out? His crouching body extended itself, the curved ski tips planed up and freed themselves. Only then did a long sigh rustle over the crowd as hundreds of throats released their pent-up breath. Alf had ridden his warped and untried skis, over the gliders' take-off, to a new hill record and the National Jumping Championship.

Was that his swan song? The old man of the mountain only grins if you ask him and the sparkle in his blue eyes might mean anything. Suggestively, he did a bit of slalom skiing too, last winter. On the blizzard-swept courses of the Alta Cup he took third in a combined downhill giant slalom-tight slalom affair which attracted the great names of skiing of the U.S. and Canada. A few weeks later, against practically the same field, he won the Silver Belt at California's Sugar Bowl.

This winter brought back the full list of national competition. The Slalom, Downhill and Combined, will be held in March at Alta and Ogden. Now if some smart aleck will only get the old man mad—

THE END



"And if there is anything that hasn't gone up since yesterday, I'll take two cans of that too"

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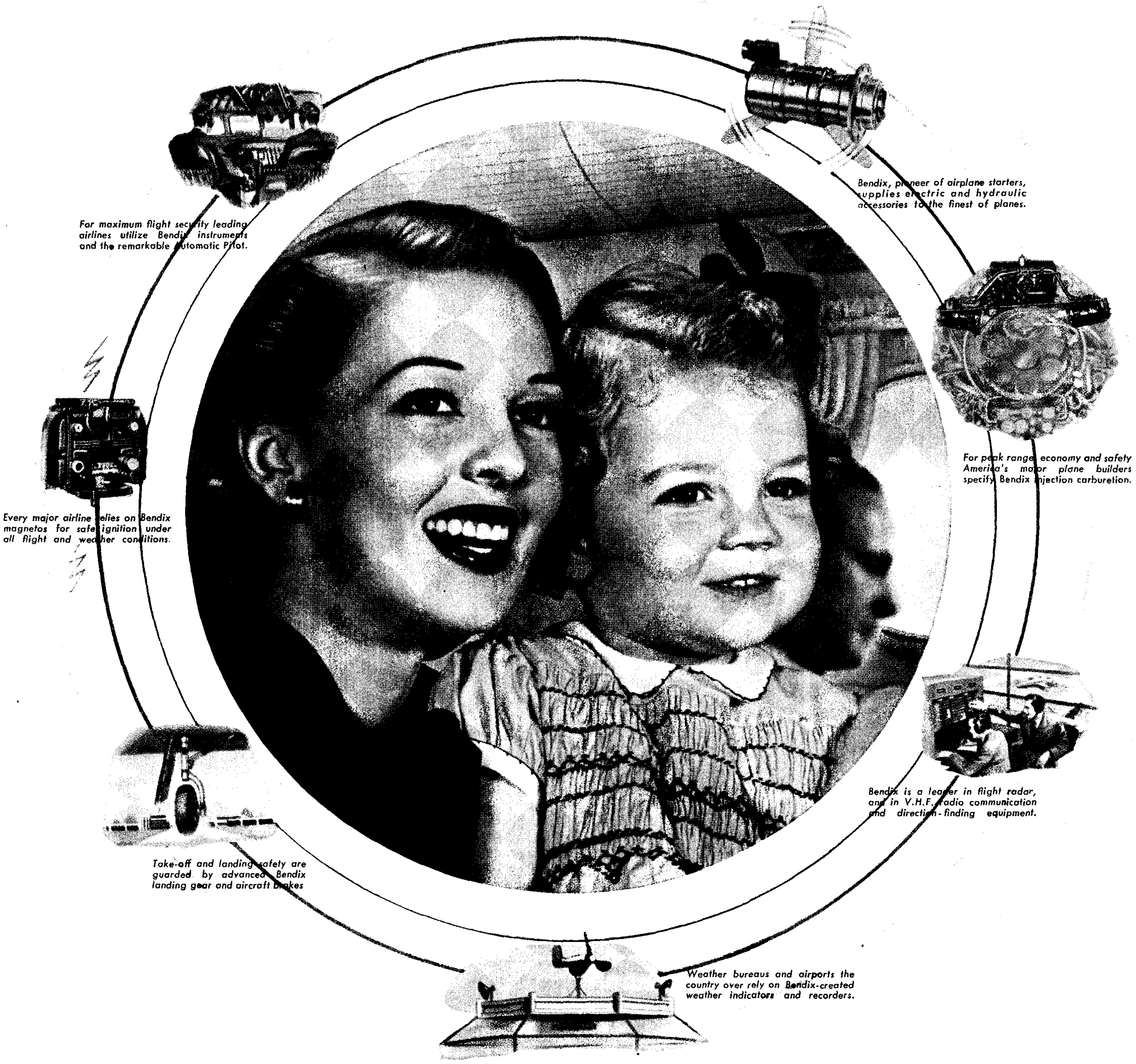

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MENNONITE MENUS

BY HARRY BOTSFORD

Dinner is at noon in Pennsylvania Dutch homes. Here the Eby family of Liditz has its midday meal

LEVER KNEPP
(Liver Dumplings)

Put 1½ pounds of beef liver through the meat chopper. Fry a large, diced onion in butter with a few bread crumbs, to which add 2 beaten eggs. Mix ingredients with 2 tablespoons of flour and add to the ground liver. Drop from a tablespoon into a rich soup and boil for 30 minutes. This will serve 6 people.

G'SHTUPAFUL LEW'R
(Stuffed Liver)

Select a calf's liver and wash thoroughly in cold salted water. Wipe dry and make a deep incision in the thickest part, using a very sharp knife. Fill with a bread or potato filling, the potato filling being the better.

To make the filling, boil 5 medium-sized potatoes in their jackets. Then peel and mash, adding a beaten egg. Melt 2 tablespoons of butter in a hot skillet, to which is added a small sliced onion, a sliced green pepper, diced celery, a trifle of parsley and bread cut in cubes. When cooked, add salt and pepper and mix into the potatoes.

When the liver is stuffed, season rather highly with salt and pepper and place strips of bacon or salt pork over the top. Place in a roasting pan, add a little water and roast in a hot oven for 15 minutes; then continue in a moderate oven for the balance of the hour.

WELSHKORN PUFFERS
(Corn Fritters)

This is a summer delight. Use roasting ears, fresh from the garden, slice off tips of kernels, then scrape the sweet pulp from the cob with the back of the knife. When you have a pint of the pulp, add 2 heaping tablespoons of flour, 2 beaten eggs, ½ teaspoon of salt, cayenne pepper to taste. Mix thoroughly. Drop into hot frying pan or griddle with a tablespoon, brown on both sides and serve. Marvelous with hot maple sirup.

GRUMBERE PFANNKUCHEN
(German Potato Pancakes)

Use three cups of raw grated potatoes, ½ to 1 cup of grated onion, mixed with 2 beaten eggs, a pinch of baking powder, 1¾ teaspoons salt. Peel potatoes several hours before using and keep in cold water. Mold into small flat cakes, fry to a deep brown on a pancake griddle, using just a little butter. Filling, but ideal with almost any meat.

POTATO SALAD

Boil potatoes in their jackets, peel while hot and slice. Add onion rings to taste and a chopped hard-boiled egg. While still warm, add a dressing made of seasoned vinegar that has been brought to a boil with a little melted bacon fat. Season to taste. When the warm potatoes have absorbed the dressing, toss in a little boiled dressing or mayonnaise. Place in a cool place and serve cold. Try this with cold baked ham!

OB'L PUFFERS
(Apple Fritters)

A Lancaster favorite. Blend a cup of sifted flour with 1½ teaspoons baking powder, 3 tablespoons powdered sugar and a generous pinch of salt. Add slowly ⅓ cup of top milk, a beaten egg. Pare, core and slice 2 medium-sized tart apples. Stir into the batter. Drop by tablespoons into hot deep fat.

SCHNITZEL EIERKUCHEN
(Ham and Bacon Omelet)

Here's a farm dish that can be moved to the city. Fry ¼ pound of chopped bacon and the same amount of ham until crisp. Fry 4 large diced onions in the fat, from which the meat has been removed. When the onions are a golden brown, add bacon and ham and pour over the mixture 4 well-beaten eggs and a cup of milk. Stir and fry for 3 to 5 minutes and serve on hot buttered toast.

The Pennsylvania Dutch have a profound respect for food, and their dinners are definitely not for dainty eaters

IF YOU want to get away from ladylike salads and health diets, you might try a Pennsylvania Dutch luncheon. Prepare, however, to strap on the feed bag, for you do not trifle with such a meal.

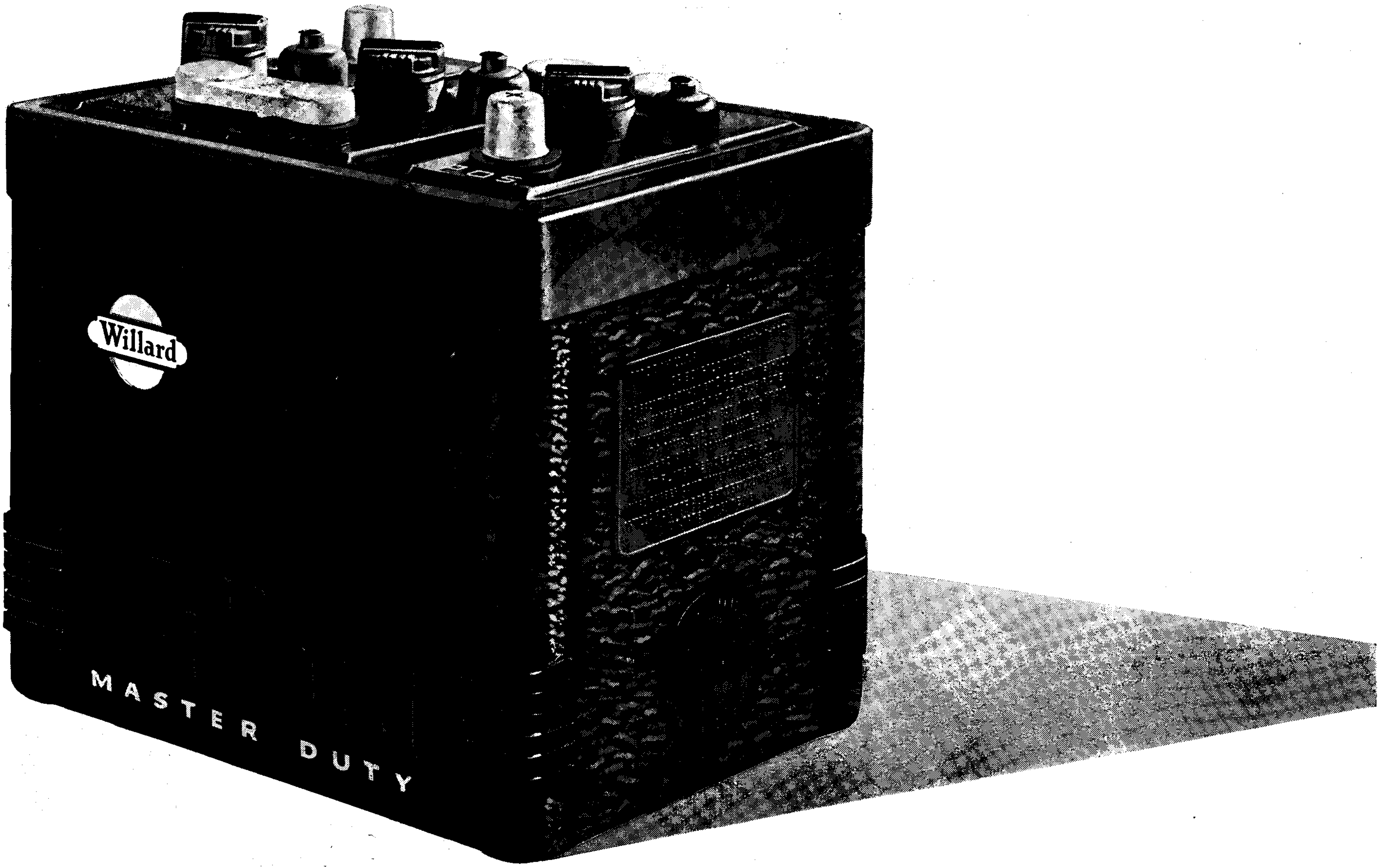
Real Pennsylvania Dutch farmers eat full meals at noon. They weight their tables with a full complement of the traditional seven sweets and seven sours, at least three different meats, and a wide assortment of vegetables. There may be *Schnitz un Knepp*, mashed potatoes, large dumplings as fluffy and light as if they were filled with helium, sour cabbage, yellow-tomato jelly, spiced pears, grape and apple jelly, stuffed peppers, quince honey, plum preserves, red raspberry jam and two kinds of hot bread. This light collation may very well be topped off with a lemon pie that seems four inches thick!

"Food is somesing near holy," the gentle-faced women will shyly tell you in their soft voices. They have learned to respect it through generations. They came to this land when it was a wilderness, and lived hungrily for years. A grim reminder of their early struggles exists today at Ephrata, where they built the Cloisters, now a state park. Food was not plentiful then. To encourage frugality, doors and stairways were built so narrow that even a slightly plump person could not use them.

Soon, however, the land began to respond generously under their skilled hands. Today the farm lands owned by the Pennsylvania Dutch are among the most productive

(Continued on page 57)

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY ALLAN GOULD



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HOME AGAIN

Continued from page 15

California's treatment of its exiles. Although looting and exploiting of property of the *évacués* were routine in the valley, as elsewhere in the Army's restricted area, violence and intimidation were at a minimum. One sad case occurred, however, shortly after Joe Takeda and his family returned to their pear orchard. Hoodlums set fire to the house, then fired shots into it as the Takedas piled out to fight the blaze. A shot was fired through the window of the house of former newspaperman James E. Edmiston, WRA district supervisor, who was nicknamed "Suzuki" by the Jap-haters because of the vigor with which he fought boycotts, lootings and exploitation.

Good Places to Keep Away From

The *évacué* grapevine spread the word that the Santa Clara Valley was a more hospitable place to live, and this brought in families from the "hot spots" such as Salinas, Imperial Valley, and Los Angeles County. Before the war, there were 3,775 people of Japanese ancestry in the valley; when relocation was completed, there were 6,250. In Sacramento and Fresno, the population remained stationary. In all other areas, it fell off. For the Pacific Coast as a whole, the Japanese population has fallen from 113,000 to approximately 60,000. The rest have scattered over the Middle West and East

Finding homes and livelihoods for twice as many Japanese-Americans as were uprooted originally from the valley imposed a tremendous task on Supervisor Edmiston and his staff. Their handling of the assignment is not only a revealing side light on one of the tragedies of the war, but a demonstration of how to cope with bigotry and race prejudice on the home grounds. It also reveals the inside story of how the WRA wound up its job in record time.

The War Relocation Authority had its share of "best minds" who wanted to keep the agency going indefinitely. They were encouraged by various Pacific Coast organizations—the Anti-Japanese League, the California Preservation Society, the Committee for Prevention of the Return of the Japanese, the Associated Farmers, the Grange, some American Legion posts, the Filipino Syndicate, several A.F. of L. unions, various parlors of Native Sons and Daughters of the Golden West, to name a few—whose leaders wanted to keep the Japanese-Americans out for economic reasons. "The Japs grow two strawberries where the white man grows one, and they are tough competition," as Edmiston put it. Opposing them were the Council for Civic Unity, editors, ministers, civic leaders.

The big break for the Japanese came on January 2, 1944, when the U.S. Supreme Court ruled that the Army and the WRA had to permit all *évacués* against whom no specific charges had been filed to return to their homes. WRA Administrator Dillon S. Myer dispatched his deputy, Charles F. Miller, to the Pacific Coast to see if the *évacués* could return unmolested. Miller's survey convinced the WRA heads that only with the help of a militant relocation organization, to run interference, batter down discrimination and boycotts, and to see that the *évacués* found shelter and employment, could they successfully resettle the Japanese.

Myer divided the Pacific Coast into three areas, with regional offices in Seattle, San Francisco, and Los Angeles. Each area was broken up into districts staffed by local officers. Relocation was largely a rural problem. Most of the Japanese who lived in large Pacific Coast cities relocated in Middle West and Eastern population centers before the war ended.

"We had to find people with courage and the right social outlook for our staff," explained Miller, who was placed in charge of the northern California regional office. "We knew we had a fight on our hands."

One such fight concerned round and rugged Rychitsu Shibuya, known as "the Chrysanthemum King" when he was yanked from his flower farm near Mountain View. Son of a distinguished Japanese doctor before he migrated to the land of opportunity as a youngster, Shibuya had invested twenty years of patient, exacting hand pollination in the development of a new strain of chrysanthemums that lasted twice as long as ordinary cut flowers. Eastern florists scrambled to buy Shibuya's flowers at fancy prices, which enabled him to send three sons and two daughters through college, and to build an attractive two-story colonial home, surrounded by redwoods, gardens and pools.

When the Shibuya family pulled up stakes in 1942, the house and flower farm were turned over to a white administrator The priceless new strains of chrysanthemums were another problem. Shibuya arranged with the county horticultural commissioner to keep the stock alive, so that he would have something to work with on his return. The flower farm was rented to an Italian, who was not evacuated although he was as much an enemy alien as Shibuya. The house was rented to a banker from a near-by town who promised to take good care of it until the family returned.

Shibuya's wife died in Heart Mountain Camp. "A good place only to die," he said. When the Chrysanthemum King was permitted to return home, he hustled over to the county horticultural commissioner's office. A new man was boss there. Shibuya was told that all his plants had died—twenty years' work gone. He returned to his home, where the banker, who owned a smaller house, refused to move until he could build a new one. WRA officials secured an eviction notice. Shibuya found shelter in a shed behind his own house. On the day before his time was up, the banker still refused to move. Edmiston called on him.

"If you're not out tomorrow, we'll be out with deputy sheriffs to move you," he promised.

Starting All Over Again

The banker moved. But before he left he threw a big party at which most of the guests became so high that they denounced the "damn' Japs" noisily, and the banker's wife chased Shibuya from his own door with a butcher knife. After that, the Shibuya family had only to clear the tin cans out of the fish ponds, refurbish their home, replant the neglected gardens, and start anew from scratch on a twenty-year hand-pollinating job to rebreed the lost chrysanthemum strain.

Not all of the *évacués* lost everything, of course. Those who stored their goods in the warehouses designated by the WRA for the purpose recovered their personal possessions. Some, like the Oku family of Mountain View, were lucky in their choice of custodians. The Oku brothers are the outstanding carnation growers of the valley. Masao, a graduate of San Jose State, is the businessman; Leonard, trained at the University of California College of Agriculture, is the horticulturist. They, plus their mother, who has the touch for flowers, make a winning team.

Their employees were Filipinos, so the

brothers arranged to have the help carry on the business while they sweated out the war in exile in Colorado. Masao kept in touch with the business by long-distance phone, while Leonard joined the Army.

One cry of the Caucasians in the anti-Japanese organizations was that the Japanese-Americans should be kept out of the state for their own safety, because "the Filipinos will kill them." In spite of these dire warnings, when the Oku brothers returned they found their greenhouses, packing shed, and carnation stocks, as well as their attractive home across the street, in good order, and their business going.

Others who turned their affairs over to an administrator were not so fortunate, and the WRA had to step in to help them. An example was Yasuto Kato, who placed his farm under the care of a white administrator when the Japanese-Americans obeyed General John L. De Witt's orders in 1942 to evacuate the Pacific Coast. The administrator was to run the farm on a 70-30 basis, 70 per cent for himself, 30 for the Katos. In the pell-mell to get out of the forbidden military zone, that was the best deal the Katos could make.

Yasuto Kato and his two brothers volunteered for the Army, but Yasuto was rejected. Joe Kato fought with the famous 442d all-Japanese unit and was killed at Salerno in Italy. Henry, the third brother, was a sergeant attached to the Adjutant General's staff in England. Their two sisters became nurses; Kiyo in a Marine hospital in New Orleans, Sumi in a Salt Lake City hospital. While the four were in service, Yasuto and his parents farmed on shares in Utah, growing celery and sugar beets.

During the war, the family received no money from the administrator. Beyond explaining that their 30 per cent went to pay the taxes, he refused to make an accounting. When Yasuto returned to the Santa Clara Valley to take over the family farm, the administrator was deep in a local "Keep the Japs out" agitation. Only after WRA officials cracked down on the administrator was Yasuto Kato, later joined by veteran Henry, able to get their own property back and to plant crops.

But the job tackled by the Santa Clara Valley relocators covered a lot of territory. For instance, as soon as "No Jap Trade Wanted" and "Slap the Jap" signs appeared in store windows, Edmiston or someone on his staff called on the merchant, and read the Constitution to him. Most of the signs came down at once. When Japanese were refused service at restaurants, the WRA men called on the restaurateur. He usually resumed service. They contacted editors, explained the problem of getting the *évacués* off the taxpayers' backs, furnished news about them and the military service of the all-Japanese 100th Infantry Battalion and the 442d Regimental Combat Team. They lectured, often three or four times a day, to any group from five or six people in a home to 2,500 in the San Jose Civic Auditorium.

In helping to settle the early returnees, Edmiston and his staff resorted to "Fuller brush man" tactics; they combed the country's byways, calling house to house to ask farmers to give the returnees work at the time. Farmers were fearful of retaliation by the noisy anti-Japanese organizations. It was six weeks before Edmiston landed the first job for a Japanese. Mrs. Grace San Filippo, a widow, said, "Sure, I'll hire them. Let the jingos burn my house! I've got insurance." Within a week, six neighbors had followed her example.

The Case of the Uchiyamas

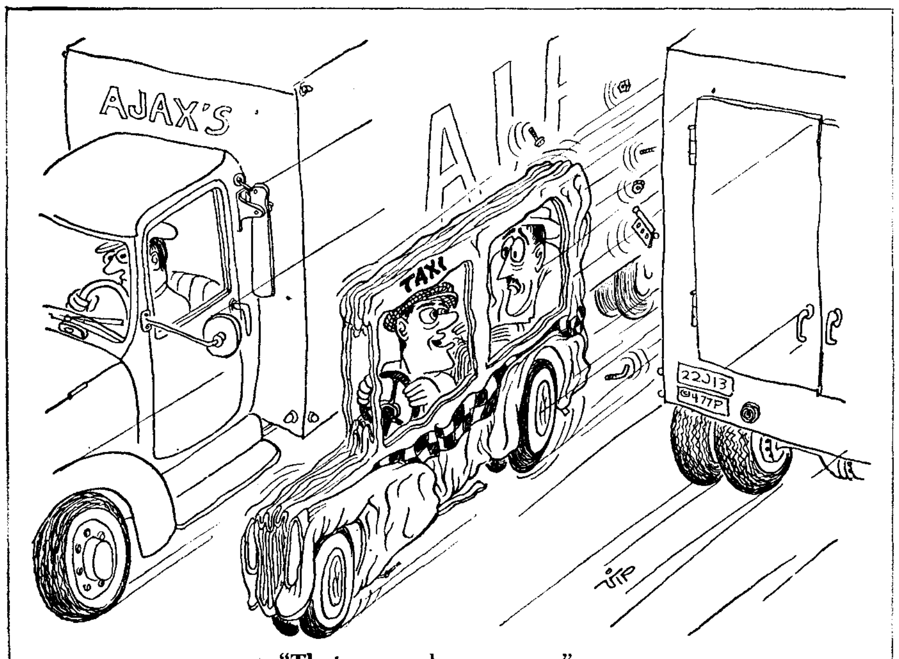
One of Edmiston's longest searches for a farm was made for Sam Uchiyama, who returned from the huge Poston Camp on the Colorado soon after the ban on Japanese-Americans was lifted. Sam and two brothers, Katsuzo and Shigaru, had been orchardists near Los Gatos. Now Katsuzo's two oldest sons were in the Army overseas. The three brothers had stored their families' belongings in a house they owned near Los Gatos. They had carefully boarded up the place with two-by-six planks. When he returned to San Jose, Sam Uchiyama reported to WRA headquarters. Edmiston drove out with him to check on the Uchiyama family possessions. Not only were the household goods gone, but the house in which they had been stored was gone.

"People thought they'd seen the last of the Japanese forever," explained Edmiston. "It was open season and they took everything."

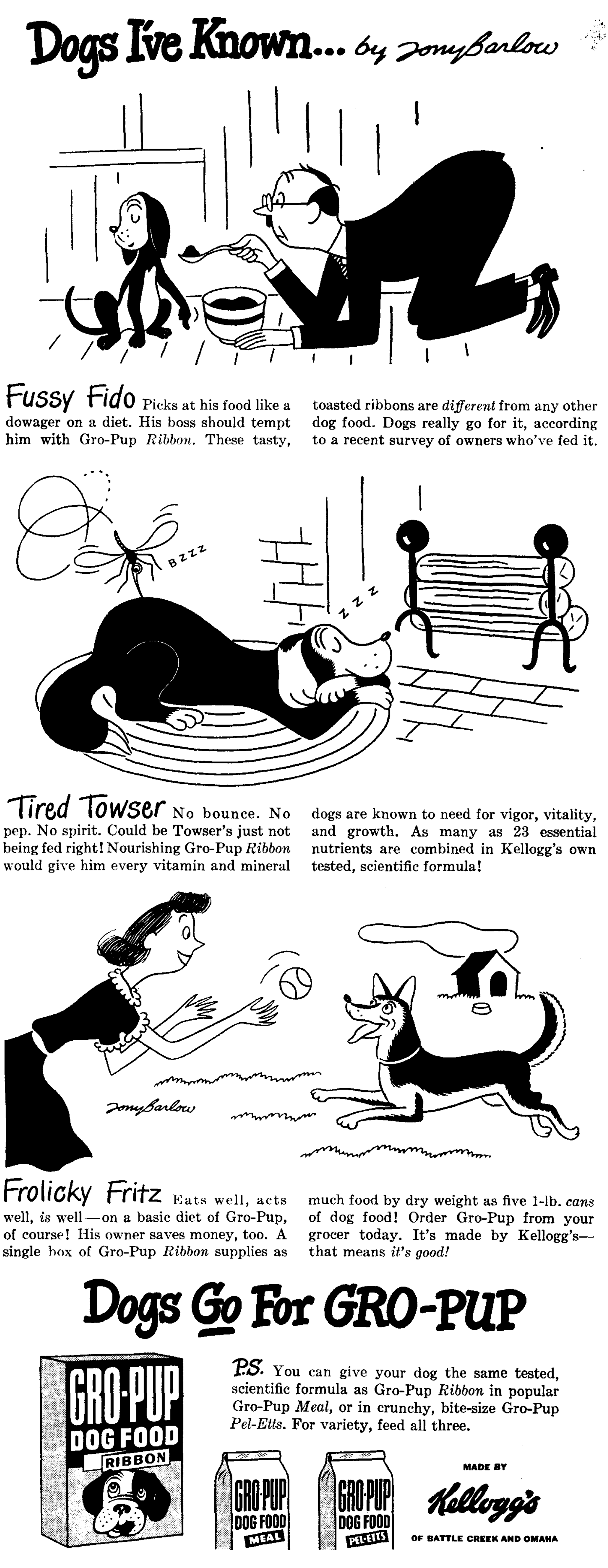
Dismayed at the loss, Uchiyama decided to return to the *évacué* camp and stay there, a ward of the government that had uprooted him. The WRA's job was to get the *évacués* out of camp and on their feet again. In desperation, Edmiston called Charles F. Miller in the northern California office, explaining that if "Uncle Sam" Uchiyama sat in camp, at least fifty other Uchiyamas who looked to him as head of the family would do likewise.

"You're bigger than he is, aren't you?" said Miller. "Keep him in the valley by main strength until you find a farm he can work, and he'll stay."

Edmiston lured Sam into his car and they drove the valley roads, day after day, looking for land. Near Mountain



COLLIER'S "That was a close squeeze" VIRGIL PARTCH


Dogs I've Known... by Tony Barlow

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View they found an old Hindu who was willing to lease his farm. Sam Uchiyama snapped at the chance and sent for his relatives. For a time there were five families sardined into one little shack on the farm. Later, through the Progressive Growers, a farmers' co-operative, the WRA got a three-room prefabricated house for the clan. Later the family somehow managed to wangle, on their own, enough lumber for a third small farmhouse.

At one time, fifty returned Japanese jammed the place, working like beavers in Sam Uchiyama's strawberries, celery, tomatoes, and carrot patches.

As soon as Katsuzo Uchiyama's sons returned from the war, they resumed farming on their father's place. Brother Shigaru and his family returned to their orchard. Sam's sister and her husband, Horaku Fujino, had run a store in Salinas before they were exiled. Salinas was one of the hotbeds of anti-Japanese jingoism, so the Fujinos, confused and broke on their return, decided to start anew somewhere else.

Their daughter, Anna May, accepted financial help from her uncle and moral and legal support from the WRA staff in buying a Chinese restaurant in San Jose. She hired the former owner for cook and put her parents and six brothers and sisters to work. Soon Kiraku Tey—Place of Rest—as she called her café, was a going concern. In a short time the fifty members of the Uchiyama clan were self-supporting.

Mexicans and Okies Migrate

Edmiston's job of settling the Japanese-Americans on farms was greatly eased after V-J Day when gasoline restrictions were lifted. The Mexicans and Okies who had been the wartime farm workers gassed up and hit the highways, leaving the prune crop lying on the ground.

An outcry came from farmers to save the fruit. The Japanese moved in and saved the crop.

Suddenly, everybody had a job for a Japanese. Housing rather than employment became the bottleneck. Don Hunter, on Edmiston's staff, talked the Progressive Growers into buying 459 prefabricated houses at a cost of $200,000 from a war project and reselling them at cost to farmers and returning Japanese. The three-room "Hunter Houses" rolled into the valley in all stages of construction—knocked down, partially built, and completed. They relieved the housing pressure.

But farmers still objected to hiring returnees sight unseen, then waiting two weeks until they could move with their families from the internment camp. The WRA staff solved that one by setting up hostels in San Jose and Mountain View Japanese churches and at Gilroy Hot Springs, a Japanese-owned resort. "Come back and we'll guarantee you shelter and a job," they assured the exiles still in camp. Other districts copied the hostel idea, and soon there were 67 on the Pacific Coast, with a total of 4,000 beds. Families poured in with their goods. The WRA staff found jobs and farms, negotiated leases, relocated families as fast as they came.

When produce handlers refused to accept the Japanese-grown crops, the Department of Justice, the state attorney general, and other government agencies were mobilized to crack the boycotts. Whenever an administrator refused to return an *évacué's* farm, or home, or store, he found himself fighting not a helpless, discouraged Japanese family but the WRA plus the state and federal governments.

When C.I.O. union locals refused to accept Japanese members, their state and national leaders cracked down on them; most of the A.F. of L. unions stood pat for the boycott and still stall at accepting Japanese members. When the county hospital refused to hire a Japanese nurse, Edmiston organized a group of San Jose women, who bombarded the superintendent by telephone and letter until he reversed his position. A week after he hired the first Nisei nurse he was asking for five more.

Some of the WRA staff's work ended in failure. There were some shootings and arson that went unpunished despite pressure on the sheriff's office. In the larger cities the police were on the alert. But neither local, state nor federal police were able to find the valuable goods, such as good cameras, that disappeared from household possessions stored locally by the *évacués*, although "all of the Brownie cameras were recovered," according to Edmiston.

But after some eighty shootings, assaults and fires on the entire Pacific Coast, sentiment crystallized in favor of the Japanese-Americans, particularly after the return of white veterans who had lost their racial prejudice on the battlefields. By May 15, 1946, the WRA had closed its last office on the Pacific Coast. The last exile to return had been relocated.

COMPLAINTS
BEN ROTH

COLLIER'S "—Er, I have somewhat the same complaint, but I'll be glad to discuss it on friendlier terms" BEN ROTH

Toward the end of November, I took a turn around the Santa Clara Valley, with Miller and Edmiston, no longer on the public pay roll, to see how the Japanese-American comeback was working out. We called on Henry Suezaki, and found him in bed after an appendix operation. The family was still jammed into a three-room Hunter House, but even so they had found room for two orphans of another *évacué* killed in an auto-train accident. Henry and Grace Suezaki were adopting them. Henry had hit the jackpot in strawberries, and his share of the $35,000 crop had enabled him to buy twenty-five acres of his own, on which he planned to build as soon as materials were available.

"It's still the land of liberty," said Suezaki.

The Katos brought in a good crop of celery and tomatoes, and that had put them on their feet. Sam Uchiyama had literally struck it rich with a combination of crops—strawberries, broccoli, tomatoes, carrots—and had bought a fifty-acre farm with a house on it at the upper end of the valley. The restaurant to which he had staked his niece, Anna May Fujino, was out of the red; more than an eating place, it was the unofficial club of the returnees in San Jose. The manager was too busy to waste much time talking.

"We can't lose time," she said. "We've already lost too much time. Three years in camp is too long."

Quizzical old Rychitsu Shibuya and his son, Tak, were winding up their first postwar chrysanthemum harvest. The common varieties they are obliged to grow until the Chrysanthemum King can re-create his special strain bring no fancy prices. But he was feeling better about his loss because by growing two generations each year, one in a greenhouse under lights, he figures he can cut in half the time it will take to repeat his lost twenty years of work.

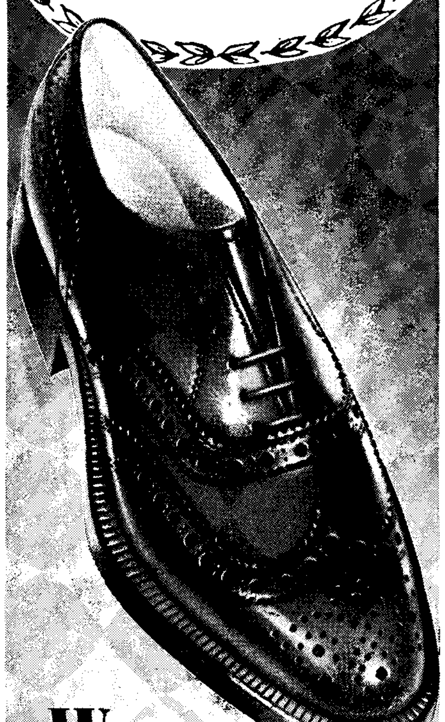
It was the same with every family we visited. No more shots or fires had endangered the Takedas, and after the first boycott against their pears was broken, they sold the crop in a hurry. The five soldier sons of the Kodamas were back on the farm.

Jimmy Yamamoto, whose strawberries at first were declared hot cargo, said, "Hot cargo must mean hot stuff; three commission men were trying to buy them at the same time."

Despite their losses, the Japanese-Americans were on the way back. On friendly terms with their Caucasian neighbors, they were making up for the lost three years by working overtime. No able-bodied returnee in the county was unemployed. Some still hope for the passage by Congress of the bill enabling the skeleton WRA in Washington to compensate families up to $2,500 for tangible losses sustained by reason of the Army's evacuation order, a loss that aggregates over $50,000,000 for the 113,000 exiles. Nobody seemed bitter over the three years behind the mountains. Some had heard from friends among the 5,100 luckless *évacués* who chose, under the strain of imprisonment at the centers, to go back to Japan. Their letters all carried the same refrain:

"No matter how bad off you are, it is still better than life in Japan."

THE END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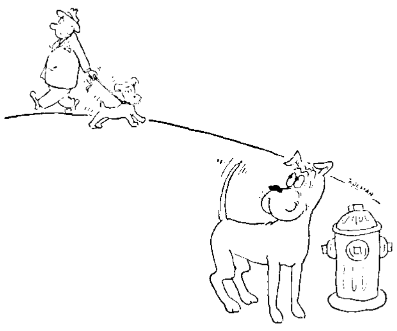
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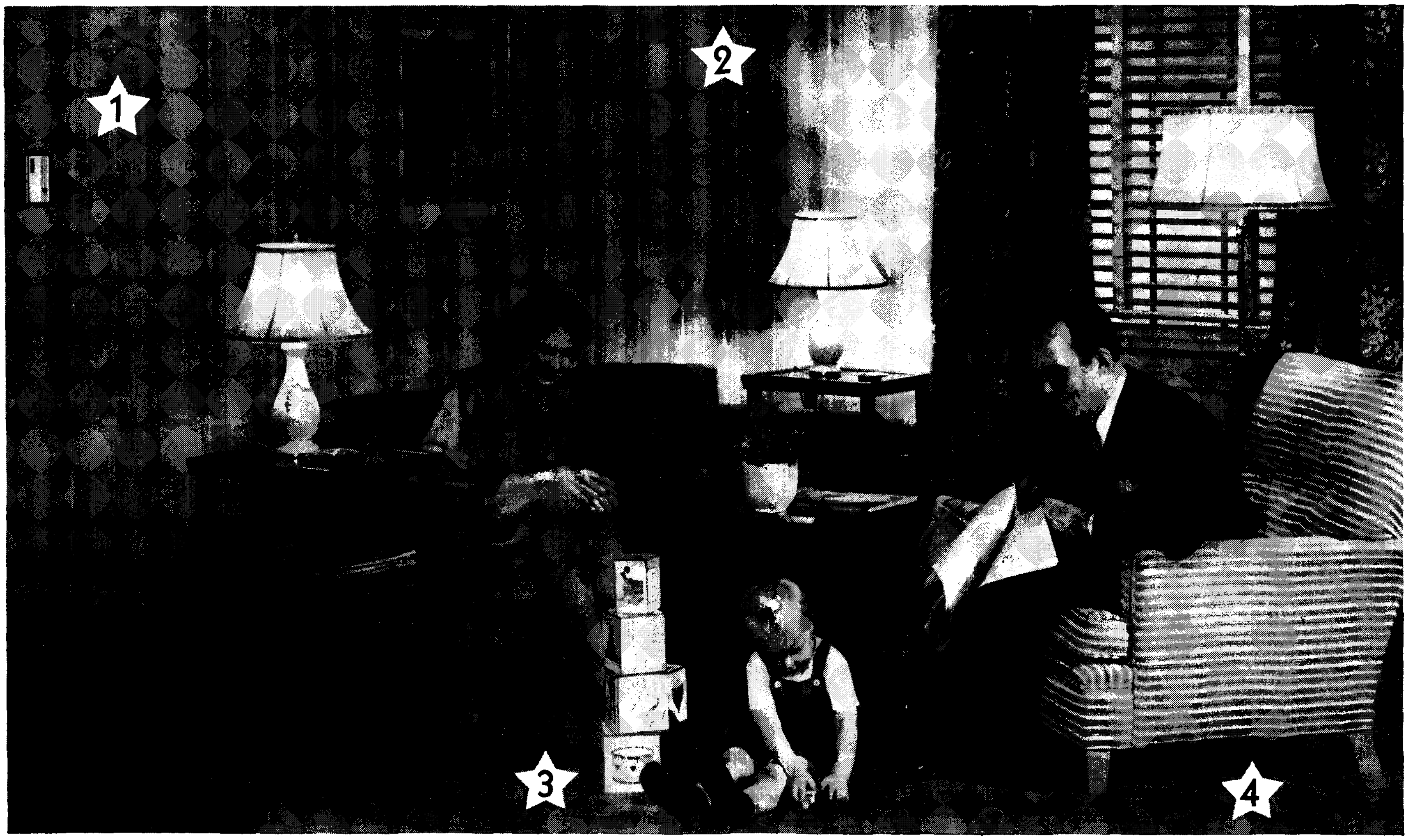

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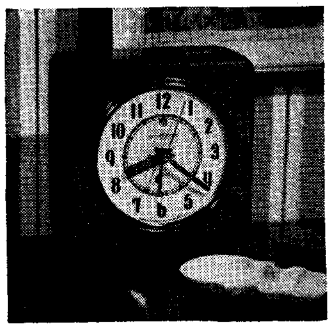

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GENERAL ELECTRIC

THE BIGGEST TABOO

Continued from page 24

us recoil at the prevalence of sex quirks. Dr. Samuel J. Kopetzky, Selective Service medical officer in New York, reports, "We found a tremendous amount of abnormality—far more than we anticipated." Even after passing Selective Service, the number of men sent home on this ground ran to the tens of thousands. Dr. Henry estimates that 3 to 5 *per cent of the entire population fall into* maladjustment at some period of life. He blames it on "failure to grow up emotionally."

"Abnormality is found everywhere. No social class, no age group, no profession, no community is without it," Dr. Henry declares. "We have sex variants among college presidents, and business executives, among statesmen and legislators. You cannot mention a single aspect of life that is without them."

An Opinion on the Heirens Case

And abnormality is not the end. The road from maladjustment to murder is charted, for instance, in the case of young Bill Heirens, the Chicago college student who killed six-year-old Suzanne Degnan and stuffed her hacked-up body into sewers. Dr. Foster Kennedy, Cornell professor of neurology, was called to Chicago by the State of Illinois to find out how Heirens got that way. When we discussed his findings, Dr. Kennedy first said to me, "If Heirens had received a proper sex education as a child, he probably would have been normal."

This seemed a farfetched conclusion until Dr. Kennedy led me way back to the original scene of the crime:

"Until Heirens was ten, his parents never mentioned sex to him. The subject was taboo. When finally his mother did tell him about it, her entire instruction was this, 'It is wicked and filthy. If you touch people you get a disease.' This idea was repeated, dinned in.

"Heirens' physical drive became diverted from *people* to *things.* People meant disease, so he swung his urge toward women's garments. He became a fetishist. He stole women's underwear from clotheslines. He committed more than 500 burglaries, sneaking in through windows to steal intimate clothing from women's bedrooms. This was his sex life.

"Actual contact with girls was repulsive to Heirens Normal expression of his sex drive still remained filthy and wicked. Once, when he found himself with a young girl he made an attempt at petting. He burst into tears and went home.

"Heirens told me he considered sex much worse than burglary. Emotionally, he considered it worse even than murder. The killing of the Degnan child didn't bother him nearly so much as his attempt at petting. After his crime he simply went to a movie and then home to bed."

Behind most sex crimes there is some such sequence of development. Dr. Perry Lichtenstein, psychiatrist for the New York District Attorney's office, probably has studied more such cases than any other man alive. In John Fiorenza, who assaulted and murdered Nancy Titterton, he found an Oedipus complex—an unnatural childhood attachment to his mother. Albert Fish, the goriest killer of the century, spent his childhood in an institution. He saw boys beaten by their keepers and later was given the job of beating them himself. The blood on their backs was a sight he could never quite forget. His sex drive was twisted to sadism.

Robert Irwin, the "mad sculptor" of the Veronica Gedeon case, once tried to emasculate himself. He saw this as the best way of avoiding physical relations, which, he had been told in childhood, were unspeakably evil.

Dr. Lichtenstein concludes, "Nothing produces crimes of such horror and violence as a sex drive which is distorted and repressed. These people are infantile in their emotional life. They are subject to a child's emotional storms and impetuous actions."

Murders are often a by-product, an attempt to cover up and avoid detection. Several years ago a wealthy youth of nineteen killed a ten-year-old girl after raping her, simply because it dawned on him that she might tell her parents.

Sitting on the bench in New York's Night Court with Magistrate Morris Ploscowe, I saw a convincing example of this wild fear of detection. A man of thirty-five, married and the father of three, had been brought in for molesting small girls. He was husky and masculine, but as he stood before the bench his voice broke into a childish whimper. He sobbed with the full infantile flavor of a five-year-old. Except for the bodily frame of a man, here was a small child, pleading in a child's way that he would never, never be naughty again if only the judge would let him go and not tell his wife.

Suppose that instead of a powerful judge adequately surrounded by burly attendants only a small boy or girl stood between this man and the covering up of his crime. In place of infantile tears we might expect infantile rage powered by grown-up brawn and, in the anarchy of a tantrum, murder and mayhem on a savage scale.

When Crime Is the Easy Way

The abnormal citizen is a natural for trouble. He lives outside the law and outside social conventions which are sometimes stronger than law. The hidden, double existence he must lead places him in constant jams. Sometimes crime is the easiest, or only way out.

"Some of these people keep out of trouble for years," Judge Bromberger declares. "But there is always the danger that eventually they will wind up in crimes of the most revolting type.

"Some are not a serious menace when they are young and can make attachments with others like themselves. But eventually the time comes when they have passed the age of attractive appearance. They must direct their activities toward those incapable of resistance. They begin to impose themselves upon children. Then comes the fear of detection. From this point on, the path leads inexorably to crime."

How can a community protect itself from these outbreaks?

A sheriff in the Middle West urged recently that anyone caught abusing children be shot on the spot. Down South a judge hauled himself up in righteous rage when a sex offender was brought to the bar. "I did not know such things existed! I shall stamp them out!" he bellowed, meting out the stiffest sentence in the book.

Many an offender has gone off to prison under similarly explosive circumstances. Detectives, when the blotter runs low, make a habit of dragging in the known sex variants. And judges, merry-go-round style, keep sending them to the hoosegow for thirty days, sixty days or six months.

This might make sense if it did any good because at least it takes the offender out of the community.

But New York, in 1934, learned how little good it does. In one of its penitentiaries where offenders were supposed to alter their ways, it was discovered—with embarrassment—that instead they had altered the ways of the prison. Jails being veritable time bombs of frustrated sex drive, the prisoners had quite a cult in operation before furious city officials stepped in.

The number of repeaters strips away any illusions about prison cures. Lawrence Marks twice went to jail for sex offenses before he demonstrated, in the rape-murder of eight-year-old Paula Magagna, that it had done him no good. Salvadore Ossido took the prison cure three times, then was released to commit the sex murder of little Einer Sporrer.

A study of 250 maladjusted offenders at New York's Bellevue Hospital in 1944 showed that seventy-seven of them, more than 30 per cent, had been arrested for sex crimes in the past. Doctors Benjamin Apfelberg, Carl Sugar, and Arnold Pfeffer, who conducted the study, concluded that "punishment alone is a wasteful and useless procedure."

There is a tinge of witch burning, many authorities feel, in the demands of some of our Pecksniffian citizenry for imprisonment of the maladjusted regardless of the obvious failure of this kind of treatment. As Father Ford, a Catholic priest who aids at the Quaker Meetinghouse, remarked, "It is as futile as sending a man to jail for tuberculosis."

S.P.C.C. Director Smithers knows this futility all too well. He drew a handful of cases from his bulging file and spread them out before me. One dealt with a man who maltreated a fifteen-year-old girl. He went to jail, all right. But would it do him any good? He had been to jail twice before. Another dealt with a man who abused two boys, eleven and thirteen. He went to jail too—just another entry on a record that included fourteen arrests, including one for rape, and three sojourns at Sing Sing.

"When these fellows get out, they turn around and do the same thing," Smithers said with a sigh.

Nazi Viewpoint Untenable

But perhaps we are missing the main chance. If prison doesn't do any good, why not liquidate the sexually abnormal? Kill them; we have enough electric chairs. If the only thing we can do with these people is to put them into prison and if imprisoning them not only doesn't cure them but actually makes them worse, then killing them isn't so ridiculous as it sounds. It may, in fact, be quite logical, but logic isn't enough for civilized society. The Nazi practice of killing the insane was equally logical, but to us, it was one of the most revolting things they did. So the ruthless extermination of sex offenders is unthinkable in a democratic social system.

You see the dilemma. We must either be barbarous or civilized. We cannot be both. You see, then, why the Quaker Meetinghouse is important. So far, it is the one thing that makes sense for the sex offender. It is the one thing which holds hope of saving him for himself—and his community from him.

This clinic is just a beginning. But it melts the ice of taboo and opens a promising path toward the treatment and prevention of abnormality. Like the alcoholic or the drug addict, the sex offender once was considered a hopeless case. The clinic makes him merely a tough case.

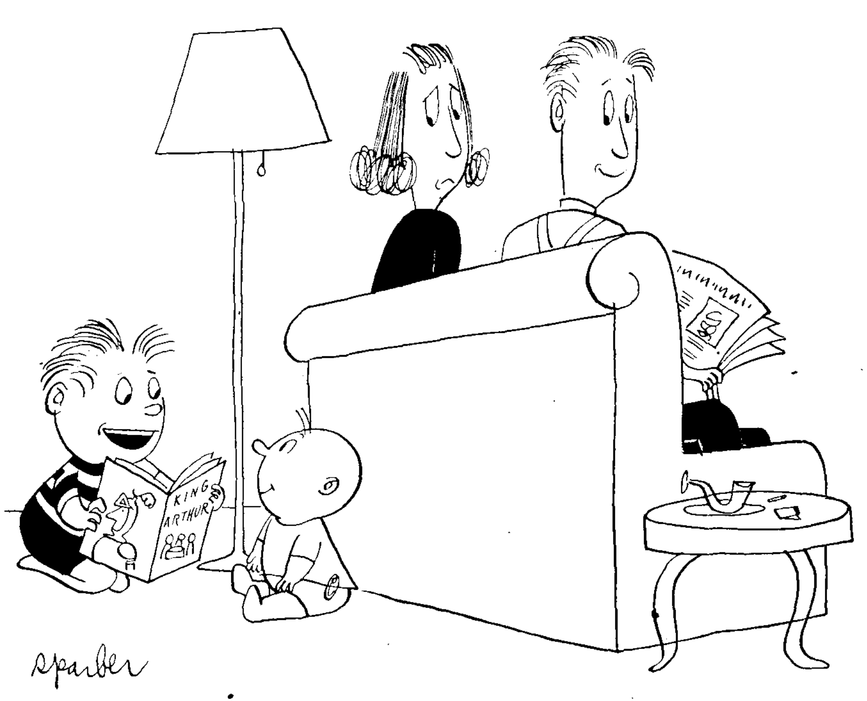
Dr. Lewis J. Doshay, psychiatrist for the children's courts of New York, reported after a voluminous study of young offenders that with proper clinical treatment they "offer excellent possibilities for the future." He found that of 108 first offenders treated in their youth, not a single one got into trouble in later life.

Edwin J. Lukas, director of the Society for the Prevention of Crime, hopes the Quaker Meetinghouse is the first step toward specialized treatment of sex cases all over the land. "We need a type of intermediate institution—neither a prison nor an asylum, perhaps more like a hospital—for the care of the maladjusted," Lukas says. "It would not have the trappings of the ordinary prison. It would have trained attendants instead of guards, psychiatrists instead of wardens.

"Here the sex criminal would be recognized for what he is: a desperately sick man suffering from emotional disorders fully as crushing as cancer or tuberculosis. His case would be diagnosed, the cause of his emotional illness unearthed. He would be treated with such tools as modern psychiatry has discovered—psychoanalysis, shock, hypnosis, psychotherapy.

"This does not mean the offender would get a breezy treatment and a speedy return home. On the contrary, he would go back to his community only when his doctors pronounced him cured. So long as he remained a potential menace to women and children he would

TIMMY **by HOWARD SPARBER**



"Sure, there were dragons, Hanky, but that was long, long ago when Mommy was a little girl"

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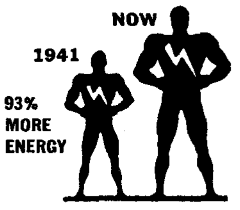

Nearly *twice* the electric energy...almost *two times longer life* of brilliant white light than even famous pre-war "Eveready" batteries. *That's* today's *high-energy* "Eveready" flashlight battery, as proved by the "Light Industrial Flashlight" test devised by the American Standards Association.

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remain confined to the hospital, under treatment."

If this sounds Utopian, it should be noted that hard-boiled criminal lawyer and county judge Samuel S. Leibowitz has the same idea. He stresses the need for a kind of institution "midway between a jail and a hospital" where sex offenders can be sent for indefinite terms. "They should be kept there as long as necessary, and in some cases that means the rest of their lives," Leibowitz declares.

This, of course, would require a revision of penal codes. The idea of sending a man with a sex abnormality to prison for six months or ten years is as foolish as sending a man with pneumonia to the hospital for thirty days. The pneumonia patient goes to the hospital until cured. Penal laws ought to place the sex offender under similar obligation.

To prevent abnormality nothing is more potent than the antiseptic light of education. We might start with the police.

Bill Heirens committed five hundred burglaries before he killed the Degnan girl, but because he stole only panties instead of a valuable wrist watch or diamond ring he wasn't caught. Educated law enforcers should know that a fetishistic theft is far more serious than stealing a $10,000 bracelet.

A Case of Judicial Ignorance

Judges, too, ought to have a short course in these facts of life. There is no excuse for any judge to say, as did the Southern jurist, "I did not know such things existed." Police and judges who have shut their eyes to the medical facts of sex abnormality simply make our burden heavier. By their senseless sentencing of *sick people* to term after term in penitentiaries, they virtually guarantee us *sicker people* and a mounting crop of crime.

But perhaps the darkest corner is home, sweet home. More abnormality is rooted in faulty sex education of children than in any other known cause. I asked a group of young offenders when their parents had first told them about sex. One replied: "I heard about it from another guy when I was fourteen. My mother only told me sex was bad and I shouldn't think about it."

Another said: "My father told me about sex when I was twelve. He said you get tuberculosis from it."

Researchers at the University of Indiana discovered that among adolescent boys only 55 per cent had received any information at all from their parents, and in only 13 per cent of the cases was the information adequate.

Sex education should begin in the nursery. The time to answer questions—honestly and openly—is when a child first asks them. It isn't necessary to discuss the subject from A to Z the minute a young one asks where babies come from. But it is necessary to tell the child *enough of the truth* to satisfy his curiosity and save him from the distortions of phony ideas. And to keep on satisfying his curiosity as it embraces progressively more of the subject until he knows the whole truth.

Certainly the worst error is to implant the notion that sex is dirty, repulsive, or wicked.

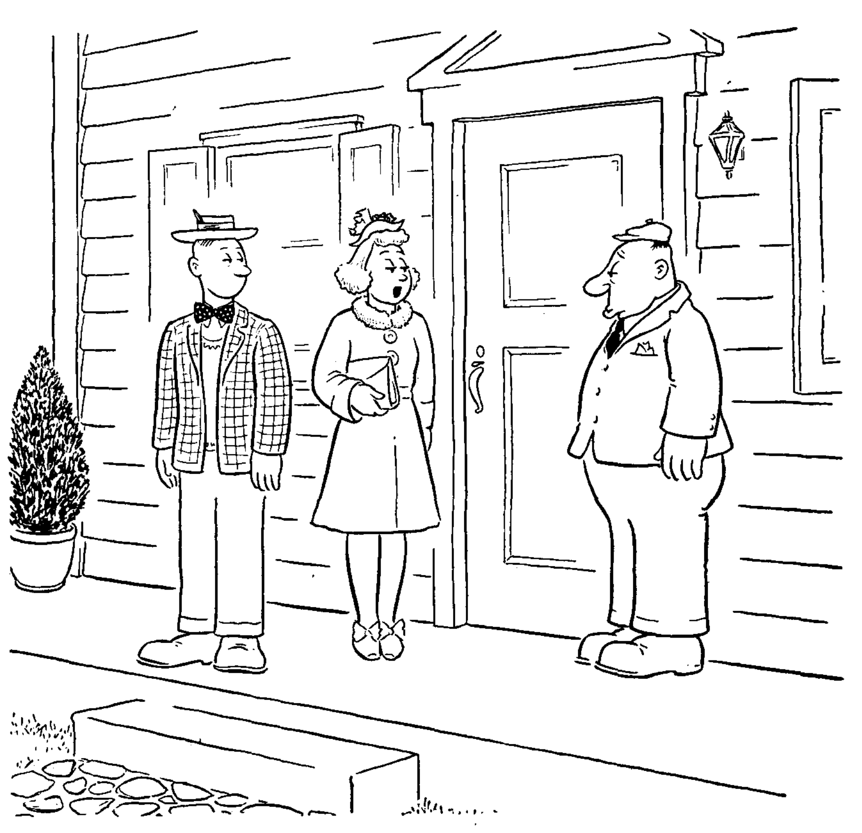
The Child Study Association of America wisely observes, "Those grownups who are abnormal or who are never able to enjoy physical relations have, in a large number of cases, grown up with the feeling that the body and everything about it is 'bad.' "

But won't children experiment if they know too much? Again, Child Study reports, "If children learn about sex naturally and can ask questions without fear or being thought naughty, they are less likely to go in for unwholesome practices than children who have been made to feel it is wrong even to wonder about such matters."

In case after case at the Quaker Meetinghouse, Dr. Henry has traced maladjustment to grotesque sex education, or none at all. For this we can thank the dark ghouls of ignorance. We can thank them, too, for keeping us blind to the facts of sex deviation and for the human waste and tragedy which have resulted.

THE END

ALFRED by **FOSTER HUMFREVILLE**



"My cousin is just taking me to the movies, Alfred. Don't be so dramatic—you are not being cast aside like a withered flower"

COLLIER'S

HOLLYWOOD, I LOVE YOU

Continued from page 23

Mr. D. groaned. "Ha, a glimmer of social conscience, Frank!"

LeMoyne noticed that Fearless Frank looked at her with more respect in his facial expression. But she did not have time to really score with Frank just then. Gus, the headwaiter, was beckoning.

"Mr. Manion wants to see you in the bar," Gus said.

This was no big thrill to LeMoyne. While she did not approve of Mr. Dabney calling Mr. Manion names and involving a innocent young fella like Frank into it, Mr. Manion himself left her frigid. He was an extremely tough Irisher who considered himself to be a great ad lib kidder of the Bob Hope type. He was all the time ribbing people or playing practical jokes on them, but he never picked on real big shots but only on stooges and people who had to think him funny for business reasons.

MR. MANION was seated alone at a small table. "Well, well, Ingrid!" he said, "How'd you find things in Sweden?"

"My name is Sommers, Mr. Manion—LeMoyne Sommers."

"A Swede under another name is just as Swede," said Mr. Manion. "What? Not even a giggle? Well, I missed. Look—who's the young thug with Chuck Dabney?"

"Thug? I'm sure I don't—"

"The punchy character who butted in on our little argument. C'mon, angel, give!"

At first LeMoyne thought she would deny Mr. McCorkle's true identification; then she decided that it would be easy enough for Mr. Manion to find out.

"He was introduced to me as a Mr. McCorkle," she said. "He's a paratrooper war veteran."

"McCorkle?" Mr. Manion wrote the name down on an envelope. "Is he a Commie?"

"No, sir! He—he's just working for Mr. Dabney because he couldn't find anything else."

Mr. Manion chuckled. "That sounds plausible," he said. Then Mr. Manion suddenly looked sad, like *his* heart was bleeding too. "It ain't any fun in this town now. They tag you for a Commie or a Fascist, and if you say you hate 'em both then you're a dirty so-and-so straddler, a lousy no-good American. Why don't the Commies move to Moscow and the Fascists move to Rome, and cut each other's throats in peace?"

LeMoyne blinked. "Gee, that ain't a bad idea, Mr. Manion. Couldn't they pass a law deporting both sides before they get us in another war?"

Mr. Manion shook his head.

"That'd leave America to you and me and the Indians," he said. "Anyway, Ingrid, I love you."

He dismissed LeMoyne with a pat on the hand. And as she turned away, Mr. Manion was seized with a bright idea. She heard him snort wickedly and ask for a plug-in telephone. . . .

Fearless Frank was brooding in solitary grandeur when LeMoyne returned to her station. Mr. Dabney had gone visiting across the room.

"Shall I wait—or serve the main course now, Mr. McCorkle?"

"Huh? Oh . . . better wait, I guess."

Then LeMoyne realized that she had scored with Frank, because he looked at her with a sorta bewildered, appealing facial expression. "You married?"

"No—are you?"

"Me? Naw . . . gals got too much sense. Uh . . . look, you been here in Hollywood right along?"

"Yeah—five years. My folks live in Joplin, Missouri."

"That's good. I'm from Alton, Illinois, myself." Fearless Frank lit a cigarette nervously. "I been trying to figure something. Why would a man like Dabney that makes thirty-five hundred a week be so strong for that Russian deal? It don't add up."

LeMoyne's heart did not exactly bleed for poor Mr. McCorkle; she was just simply indignant that a war veteran should be caught in such a low virament as to have to associate with a jerk like Mr. Dabney.

"Could be that Mr. D. is nuts?" she suggested.

Frank shook his head. "No, he sounds like a bright guy on any other subject. But them Russians—all their G.I.s we talked to in Germany couldn't tell you the right time. They were nice enough guys but they didn't know nothin'. I sold a Russian corporal a Mickey Mouse watch for a hundred and twenty bucks American money."

"Real *Red* Russians, Mr. McCorkle?"

"Yeah."

"Didn't they shoot at you?"

Fearless Frank smiled. "They was dog-tired and beat up, same as us. They had a bellyful of war. But dumb . . . say . . . if I'd had any luck I could've bought alarm clocks at the PX for $2.48 and sold 'em to Russians for a hundred bucks apiece. Our officers cleaned out the PX before I got there. But those Russkys were the juiciest pigeons in Europe. Some of our guys sold 'em wrist watches without any works. Man, man, that was a poor and hungry outfit, that Red Army. So how does Dabney think it's a good deal? I just can't get it."

Before LeMoyne could have a really intelligent talk with Frank, Mr. Chuck Bleeding Heart Dabney rushed up to the booth saying: "We'll eat later, chum. P.J. wants me at the studio. C'mon!"

Mr. Dabney scribbled his name on the check, gave LeMoyne a five-dollar bill and said, "Don't waste that smoked turkey. Eat it yourself, honeylamb!"

"I'll call you, Sis," Frank said, hurrying after Mr. Dabney.

P.J. was *the* Mr. Big of Federal Films and he could even boss Mr. Ted Manion around, so it was no wonder to LeMoyne that Mr. Dabney would rush off without finishing his lunch. But poor Frank looked simply disappointed and kinda lost amongst the wolves or something. And not that Mr. Dabney would care if Frank starved, either, or if Frank's whole career in Hollywood was loused up.

LeMoyne worried about Frank and made two mistakes in luncheon orders, besides spilling a tray, but a person is justified when they have sensitiveness in their nature and cannot bear to think of an innocent war veteran shepherdized in his career by Hollywood big-time operators.

WELL, it seemed like why LeMoyne had scored a quick touchdown, alrighty, because at ten minutes of three o'clock Mr. McCorkle telephoned her at Antoine's. "Say . . . uh . . . Miss Sommers—this is Frank McCorkle. I—I need some advice—and I don't know anybody else I could go to and—"

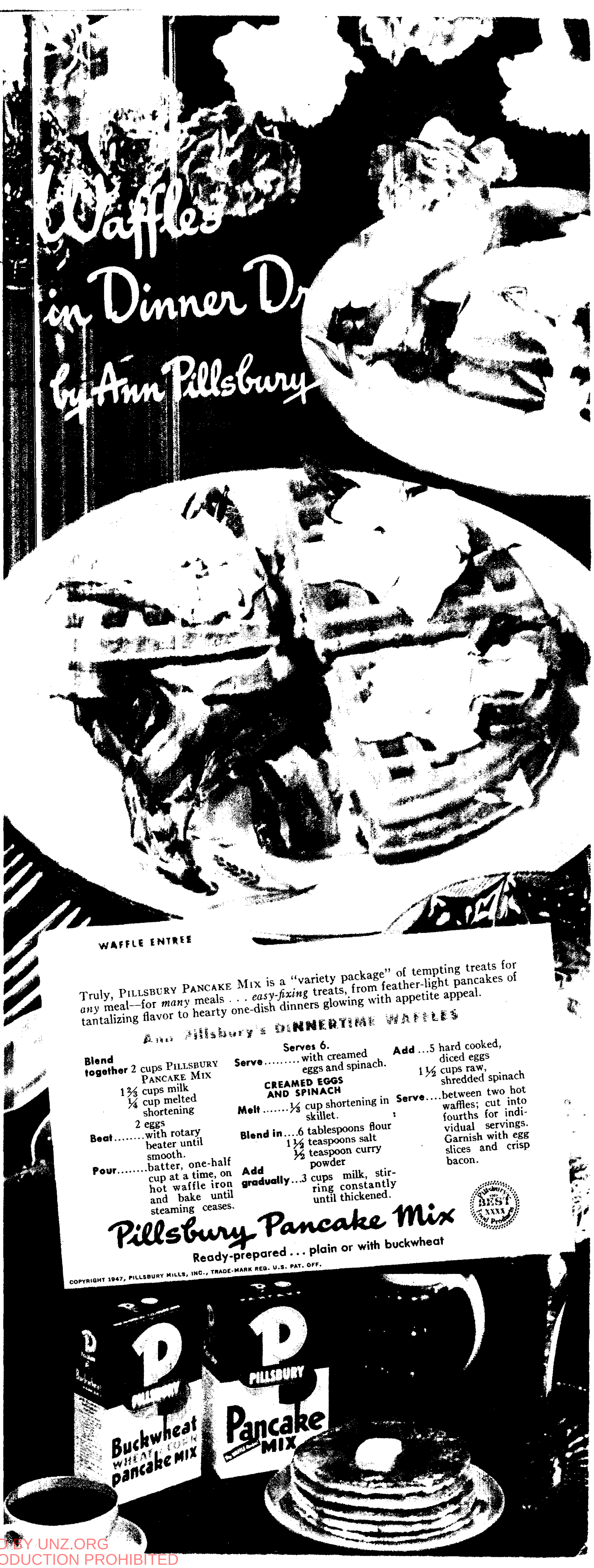
"I'm off at three. Where shall I meet you?"

"Stall about five minutes more and I'll pick you up in Dabney's car."

"Okay."

Frank drove up to Antoine's in a brand-new Chrysler town-and-country. He looked extremely worried and when LeMoyne admired the car he just said, "The chislers soaked him fifteen hundred dollars bonus—and two thousand for the new Cadillac."

Then, after the car was rolling out Sunset Boulevard, Frank told her what had happened. "The studio is gonna



WAFFLE ENTREE

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Serves 6.

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1⅔ cups milk
¼ cup melted shortening
2 eggs
Beat........with rotary beater until smooth.
Pour........batter, one-half cup at a time, on hot waffle iron and bake until steaming ceases.
Serve.........with creamed eggs and spinach.

CREAMED EGGS AND SPINACH

Melt.......⅓ cup shortening in skillet.
Blend in....6 tablespoons flour
1½ teaspoons salt
½ teaspoon curry powder
Add gradually...3 cups milk, stirring constantly until thickened.
Add...5 hard cooked, diced eggs
1½ cups raw, shredded spinach
Serve....between two hot waffles; cut into fourths for individual servings. Garnish with egg slices and crisp bacon.

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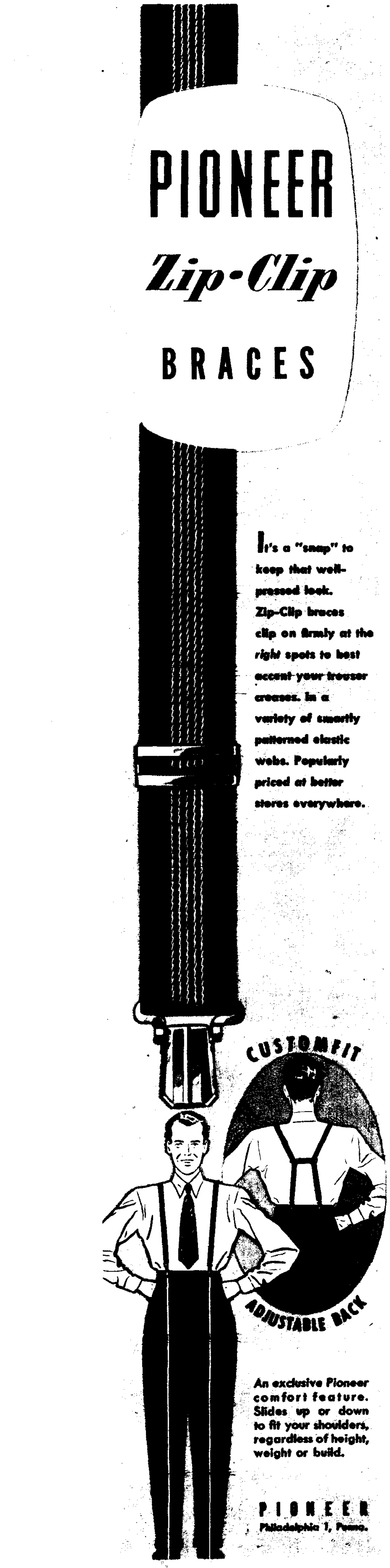
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lend Dabney to a Russian movie outfit in Moscow!”

LeMoyne was struck funny by this news and she giggled.

“I never heard of anything so *cute!*” LeMoyne said. “You mean Mr. D. actually has gotta live in Russia?”

“Yeah—for two years and seven months.”

“That I'd love to see!”

But LeMoyne soon realized that the funny part of it was not any more than a mild yok-yok, not even one boffola.

“He wants *me* to go with him,” Frank said, “and besides I'm supposed to break the news to his wife . . .”

“Oh,” said LeMoyne, “I see.”

Life is full of its little surprises, alrighty. You meet a fella who is exactly your type and, boom, he tells you he is going to Russia. Like the song says, you might want to fall in love but you don't want to fall in love in vain. A great big thrill with sorta curly tan hair and blue eyes and a square chin with a dimple in it don't even get to finish his lunch at Antoine's and, boom, he is off to Russia for two years and seven months.

“Dabney's afraid she'll squawk,” Frank went on, “so I'm supposed to talk her into it.”

“And where is Mr. D.?”

“Packing his stuff at the studio. A couple of Russkys from a Moscow picture company are flying in tomorrow. We fly to New York with them tomorrow night.”

Fearless Frank was so nervous he could not hold the car's cigarette lighter steady enough, and LeMoyne had to help him get a light. It made her almost as nervous, he and her touching hands.

“Mrs. Dabney ain't a bad sort,” said Frank after a pause, “but I don't think she's going to go for this. Look—uh—how would you break the news to her?”

LeMoyne tried to keep her voice utterly frigid. “Pardon my seeming uninterest,” she said, “but candidly and frankly I don't see that Mr. D. has any right to ask you. It's a man's duty to tell his own wife bad news.”

“Yeah—but I promised the guy.”

“May I speak candidly and frankly, Mr. McCorkle?”

“Yeah. Shoot.”

“Look, in the first place, Mr. Bleeding Heart Dabney asked for this by all the time praising life in Russia. If he wants to work for the Moscow picture people that's his funeral. So you jest keep outa it and let him square his ownself with Mrs. D. And as for your going with him to Russia, I could say a few things on the subject, but I won't.”

“Why not, sis?”

“It isn't my place to do so.”

“Yes, it is. I asked for your advice. I got nobody else to talk to in this town.”

POOR Frank was so kinda sweet and helpless, like a friendly homeless dog that was being kicked around, LeMoyne's heart really ached for him. It's a fine sample of how they treat war veterans to turn such a mere boy loose in Hollywood and let him get sucked into a mish-mash. LeMoyne had no personal ax to grind in this instance, because when a war hero is in trouble a person cannot think of theirself but must act like an elderly sister toward him.

“Look, Mr. McCorkle,” said LeMoyne, “I may be prejudicial, but I personally do not trust the Russians. They are acting like they want to start a war with us in the international area of affairs any secont. So where would you be in Moscow if war was declared?”

Fearless Frank grinned. “Agh—that's just conversation,” he said. “Nobody's gonna start any war with nobody. The point is—Dabney's been good to me. I owe him a favor, at least. But, Judas, I hate to break this news to Mrs. D., I really hate it.”

The trouble with men is they hang together in a jam; you cannot pry them apart with an intelligent suminary of hard coal facts. LeMoyne felt a firm instinction that poor Frank would keep his promise to Mr. Dabney.

They were approaching Bel Air.

“Well, for goodness' sake,” LeMoyne said. “I know Mrs. D. I've waited on her dozens of times. Do you want me to go with you while you tell her?”

“Yeah, I sure do!”

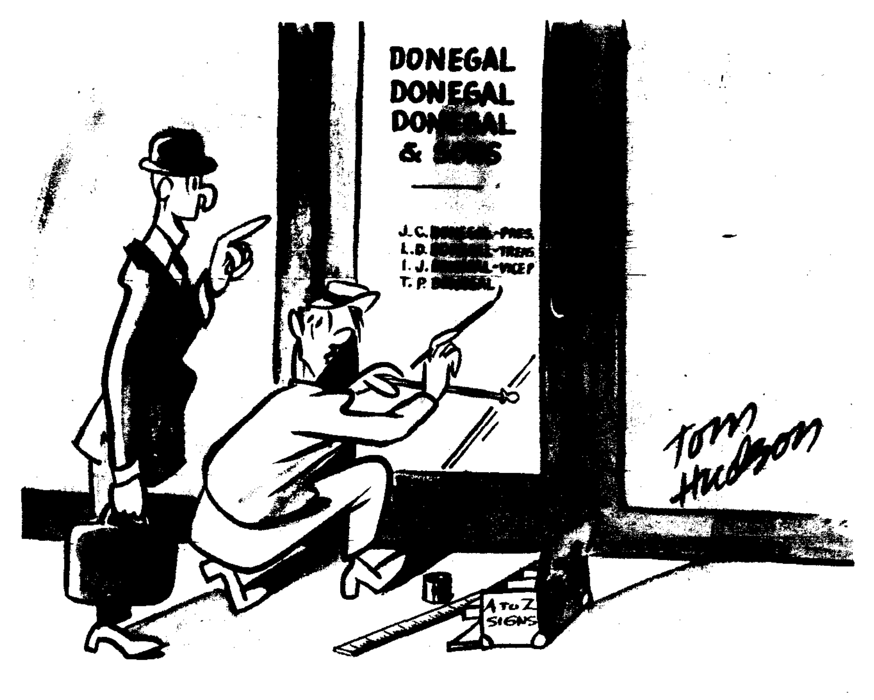
“Okay.”

Another trouble with men is that as soon as you have agreed to do one thing they always want something more. Before Frank turned the car into the gates of the Dabney estate, LeMoyne had promised to do most of the talking.

Mrs. Dabney, a beautifully dyed, painted and polished blonde, was lounging beside the pool with five Tom Collins glasses and three Boxer dogs. A portable phonograph was playing a Spike Jones record, and Mrs. D.'s thoughts, it would be a fair guess, were far from life in Soviet Russia.

Fearless Frank, seeing Mrs. D. for the first time, turned on a grin that was nothing short of hysterical. Then he introduced LeMoyne.

Mrs. Dabney did not look surprised.



“Probably should have mentioned it before—it's got two 'Ns'”

COLLIER'S TOM HUDSON

“You've a good eye, sonny,” she said to Frank. “Mr. D. calls LeMoyne the poor man's Ingrid Bergman.”

“Yes'm—thanks,” said Frank, and in spite of his iron-clad smile and man-of-the-world appearance, could say no more. He was hypnotized.

LeMoyne had to do the dirty work.

“Mr. Dabney is at the studio packing to go to Russia,” she announced. “So he asked us to tell you. I think he wants you to start your own packing—as time is limited. You're to be gone two years and seven months. Was they anything else, Frank?”

Frank shook his head, never moving his eyes from Mrs. Dabney.

Mrs. D. rose slowly from her chromium and canvas deck chair.

“Oh, no—” she said. “To Russia? Not in seven million years. Where is the little rat? Frank! Where is he?” she demanded.

Frank stood his ground. “It ain't his fault, Mrs. Dabney. P.J. and Manion loaned him to a Moscow picture company. Under the contract they got a right to loan him—”

“Oh, no, Frank! He doesn't have to take a loan-out unless he consents to it! You can't kid me!”

LeMoyne had found an ally.

“You see, Frank?” she said. “Mrs. Dabney is much too smart to fall for that. She don't want to get stuck in Moscow, Russia, with a war coming on. I don't blame you, Mrs. Dabney. I wouldn't stir one step!”

Well, it seemed like Mr. Charles Call Me Chucksky Dabney had not figured his timing to include LeMoyne and stuff. He came slinking across a corner of the tennis court, having arrived by taxi. He was loaded down with brief cases and stacks of scripts.

“Oh, no, you don't, you stinker, you dreadful little stinker, you stinker!” cried Mrs. D.

LE MOYNE tried to pull Frank away, since it was extremely poor taste to become involved in a family argument, but Frank felt he must stay and guard Mr. Bleeding Heartsky. And did he bleed! It was something awful.

“You call P.J.—you call Ted Manion this very instant!” Mrs. D. yelled. “We're not going to Russia. We're not going—*period!*”

Mr. Dabney was hooked. “I can't refuse the loan-out, darling!” he screamed. “I'm a Liberal. Everyone in Hollywood knows I'm a Liberal. How would it look if I refused to work for the Moscow picture company? The Reporter and Variety would crucify me!”

Mrs. Dabney remembered her audience. “Very well, my dear,” she said quietly. “You go to Russia. But you go alone!”

She turned and walked toward the house. Mr. Dabney followed her saying, “You can't run out on me. You're a Liberal too. You'll love it in Moscow, darling, love it, love it, you'll have the richest experience in your whole life.”

“Rich experience—ha ha ha! Being married to you is all the rich experience I ever want!”

“But, darling—”

LeMoyne turned to Frank. “Mr. D. don't really want to work in Russia,” she said. “Can't you see that? P.J. and Manion jest called his bluff. Can't you *see* that?”

Fearless Frank nodded, but he was stubborn.

“He's a good little Joe at heart,” Frank said. “He pays me a hundred bucks a week and board. How do you figure I can run out on him now?”

LeMoyne was certainly not going to get caught with her heart up her sleeve and start boohooing in front of the Dabneys' hired help. She turned and walked toward the Chrysler.

“Aw, now,” Frank said. “Look . . . uh, LeMoyne?”

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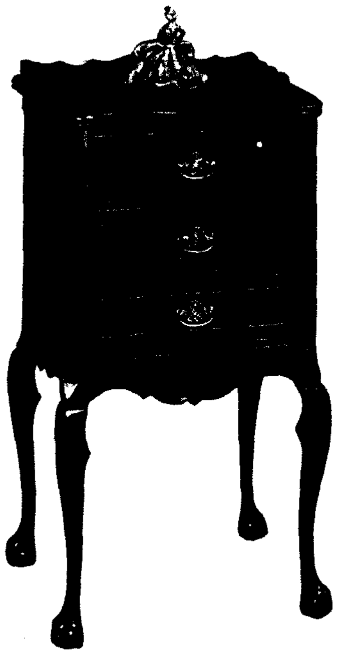

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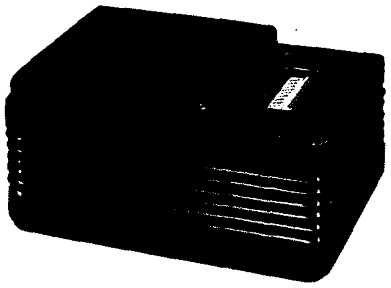

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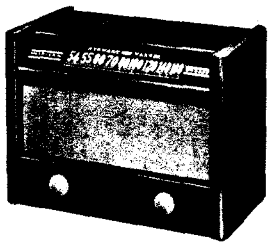

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Ted Horn used Firestone De Luxe Champion Tires exclusively in winning the 1946 National A. A. A. Championship, scoring more points than any other race driver in the United States and winning thousands of dollars in prizes.

Tony Bettenhausen, with Firestone De Luxe Champion Tires on his car, won a hotly-contested American Automobile Association national championship race against a field of top-ranking competitors at Goshen, New York.

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STILL BETTER
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Even in the world's most famous junior speed classic, the All-American Soap Box Derby, Firestone Tires were on the winning car when Gilbert Klecan of San Diego, California, swept to victory on Akron's Derby Downs.

YOUR PROTECTION ON THE HIGHWAY

Copyright, 1947, The Firestone Tire & Rubber Co.

"It's okay, Frank. Just drive me back to Sunset. I'll catch a bus."

Frank started the car. "What you all upset about, sis?"

"Nothin' at all, simply not a thing."

They drove in silence along the Bel Air golf course.

"I . . . uh . . . I don't guess Mrs. D. will go."

"She's got too much sense."

"Dabney's sure in a tight spot."

"Yeah. He won't last two weeks in Russia."

"How do you figure that?"

"Simply because, my dear Frank, you gotta write movies exactly like the Russians want them. You change one word and they shoot you."

"Awww . . . who told you that, LeMoyne?"

LeMoyne answered in a ladylike poised way. "I have several writers that are steady customers at Antoine's," she said. "I've heard them talk about conditions in the picture business. Russia is the only country where they actually go so far as to shoot writers. Mr. Kozenko, who works at Paramount—he lost his own brother."

"Judas, that's rugged!"

They would shoot Frank McCorkle too. Mr. D., the little stinker, would get tough with the boss producer, and Fearless Frank would sock him, and a person can't do that in Russia. There was nothing personal in LeMoyne's anxiety; only when you see a brave fella that fought through the war, it kinda breaks you up inside to think of him getting executed on account of a writer like Mr. D. calling Russian movie producers Fascists or something.

"Hey-hey—you *cryin'*, sis?"

"No, I'm okay. I'll get out here."

Instead, Mr. McCorkle put his arms around LeMoyne and almost ran off the road. Then he stopped the car and kissed her, and he said it was love at first sight with him too. He said no girl had ever cried about a mug like him before and it was certainly a wonderful miracle that LeMoyne would fall in love with him.

But the trouble with men is that although they mush around and appear like they are sincere, the sincereness will not stand a simple acid test.

"You—you ain't going to Russia now—are you, Frank?"

Mr. Sincereless Frank McCorkle was like all the others.

"Russia? Well I dunno how I can get out of it, honey."

"Jest resign your position with Mr. D., couldn't cha?"

"He'd think I was a quitter—he'd call me yellow."

"So you care what *he* thinks?"

"It ain't that, honey. The studio called him on this Russian deal. He's a game little guy and he's going through with it. Anything he can take I can take. I ain't scared of no Russkys—"

LeMoyne climbed out of the car.

"So nice to of met you, Mr. McCorkle," she said. "When you get back from Moscow—if ever—call me up some time."

"Hey, now, wait . . . hold on, LeMoyne—"

THERE are some girls that would've waited and allowed theirselves to listen to a lot of hubba-hubba about a long engagement and stuff, but LeMoyne knew better. A fella who chooses Mr. Chuck Dabney instead of you is simply no better than him and probably a Pinko or a Commie in his true belief.

So LeMoyne walked rapidly across Sunset Boulevard and thumbed a ride with some old fellas in a painter's truck.

That evening, at Antoine's, Mr. Ted Manion sent for LeMoyne to come into the bar. But she said to the busboy, "You tell Mr. Manion I don't believe we have anything in common to discuss about."

To LeMoyne's utter repulsiveness, Mr. Manion walked into the dining room and sat down at Station 5, which was one of LeMoyne's tables. LeMoyne could tell that he had been drinking intoxicating liquors, although a stranger could not tell whether Mr. Manion had hardly anything.

"Look, Ingrid, what have I ever done to you? Why the murderous frown? Is this something by Hitchcock?"

"If it was, you'd be the heavy."

"Heavy? Me?"

Mr. Manion had asked for it and when a fella does that you can at least have the satisfaction of telling him exactly what you think of his loathsome behavior. "Sending Mr. D. to Russia and breaking up his marriage is a thing—jest too sweet, Mr. Manion," said LeMoyne. "But a person would've thought that you'd have some mercy on a poor war veteran hero that never done nothing to you."

Mr. Big Manion brazened it out, absolutely dead-pan. "Oh, isn't Ethel going with Chuck?"

"To Moscow—*her?* Don't make me laugh."

COLLIER'S "Don't get meek with me!" GARRETT PRICE

"Well, well—and did you say a war vet was mixed up in it? With Ethel?"

"No, not with Mrs. D. The fella is a certain Mr. Frank McCorkle. He thinks it's his bounding duty to go with Mr. D."

"Ah—now I get it, Ingrid. He's your boy friend."

"Skip it, Mr. Manion. What would you wish to order?"

This hurt Mr. Manion's feelings. He said that anything could happen to Chuck Dabney and he would not shed a tear, but he would not harm one beautiful blond hair on Ingrid's sweet Swede head. Nor would he break up two nice kids that were in love. If Frank McGonigle was going to Russia, Ingrid must go too. The trip could be their honeymoon. He would fix it up for Ingrid and Fred Cockle to fly with Chuck Dabney.

"Yok-yok—you panic me," said LeMoyne.

Well, it seemed like, why Mr. Manion was not kidding. He took out a pad of studio memorandum slips. He wrote on it with a fountain pen, signed the message and handed it to LeMoyne.

"Just give this to Boris when he gets in tomorrow, honey. He'll be at Chuck's house with Sergei before noon."

LeMoyne looked at the memo. It read:

Artkino Company,
Attention: Boris Kolchinsky:
Miss Ingrid Sommers will be a member of the Dabney mission to Moscow. Give her the full treatment—the same as to Dabney and McGoogle.
T. H. Manion
Federal Films

Mr. Manion got up from the table beaming. "Well, goodby, Swede sweet, I mean sweet Swede," he said. "Love your Uncle Teddy now, don't you?"

LeMoyne didn't let on. "Oh, yes, sir, thank you just loads," she said.

FORTY minutes after Mr. Manion had left Antoine's, Mr. Chuck Dabney and Mr. Frank McCorkle came in. Fearless Frank's face was red with shame and embarrassment. Mr. Dabney was cold sober and pale. He walked stiff-legged and sorta hunched over like they do in a prison picture when they gotta travel the last mile to the electric chair.

LeMoyne was completely frigid. "I ruther imagine you fellas would perfer some other waitress," she said.

Fearless Frank merely gulped and would not look at her.

Mr. Dabney's voice sounded hoarse. "Frank wants to take you with us. In fact, he won't go unless you go along."

"Oh, indeed?"

"Yeah . . . that's the deal," said Frank.

Mr. Dabney smiled sadly and bitterly. "She won't do it, chum," he said. "It's the old brush-off. Like Ethel gave me. Like all my so-called Liberal friends are giving me. I'm untouchable. I'm a leper. Not even a farewell dinner from—"

"Oh, shut your big mouth!" said LeMoyne.

While Mr. Bleeding Heart Dabney was still gasping, LeMoyne turned to Frank.

"Does this deal, by any chance, include a wedding and stuff?"

Frank nodded and grabbed LeMoyne's hand.

"Yeah . . . any time. Right now. Soon as we can find a preacher."

"Well, okay . . . come on, Frank!"

Mr. Dabney groaned and spluttered something to the effect that maybe this was asking too much of LeMoyne. Maybe Frank had better stay in Hollywood and he couldn't tackle the Moscow assignment alone, so maybe he'd better refuse the assignment and—

"Oh, no," said LeMoyne. "You're going to Russia. Come on, Frank!"

In the bar, LeMoyne asked Gus to find Mr. Manion and tell him that P.J. wanted to see him immediately at his house.

Mr. P. J. Bascom, president of Federal Films, was on the long-distance phone talking to London when his butler announced a Miss LeMoyne Sommers and a Mr. Frank McCorkle.

"Never heard of 'em," said P.J. "What do they want?"

"The young woman says it's about a newspaper story involving the studio with Soviet Russia, sir!"

"Russia . . . our studio? No, no, no—have them wait!"

In P.J.'s drawing room, Fearless Frank was mystified, uneasy and speechless. But LeMoyne faced the great P.J. like he was any Hollywood fella. The bigger they are the smaller they look, especially when you have the goods on them.

"It has always been my impression, Mr. Bascom," said LeMoyne, with utter frigidity, "that the Federal Films was an American picture company and that you personally are a hunderd per cent Republican."

P.J. looked from LeMoyne to Frank. "What newspapers do you represent?" he said, crisply. "And why can't this be handled by our publicity department?"

At this point Mr. Ted Manion walked in. He took one look at LeMoyne and sat down quickly.

P.J. glanced at Mr. Manion and exploded: "I knew it, Ted! That Dabney gag has gone sour. I told you it would. I told you it was too dangerous."

"Take it easy, P.J. Nothing's happened—"

"Oh, yes it has!" P.J. turned to LeMoyne. "All right—out with it. What have you got?"

LEMOYNE jest had to laugh in her sleeve, it struck her so funny. But she was plenty hard-boiled, alrighty, when she put her cards on the table.

"I got a note from Mr. Manion to a Red Russia movie company. It asks them to take I and my boy friend—Mr. McCorkle—to Moscow with Mr. Dabney. It's signed by Mr. Manion himself personally, and if it was printed in the newspapers—"

"You're nuts!" yelled Mr. Manion. "The Artkino concern is a phony. It doesn't exist. Those guys who are coming for Chuck are a couple of actors I hired in New York—"

"Quiet, please!" P.J. screamed. "You want to get this little lady sore? Now, then, darling—what can we do to make everything pleasant? Do you want a screen test?"

The one good thing about men is that when you finally have them cornered they will stop acting subvasive, either in love or in business, and will admit they are hooked and even help you add up the score.

LeMoyne giggled, it was so pleasant.

"I have a vurry good position at Antoine's and do not need any hearts to bleed for me, Mr. Bascom," said LeMoyne. "But Mr. McCorkle is a war veteran hero from the paratroops. I think he would make a wonderful assistant director at your studio, and besides he would be out from under the Pinko influences of Mr. Chuck Dabney."

Mr. P. J. Bascom was jest simply an old darling.

"An excellent idea, honey," he said. "Put the young man to work, Ted."

And even Mr. Manion grinned when LeMoyne said: "But you shouldn't tell Mr. Dabney. It's a wonderful rib on him and it would be a shame to spoil it. Couldn't you have those make-believe Commies look at one of his scripts and threaten to shoot him?"

"Ingrid, I love you!" said Mr. Ted Manion.

But that wasn't neither here nor there. The big thrill came when Fearless Frank drove LeMoyne to the beach in Mr. Dabney's new Cadillac. Because when Frank said, "I love you," he meant it, and what with the kisses and the hugs and stuff it was vurry, vurry pleasant.

THE END

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THIS IS spaghetti as you eat it in Naples—spaghetti with meat in it, and sharp cheese and the kind of sauce it has a right to. Serve it with red wine . . . with hearty Burgundy or Claret. And then set to on spaghetti and wine together, and enjoy yourself.

It's a way to discover that with simple food wine is what you need. Another way is also pictured here. It's apples with cheddar cheese and ruby California Port. And a third good way, some dinnertime soon, is to set out glasses of nutlike California Sherry to sip with cream of tomato soup.

We wine growers have a book of other tempting combinations of wine and food together. The book's a help to good living and is free to you. Write for it to Wine Advisory Board, 717 Market Street, San Francisco 3, California.

CALIFORNIA

Eight people can feast: For sauce, brown a pound of ground beef in a little oil with garlic and ½ cup chopped onion. Add ¼ cup chopped parsley, small can tomato sauce, two cups tomato puree, plenty of seasonings, and a pinch of sugar; simmer one hour. Add a cup of red table wine, simmer another hour. Cook a pound of spaghetti, drain, mix with the sauce and a cup of diced sharp cheese. Serve sprinkled with grated cheese—and glasses of California Claret or Burgundy for all

MISTER LINCOLN

Continued from page 18

began to dissolve into tears. She was not wanted here.

"You don't want me, you never wanted me!"

"No, no, try to understand, Ellen. We're a cavalry unit, a scouting feeler for the army back there. We move under sealed orders, thirty, fifty miles a day. Something's ready to break wide open, perhaps a great battle. Rumor has it that the President himself was down here, and they're getting him out of the way. Lee is south of us, but nobody seems to know exactly where. You can't stay with me. We move out of here tonight."

"But where? Tell me where?"

"I don't know, and if I did, I couldn't tell you, darling. Try to understand."

"You can't tell me," she pouted. He was wholly a stranger to her now. Suddenly, she was afraid, with nothing to support her, not even the knowledge that she was a Carrington. She wanted to be back in Bridgeport, where the war existed only in the newspapers.

"Darling, I don't want to hurt you," Alex pleaded. "I'm not my own master. I'm given orders, and I must carry them out. Someday all this will be over. Until then—I'll take you to the train. There's a special train leaving at three, and perhaps I can get you onto it. That will give us an hour."

There was no spirit left in her. She was able to nod, but when he came to kiss her, she drew away, in spite of herself. She could picture the long trip homeward, the dull hours on hot trains. They would ask her about her husband, and she would have to lie. And someday he would come back to live with her—a hard, cold stranger.

"I've hurt you," he said.

"Eat the cakes," she said helplessly. "They're nice. You didn't know that I could bake, did you?"

"I didn't," he said.

When the hour had passed, he took her to the train. She had pictured him as saying goodby to her from his horse, bending over the saddle to kiss her; but instead he sat beside her in the hack, a quiet, tired man. She allowed him to kiss her goodby, but her lips were tense and cold.

"Ellen," he said. "I'm sorry that it had to be this way. But all I could think of was to get you out of here."

She nodded.

"Don't hate me, Ellen," he said desperately. "I'm doing my job; that's all I can do."

"Yes, yes!" She wanted to get away.

There was only one coach on the train, and a baggage car. They were raising steam, and the trumpet-shaped funnel of the awkward, wood-burning locomotive belched black smoke. A guard of soldiers stood in front of the single coach, and the officer in command seemed reluctant to allow Mrs. Alex aboard.

"I have a pass for her," Captain Alex insisted.

"This is a special train."

"I know. Look at my pass; it's countersigned by the general."

"My orders are to let no one aboard this train."

"You mean I can't go?" Mrs. Alex cried in alarm.

"Ma'am, I'm sorry."

THE officer snapped to attention. A passenger had stepped onto the platform of the coach, a tall, angular, bearded man, with a shawl over his bony shoulders. He still held in his hand a book which he had been reading in the coach when the argument came to his ears.

"What's the trouble, Captain?" he asked Alex.

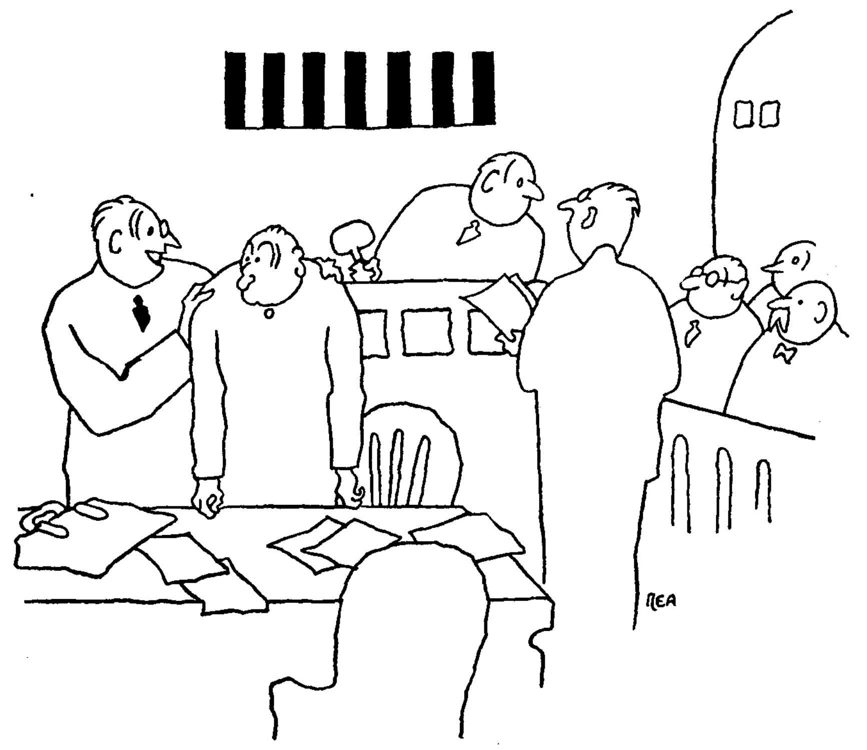
Alex saluted. Everyone—soldiers, officers, loungers—were staring at the tall man now. To Mrs. Alex, he seemed vaguely familiar, but she didn't think anyone so plain-looking, so shabbily dressed, could be of importance.

"I'm sorry, sir," Alex said. "I didn't know this was your train. My wife has a pass for the first Washington express. I wanted to see her out of here safely."

"I think that can be arranged." The tall man nodded, bowing at Mrs. Alex with very homely courtesy, "Your wife won't mind riding alone in a coach with a total stranger?"

"I'm sure—thank you, sir," Alex stammered.

The officer of the guard was signing her pass. Some of the soldiers went into the baggage car, while others clambered



"Now remember, when you get on the stand it's simple. When the district attorney thrusts, you parry—and when he parries, you riposte"

COLLIER'S GARDNER REA

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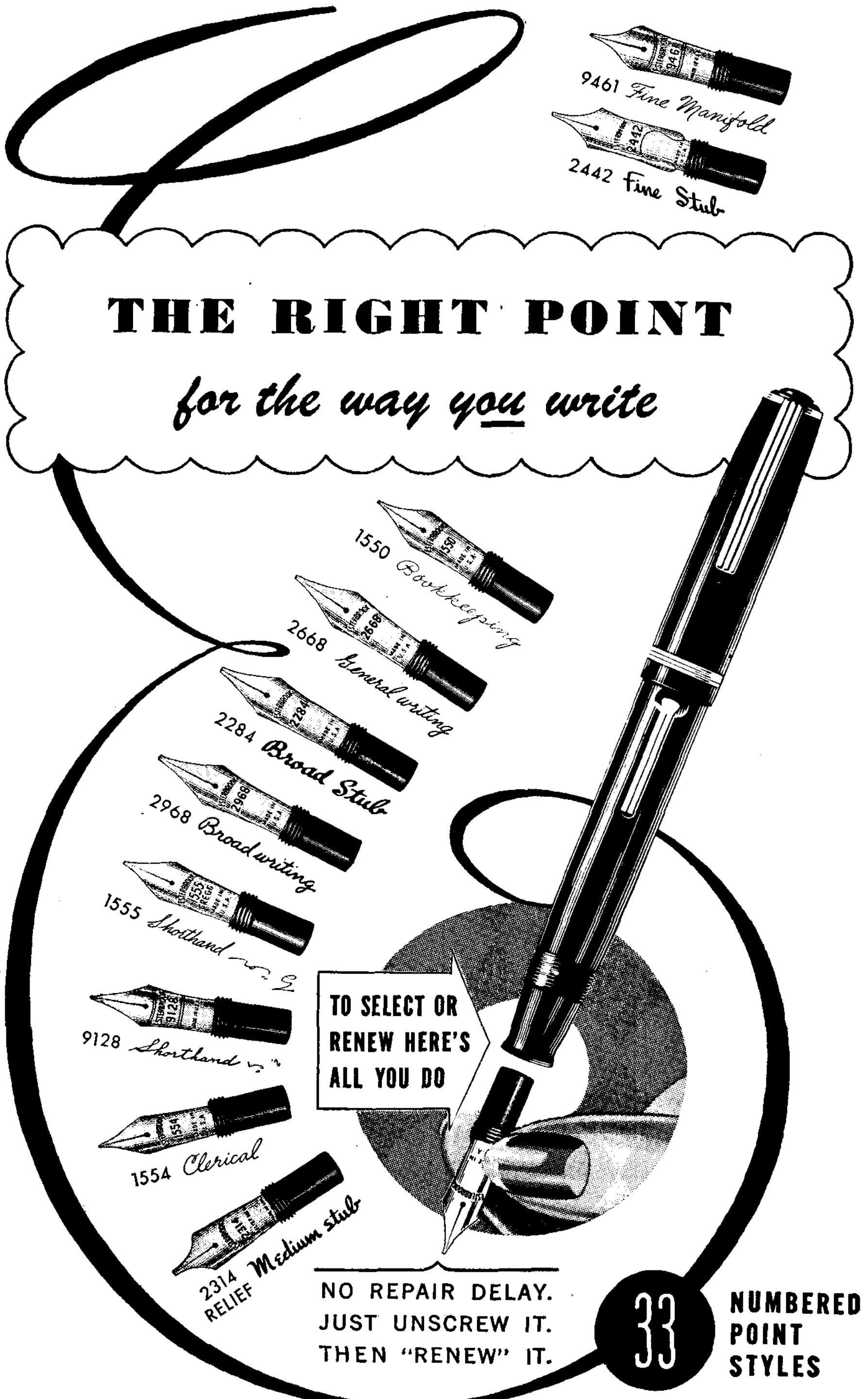
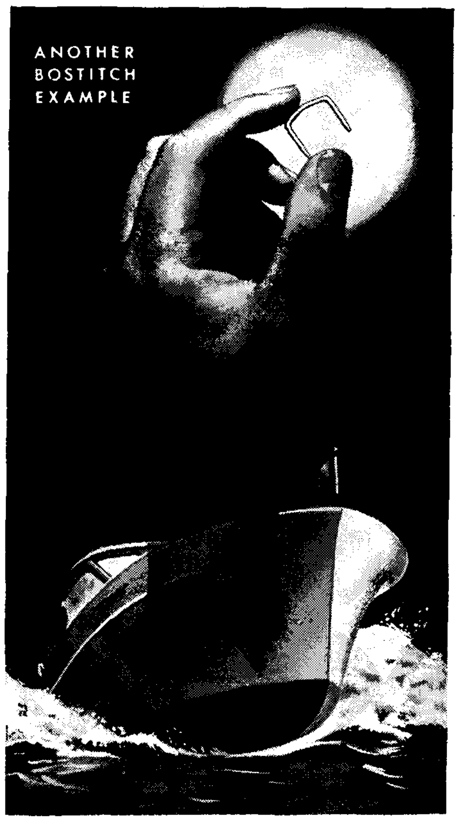


Esterbrook

RENEW-POINT FOUNTAIN PEN

ANOTHER BOSTITCH EXAMPLE



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onto the pile of wood in the tender. Captain Alex tried to kiss his wife, but she drew away from him and went into the coach. She glanced back as the train started to move and saw him standing on the platform. The utter dejection in his limp stance made him look like a man already old. Mrs. Alex had a feeling of cold despair: There was no real escape; the strange, spiritless person was her husband.

She was trembling as she went into the coach. It was huge, hollow, empty, stuffy, hot. The windows were closed; the plush seats raised a layer of dust as the car rocked from side to side. The only other passenger was at the other end of the car, his long knees jackknifed up, the book on his knees. As she approached, he stood up. And now she recognized him.

"You're—"

He smiled to put her at her ease, and that awkward, heavy-lipped smile released the torrent in her. She forgot what a Carrington does or does not do, and she collapsed onto the dusty plush and sobbed.

The tall stranger stood, uneasy, holding the book open at the place where he had been reading. He bent over and said, "If I could ease your mind in any way—you know, we must all, at some time, leave those we love."

She sat up and stared at him. She had never liked him; her father had voted against him, making it plain to her that this man now standing over her was a very inferior person.

"I hate him!" she cried. "I hate him! I hate him!" She meant both the tall man and her husband. After that she settled into the plush with the stony dignity of a Carrington.

THE tall man looked at her for a moment or two, and it was hard to tell what his homely, big-featured face reflected. Then he turned, walked slowly back to his seat, and resumed his book.

The train rattled on, the two passengers sitting at opposite ends of the coach in silence—the one reading his book, the other with hands clasped on the stiff folds of her skirt.

Mrs. Alex was thinking of her homecoming, which was just the beginning of a ghastly torture to be inflicted upon her for as many years as the war lasted. She thought of divorce; but no Carrington had ever been divorced. She would never be able to hold up her head again, not after two years of basking in the light of her husband's heroism.

And then another thought crept into her mind: Suppose he were killed in action?

She glanced at the tall man, as if he could read her thoughts. She felt her cheeks reddening, yet the elusive idea would not leave her alone. To be a hero's wife, yet to know that he was dead and never to return! All problems would be solved, and she would still be young enough to marry again.

As she developed the thought, it took on the appearance of a certain fact. In this horrible war so many persons were killed. And he was in the most dangerous branch of the service—he had said so himself—the scouting cavalry. Surely, she had only to go home and wait patiently, and sooner or later there would come from the government that letter so many of her friends had received:

"With the deepest regrets, we find it necessary to inform you—"

She smiled to herself. It was not difficult to endure the dreary monotony of the ride now. How many hours to Washington? Once there, she would be royally feted by her father's friends, not to mention the praise that would be hers for venturing right into the battle zone to be with the man she loved.

She was startled out of her reflections as the train jolted to a stop. It was late afternoon, and a hot, red sun was folding into the west.

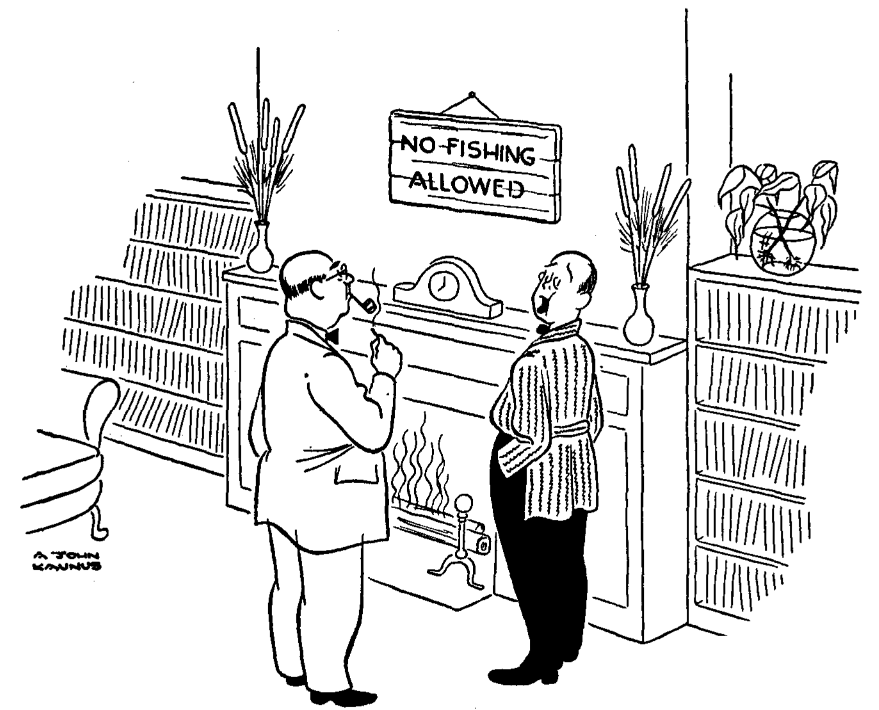
She looked out of the window. The train had stopped in a gap between high walls of forest, and all of the space between the tracks and the woods was swarming with men in blue.

The tall man rose from his seat, came over to her and said, "I'm sure, madam, that this is nothing to be alarmed over." His long, wrinkled face tried a smile of assurance, but she ignored him.

Now an officer entered the car, followed by the captain of the train guard. He saluted the bearded man, who still held the book he had been reading, and announced: "Colonel Clarence, sir, Sixteenth Massachusetts. My apologies. I did not know this was your train. You may proceed now, if you will accept my apologies, sir?"

The tall man nodded gravely. "Why did you stop the train, Colonel?"

"We desired to put some wounded men aboard. There was a slight skirmish to the east of here, and we brought the wounded to the railroad by wagon. We have no facilities to take care of them here, sir, but I imagine there will be another train along later."



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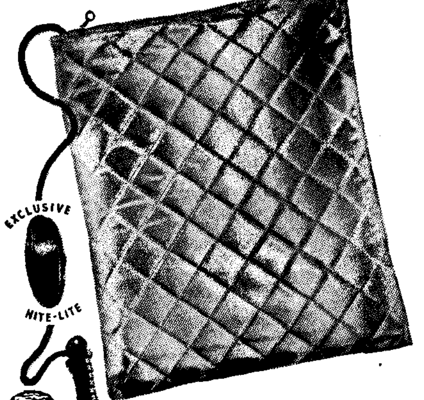

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"There will be no other train today, Colonel." He closed his book and laid it on a seat beside him. "Bring your men into the car, and we will make them as comfortable as possible."

The colonel hesitated. Mrs. Alex could see that he was still bewildered by the presence of the tall, bearded, shawl-wrapped man who was her traveling companion. She wondered why they should show him such consideration, when he was so plain and awkward, mumbling his speech as if he never knew where it came from.

"Some of them are badly done in, sir," Colonel Clarence said. "You will be inconvenienced—"

"Bring them in," the tall man said, in a tone that left no room for further argument.

Mrs. Alex sat very prim, very put out, very much sickened, as they brought one wounded man after another into the car, taking the cushions off the seats and making beds for the weaker ones in the aisle. Altogether, there were sixteen men in blue and three in gray and, wounded as they were, they filled the car. The bearded man remained standing at one side, his eyes full of helpless pity, his huge, bony hands clenching and unclenching. There was nothing he could do, and he stood as far back as possible to be out of the way. But Mrs. Alex kept her seat, and the blue-clad soldiers doffed their hats and made no move to disturb her.

Finally it was done with. The sun had moved lower, and the car was dusky and full of murmurs of pain. The colonel tried to thank the bearded man, muttered a few words, and then left the car. Two army orderlies stayed with the wounded, and the train hissed and jerked and shuddered ahead once more.

There was discomfort added now to Mrs. Alex' feeling of resentment. The odor in the car was almost enough to make her retch, and the eyes of the wounded men sought her out with glances of pain and longing. But at this point, irritation and self-pity made her oblivious of any appeal. Beasts, she told herself, they and their filthy war and filthy, messy wounded.

Nothing in the newspapers or in her husband's letters had ever told her that war was like this. She resented it.

The beshawled man approached her slowly, not quite sure of himself, and said, "Madam, I know that your trip has been made unpleasant and that you have been inconvenienced, but this is a time of war. Madam, if you could give these men a little comfort. . . . When a boy is sick or wounded, a woman—" He saw her face and stopped, and then went slowly back to the other end of the car.

She sat primly as darkness came on, the train rumbling along, the last whisper of the sun making a pattern of pinks and purples on the cloudy Virginia sky. Some of the wounded were asleep, and for that reason the beshawled man asked that only one small light be lighted at the end of the car. In the dusk, Mrs. Alex counted the wrongs that had been inflicted upon her and held back the tears. Time dragged and prodded her with thin, poisoned needles.

AND then the train stopped again, and again Mrs. Alex heard an officer explaining the situation to the tall, homely man.

"We're sorry, sir, but your train can't go through tonight. There's some uncertainty about the track up ahead, a rumor that Stuart's been raiding down from the northwest. At any rate, the general begs that you will spend the night here, at least until we've established telegraphic communication all along the line. You can start again at daylight with the eight-twenty, which is strong enough to be secure against any raids. The general knows that he can only accede to your wishes, sir, but he begs that you will think of your own safety and remain here through the night."

Mrs. Alex saw the bearded man's head nod wearily. "These wounded men?" he asked.

"There is a plantation house about a mile from here. We have a carriage, and my men can improvise litters for the wounded."

So it is that again, Mrs. Alex thought, everything and anything to keep me here.

She was sitting very still, but inwardly seething with rage and despair, when the tall, bearded man, with the same humble courtesy, asked her to share his carriage.

"I have no choice," she said.

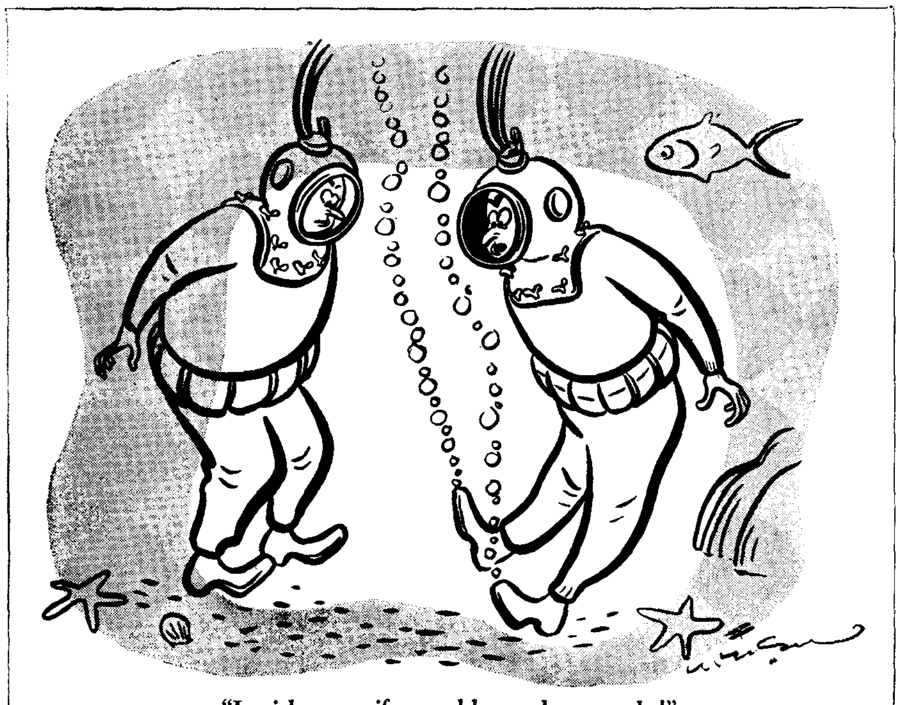
They sat in the carriage together and rode through the night with a blue-clad escort. They came along a driveway of sad-looking willows, to where a white, pillared plantation house loomed out of the night. The bearded man helped Mrs. Alex out of the carriage and, together with the officer who had spoken on the train, they went up to the house.

The officer knocked, and the door was opened by a Negro, who let them enter and watched them in half-frightened, half-hostile silence.

"Where is Mrs. Kennut?" the officer asked.

"She upstairs. She don' feel so good."

"You'll have to tell her there are more



COLLIER'S "I wish my wife would mend my socks!" FRITZ WILKINSON

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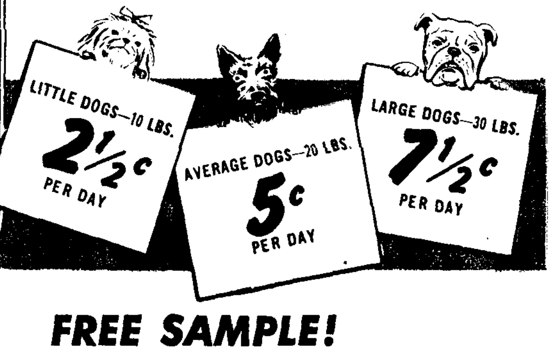
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guests than I expected. Aside from this lady and the gentleman I spoke to her about, there are nineteen wounded men who must have shelter for the night."

"Yankees?" the Negro asked.

"Three of her own kind, tell her."

"Wait here," the Negro said. He turned and climbed slowly up the broad, curving staircase. He returned a few moments later.

"Mrs. Kennut wants dem put in the parlor. Mrs. Kennut says the lady to come upstairs an' shown to her room."

Fear came alive in Mrs. Alex, and for the first time she felt in the tall, homely, beshawled man a sense of warmth and protection. Yet she could not protest and ask to remain. She followed the Negro up the stairs into a half-lit mahogany-floored foyer, where he left her. Trembling, she tried to summon all her Carrington courage for the ordeal of facing the mistress of this lonely house in the enemy country.

At last, she heard steps in the corridor, and turned to see a woman with pale hair, a woman older than herself, clad in a faded blue gown and carrying a candle in her hand. Her expressionless eyes observed Mrs. Alex, and she said, "I am Mrs. Kennut. I'll show you to your room."

Mrs. Alex followed, humble, for the first time that day, and afraid. The room was under the eaves of the house, a square room with a four-poster bed. The room had a shabby gentility.

"I presume you left your baggage in the train," Mrs. Kennut said. "You will find bedclothes in the chest." She set down the candle and then turned to the door.

Mrs. Alex started after her. "Please don't go, please. I didn't want to force myself on you. There was no place for me." It seemed to Mrs. Alex, suddenly, that there had never been any place for her in a muddled world that was beyond her understanding. At home, there had been romance in living a dream, and now even that was gone.

MRS. KENNUT looked at Mrs. Alex curiously. Mrs. Kennut's loveliness had been washed out in poverty, and her small hands had learned the meaning of work. Bitterness had left its mark in her face.

"Why do you hate me so?" Mrs. Alex asked desperately.

"You come into our land, take our homes, kill our men—and you ask why we hate you."

Mrs. Alex, remembering the strange, tired person she had once married, shook her head. She had never known that this was war. In Bridgeport, her world was secure and tight and orderly.

Mrs. Kennut went out. Alone now, more alone than she had ever been, Mrs. Alex lay on the bed and tried to contemplate the eternity that had passed since she first left her home in Connecticut. For two years she had been at home and her husband had been at war; and this afternoon she had been hoping that her husband would die in battle.

"My God," she whispered, and she said that over and over again.

She lay there until the candle burned down, until the moon came up and shone in through the window. Then she got up and went downstairs.

The tall, bearded, homely man stood in the living room. He was alone now, and his loneliness matched hers. He stood in front of the windows, his bony hands clasped behind his back, and when he heard her enter he turned very slowly.

"Good evening, Mrs. Alex," he said.

She couldn't find words, because to a Carrington of Bridgeport words came less easily than anything else. But she managed to say: "Mr. Lincoln, I spoke to Mrs. Kennut."

He nodded, looking at her curiously.

"I'm sorry," she said, and then she went from the room, almost running.

She found the parlor, but it took a long time for her to gather enough courage to go in to the wounded men. When she did go in, the orderlies stared at her curiously. She stood helpless in the darkened room full of broken men and Duncan Phyfe's own handwork.

"Can I help you?" she asked.

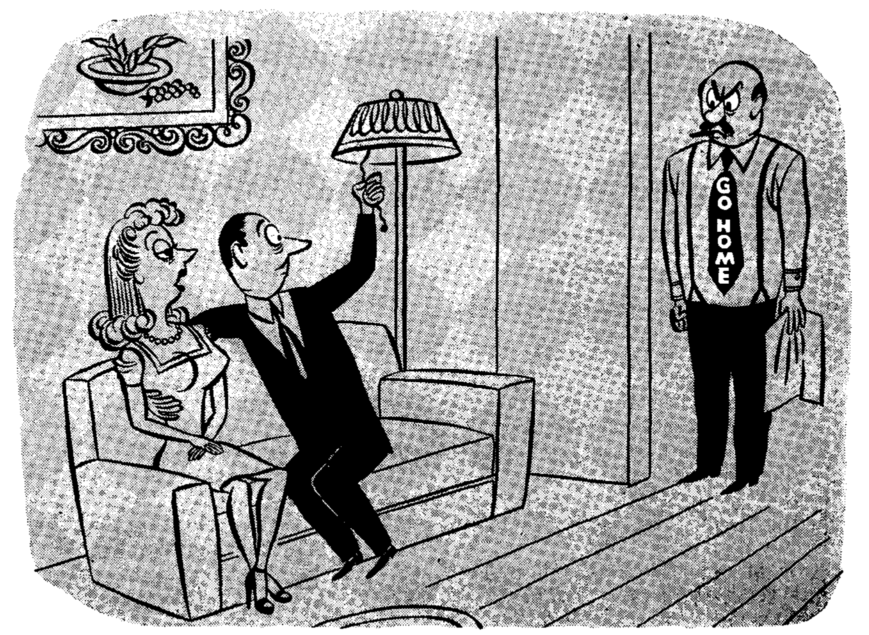
"They're all right," one said. They were hardened men, both of the orderlies. Ill-paid, ill-educated, they worked in a morass where medicine was sixty per cent black ignorance.

"Lady," the other said maliciously, remembering the way she had sat in the train, "if you want to be sweet, there's a rebel boy dying there. Put his head in your lap and make him happy, lady." He grinned at her, puffed at his pipe, and pointed the way through the sleeping, moaning men to where a gray-uniformed boy lay.

She went to him. The boy couldn't have been more than seventeen, and he was shot in the chest. She put his head in her lap and stroked his pale hair.

He was dying, but he opened his eyes and had strength enough to say, "Mother, I'm glad I came home first."

It took her a long time to connect thought with thought, pale hair with pale hair, and then the boy was dead. She covered his face, then ran for the black servant. He came back with her, held his candle low over the dead boy, and then began to cry, rocking his curly head back and forth.



COLLIER'S "I warned you father's tie lights up in the dark" IRWIN CAPLAN

The tall, homely man was still in the room where she had left him, still suffering in his own, silent way. She came very close to him before she said:

"Mr. Lincoln, the son of the woman who owns this house, Mrs. Kennut's boy, is in there—dead."

He continued to look at her.

"Don't you understand? Her son, in there, dead!" She began to cry, as softly and effortlessly as the old Negro. The tall man put his arm around her shoulder, and together they went back to where the Negro still wept. The two orderlies stood at uneasy attention as the tall, homely man bent over and raised the gray-clad body in his arms.

He was very strong; he held the Confederate soldier as a woman holds her child; and Mrs. Alex led him up the stairs.

Afterward, he could only stand and reflect the hurt of others, too big, too bruising to comfort. He saw Mrs. Alex holding the other woman in her arms; he saw Mrs. Alex comfort the enemy woman who had hated her, comfort her finally to a point where she could lose some of her grief in sleep; and then, with Mrs. Alex and the old Negro to help him, he washed and laid out the body of the dead boy. . . .

When morning came at last, Mrs. Alex went out on the veranda. She went out after a sleepless night, out to watch the sunrise. She wanted to let the sun cleanse things—the blood from her hands, from her mind, and from the face of the earth.

She was still on the veranda when her husband saw her. After a night of hard riding, which included a brush with rebel raiders, he had been ordered to add his company to the guard around the house where the President stayed. He was riding up to report when he saw his wife.

He flung himself off his horse and ran to her. Her smile frightened him, for it answered his questions before he asked them. He was hot from the battle and from riding, tired and dirty; and when he took her in his arms and kissed her, he felt as she had the day before, that this woman was a stranger and not his wife.

She told him what there was to tell; it took only a few words. She said, "I'm glad you're safe. I was afraid for you." He would never know how afraid, and there were other things he would never know.

"When the train leaves, you will go home?" he asked her. She could recognize his love now; but the thing he loved was empty and useless.

"I am home," she said softly. "You and I, Jimmy, both of us. This is no strange place."

He stared at her and tried to understand who she was, what had happened in the short space of time they were separated. She reached up and touched his face, as a girl knowingly touches the face of the first man she loves.

"You must get out of this, if I have to drag you away," he said.

"All your strength couldn't drag me, Jimmy." She shook her head. "We can't go, either of us. There are too many scars to heal and too much work that only a woman can do. I don't know how else to explain it." Then she said, "Hold me like you would your wife, Jimmy."

She was strong as iron and soft as clay, and for that reason he was helpless. He knew her as little as she knew him, yet they both knew each other better than they knew their own selves. When Captain Alex left with the tall, homely, tired man who was President, his wife remained behind; and Mr. Lincoln said: "God bless you, Mrs. Alex."

Captain Alex did not look back, so he did not see his wife go into the house, to a woman who might hate her, might despise her, but would need her a great deal.

THE END

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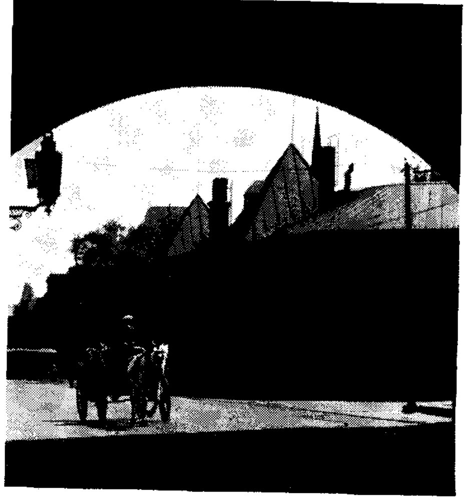

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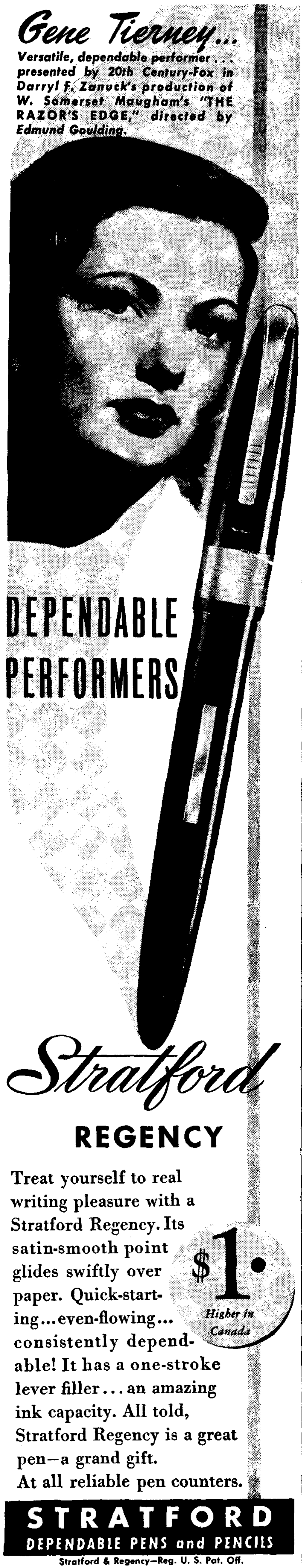
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RED STAR RISING IN THE SOUTH

Continued from page 17

the hydroelectric industries, including streetcar workers. They even dominate the ground employees in the aviation industry. They can, and often do, tie up all transportation as well as the exports and imports of the country.

The Colombian Communists, led by Diego Montana Cuellar, a prominent lawyer who has specialized in the defense of leftist strikers and labor leaders, are likewise comparatively few in numbers but loud and violent. They operate principally among the workers in the oil fields and on the railroads. Recently they were able to tie both into a knot. In Ecuador, Bolivia and Paraguay, they are equally vocal and active in key industries.

In Venezuela, next to Brazil the newest of all South American centers of Communist activity, the party polled only some 3 per cent of the 1,600,000 votes in the recent elections for a constitutional convention, or about 45,000. But in the big oil centers around Lake Maracaibo, Communist party members accounted for about 12 per cent of all the ballots cast. According to election records in the past two years, the Communist parties throughout the continent have averaged not more than 10 per cent of the voters.

The old theory that the Communists spend their time organizing the halt, the blind and the great unwashed, is as outdated as kerosene lamps and hansom cabs. In Chile an applicant must undergo six months' probation before he is admitted to full membership in the party. "We want a cross section of people, of course," leaders frankly told me. "We need well-educated men, professors, lawyers, doctors, experts in many lines to head the organization, and for the general membership we want strategic elements."

These "strategic elements" come from the key industries, especially those which are foreign owned and whose products are for export. This is so that when strikes or important demonstrations of power are on the party agenda, they can hit where it hurts most. Therefore they concentrate on the copper and nitrate miners in Chile, the oil workers in Venezuela and Colombia, the packing-house laborers in Argentina, and the port, transportation and power-plant workers everywhere.

"We are not ready to take over the country yet," admitted one Venezuelan party organizer. "We haven't convinced enough people of the necessity of a Communist state yet. Until we do we don't need a lot of useless drones. Ours," he said, "is still a work of education."

Following the party line throughout the world, the South American Communists have stopped trying, at least for the moment, to gain power by revolution. They bluff and organize demonstrations here and there, but their real strategy centers on "education." And conditions in all the countries make the masses highly receptive to this type of appeal.

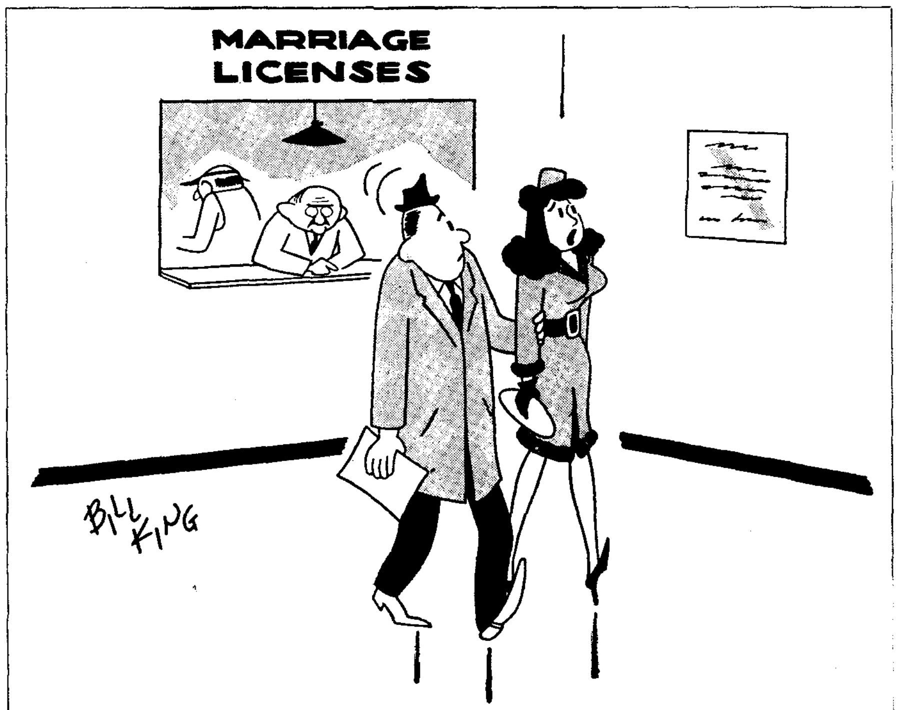
For there is a staggering amount of illiteracy in South America. Education has been for the few everywhere, except in Uruguay, Argentina, and to some extent in Chile and Colombia. Seventy per cent of the people of Venezuela, Brazil and Peru are unable to read and write.

Uneven Distribution of Wealth

Added to this is the economic imbalance. Ten to 12 per cent of the population in most of the countries control the land and the wealth. It is often said by Chilean, Peruvian and Argentine economists that 500 families in each country own 75 per cent of the agricultural land.

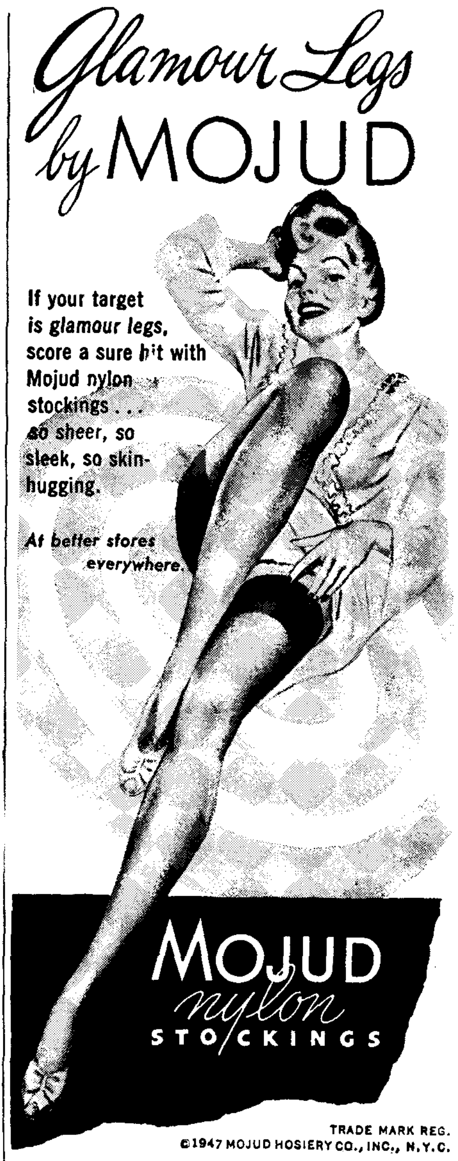
In the large foreign-owned industries, such as copper in Chile and Peru, oil in Colombia and Venezuela, the packing in Argentina, wages are excellent—relatively speaking. The average daily wage for unskilled workmen in the oil fields of Venezuela is about three dollars, American. In most of the countries big foreign concerns provide their workers with all kinds of insurance, old-age pensions, sick benefits, vacations with pay, modern housing, commissary privileges and other advantages such as are enjoyed by few native workers. The governments see to this.

Statistics concerning wages in native enterprise in these countries are as varied as the "experts" to whom you talk. As nearly as can be estimated, the pay of the average worker on a Brazilian coffee plantation is 75 cents a day in American money, while a farm worker in Argentina averages about a dollar a day. These are two of the most advanced agricultural areas on the continent. Thus wages, working and living conditions furnish the



"In a way I'm glad we have to wait three days—I do want to be sure"

COLLIER'S BILL KING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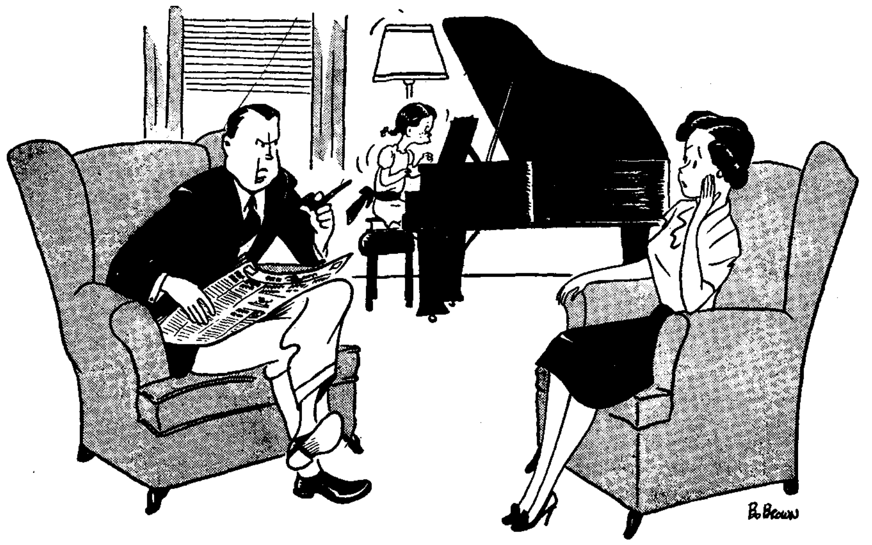

COLLIER'S "Is that the rich, gloriously toned instrument that was to give us so many priceless moments of musical enjoyment?" BO BROWN

Communists their most effective propaganda thunder.

It is seldom possible to connect Soviet diplomats with purely local Communist activities. In the six South American countries with which the Soviet Union now enjoys full diplomatic contact, the ambassadors and higher-bracket diplomats remain for the most part severely aloof from what one Peruvian newspaper called "their provincial comrades."

When Dmitri Zhukov, first Soviet emissary to Chile, arrived in Santiago, the local brethren organized a rousing demonstration to welcome him. When the members of the reception committee, headed by Contreras La Barca, presented themselves, they were politely told that the Soviet ambassador was there as the accredited representative to the Chilean government and not to the Chilean Communist party.

For some time after the Communists were permitted to organize in Venezuela, there were three separate factions, largely due to the personal ambitions of the respective leaders. One day Leonid Dyatko, one of the secretaries of the Soviet Embassy, met Juan Fuenmayor and several other Communists at a restaurant in Caracas. In the course of conversation, Dyatko remarked that it seemed "silly the three groups can't get together." One week later came an announcement of the confederation of the three parties.

The Moscow radio receives an unmatched reverence from Communists throughout the Southern Continent. What comes over the loud-speaker from the Soviet capital determines the headlines and the editorial policies of every Communist newspaper. Moscow returns the compliment with local condemnations and criticisms. Let the comrades in Chile harass the Yankees about oppressing the workers, and the Soviet broadcasters beam the charges back so that all the Latin Americans will know about it.

"Of course we enjoy local autonomy," all the party leaders tell you. "The idea that we are told by Moscow specifically when to do what and how is absurd. Of course Moscow is interested in the progress of Communism. Aren't you Yankees interested in the spread of what you call 'democracy'? Sure, Moscow beams broadcasts to Latin America. Don't you? Your entire short-wave broadcasting setup has long been and still is employed by the government for dissemination abroad of United States propaganda, or as you are pleased to call it, 'information,' about the virtues of life and conditions in the United States."

"The system we are espousing," says a Brazilian Communist, "has made more progress in Russia than anywhere else, therefore it is the great example for what we hope to accomplish in Brazil. Like the Catholics who look to Rome, we look to Moscow for our inspiration. But," he assured me, "like the Catholic hierarchy we run our own show at home."

They may leave the local boys more or less to run their own show, but the Russians are immensely interested in the large Slavic populations in certain parts of South America. Russian agents are quietly organizing culture clubs and other societies among the Poles, Bulgarians, Lithuanians and others, in Uruguay, Argentina, Chile and southern Brazil. There are approximately a million people of Slavic blood in the countries of the River Plate region. Twenty-three thousand Uruguayan citizens came from eight Slavic and Russian-controlled countries. Some twenty-five thousand more have not yet become naturalized.

Danger From Pressure Groups

As one of our military attachés observed, "Forty-eight thousand persons in a population of less than two million may seem like a drop in the bucket. But if the majority of them were secretly organized and thoroughly propagandized they could wield a tremendous influence for the Soviets. They could become effective pressure groups against us."

There are 530,980 Russians, Bulgarians and other Slavic and satellite peoples in Argentina, more than twice the number of Germans. The Yugoslav population of Chile is small, hardly more than 2,000. So far they have resisted all Russian advances and they are one of the richest groups in Chile, controlling much of the mining and engineering industries.

Constantine Shevelev, head of the Russian Trade Mission in Argentina, is over-all director of a pro-Slavic movement in that country. At the time of writing, Tomas Davidoff and Pablo Shostakowsky of the *Comité Eslavo* (Slavic Committee) are engaged in organizing Slav groups "to further and preserve Slavic culture," they say. Then there is Pedro Zanetick, who promotes pro-Soviet youth clubs among the Yugoslavs, while Comrade Trofim Laszuk performs a similar task among the Byelorussians. Over in Chile, Aleksei Schelokov, commercial attaché of the Soviet Embassy, is active among the Poles and even the large German colony.

What is alarming our businessmen and diplomats in these countries more than anything else is the fact that South American Communism seems to flourish with greatest vigor wherever there are giant foreign-owned or controlled industries. It is especially virulent in Venezuela, Brazil, Chile, Peru and those regions in which United States enterprise is most prominent. Indeed from Mexico to Cape Horn, Uncle Sam is the chief whipping boy of Communist agitators and leaders.

Last summer Jesús Faria, one of the youngest and most effective of the Com-

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munist organizers, told the Venezuelan Convention of Oil Workers in Caracas that the ultimate aim of the party "is the expropriation of the foreign-owned oil interests." This would mean chiefly United States oil interests, since United States companies account for approximately two thirds of the country's 1,000,000-barrel daily output.

A few weeks ago when I passed through the torridly hot and sticky old town of Barcelona, Communist agents in the near-by oil fields were spreading the word among the workers to beware of the new-fangled houses and other so-called modern Yankee appurtenances which were being provided for them. Such things are imperialistic traps to kill off old and young. The screens on the windows and doors keep out the fresh air. The electric wires in the walls overheat the buildings. Ah, and the chlorine in the water is designed to rob men and women of their procreative abilities. Naïve? To a simple, superstitious peon, used to a grass hut with a dirt floor and malaria-laden water from a tropical stream to drink, it is all very plausible.

According to one high official of the present leftist, but not Communist, Venezuelan government, the Soviet ambassador in Caracas, Foma Trebin, told a group of prominent Venezuelans that United States oil companies were deliberately wasting the petroleum resources of their country. Trebin is a former professor of petroleum geology at the University of Moscow. "He assured us," the Venezuelan official told me, "that the methods and techniques the Soviets employ in extracting oil are far superior to those of the United States and Western countries, and suggested that we would do well to adopt them."

As the majority of our officials in South America see it, the ultimate aim of the Communist leaders is collectivization. But until such time as the Communists actually come into control of the governments, why not nationalization and state control of key industries? If the hands of weak and fellow-traveling governments can be forced, the entire economic and social program can be gotten under way now.

Meanwhile the Communists press the attack against all other United States influences. Both the local Communists and Moscow have violently opposed any military collaboration between the South American countries and the United States. Partly as a result of these attacks we have already abandoned almost all the great airfields and other military installations we constructed in several of the republics during the war.

When the fighting ceased, United States technicians and engineers were left at several of these fields along the eastern shoulder of Brazil to maintain the equipment and installations until the Brazilians could train their own people to handle them, or until the fields and equipment could be converted to use by commercial airlines. All this was done with the agreement of the Brazilian government. But to Luis Carlos Prestes and his Red henchmen these technicians were "Yankee military invaders."

Jorge Acosta in Peru took the same tack concerning the giant El Pato airfield at Talara, where we had maintained similar technicians. In Lima, Labor and Vanguardia, both waged a violent campaign against "the Yankee military intruders."

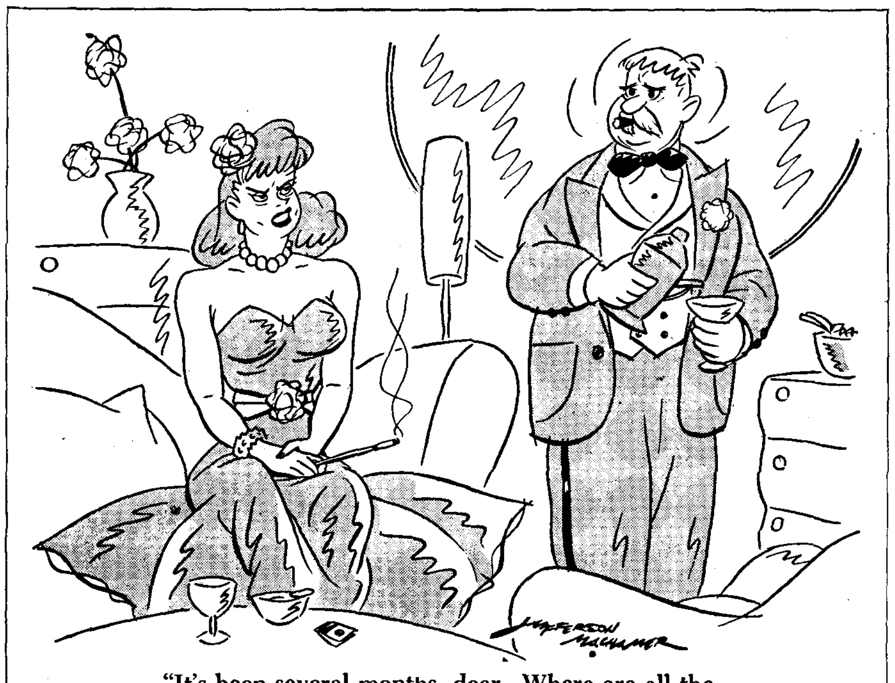
From Moscow the Soviet short-wave radio joined in. The attacks became so violent that they began to worry the governments in both countries. In order to strengthen their hands we hurriedly withdrew our people. In some instances hundreds of millions of dollars' worth of valuable property has been left to rust and fall to pieces.

The United States ambassador in one South American country, who "cannot afford to be quoted," summed it all up this way: "The fight the Communists are waging against us in Brazil, in Chile and Peru, everywhere below Panama, is not shadowboxing," he said. "It is a fight to the finish, to the death. The Communist campaign against us," he declared, "is just as serious, and in the long run even more dangerous than the campaign of propaganda and subversion the Nazis and the Fascists waged against us in these countries before and during the war.

"The Axis campaign," he added, "was largely political and military. The Communist campaign is social as well as political. Hitler's agents and Mussolini's stooges tried, and in some instances succeeded, in buying off politicians and key officials in the armies, along with the important business leaders, in an effort to keep the countries neutral or hinder the United States and Allied war effort.

"But," he concluded, "the Communists make no bones about the fact that they are not only out to confiscate all United States business and financial interests. They especially want to build up pressure groups which can be used against us whenever useful to them or to Moscow, and eventually, of course, to hedge us in with a bloc of Communist-controlled states, or at least a Communist sphere of influence in our own part of the world."

THE END



"It's been several months, dear. Where are all the things you promised if the Republicans won?"

COLLIER'S JEFFERSON MACHAMER

MENNONITE MENUS

Continued from page 32

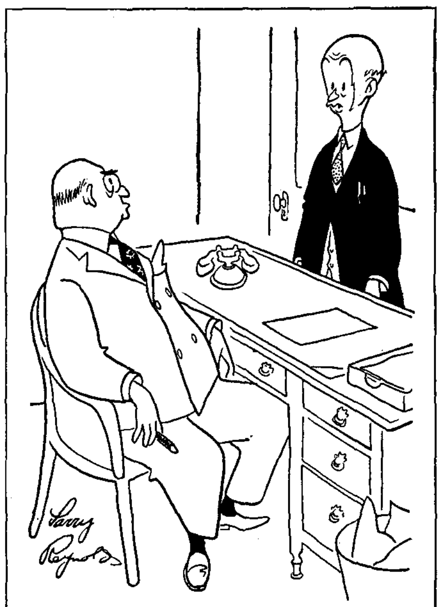
and the most valuable in the nation.

The area in which these people live is composed roughly of a quadrangle drawn from Harrisburg to York to Reading and back to Harrisburg. It's a land of magnificent farms and distinctive barns, of big, comfortable brick farmhouses.

Strictly speaking, the Pennsylvania Dutch are not Dutch at all. They are largely Germans who came to this country to seek the religious freedom which William Penn promised all people. Most of them are Amish Mennonites.

The language they speak is a curious mixture of offside German and English. When a mother tells you that her baby "ouches, poor sing," you know the tot is in pain. The spelling of many words varies according to the community, too. Thus both *Lever* and *Lew'r* for liver.

The Amish men wear hard, brimmed hats which rest lightly on the ears. If a man is married, he shaves his upper lip but lets his beard grow. Unmarried men must permit their beards to grow at will. As the men grow older, there's a quiet, impressive dignity about them. And the women, in their black, enveloping dresses, their quaint bonnets edged in spotless white, have clean, friendly faces. Buttons are considered sinful, so they use hooks and eyes.



"She said I'm worth far more than you're paying me. She said if you don't give me a raise I can quit and get another job tomorrow. She also said I won't take 'no' for an answer —well, I guess that's all she said, sir"

COLLIER'S LARRY REYNOLDS

The true Pennsylvania Dutch home has no modern gadgets. When you step into a farm kitchen, you step back a couple of centuries in many respects. There are no curtains at the windows, no rugs on the floors. But everywhere there is a gleaming, beaming cleanness that comes from elbow grease.

The worst thing one Pennsylvania Dutch woman can say about another is: "Her dumplings are not extra." Tille Schweinits, who lives near Lititz, let me watch her make a batch of what she calls "soup dumplings." She used a half cup of country butter and a cup of boiling milk, mixed with a cup of flour to which was added a pinch of salt. This was thoroughly beaten. When it was cool, two beaten eggs were added. The heavy batter was dropped, a spoonful at a time, into the bubbling soup. The dumplings emerged fluffy, digestible and a perfect companion to a rich and filling soup. No Pennsylvania Dutch housewife owns a cookbook. They cook as their mothers did. It's a knowledge, an art, a science handed down from one generation to another. The dishes they serve today differ but little from the dishes served a century ago.

These superlative cooks have at their command fresh beef, mutton, pork and cured meats. There are also large flocks of chickens, ducks, geese and turkeys from which to select. Their bountiful gardens give them an abundance of fresh vegetables. There are eggs, fresh butter, lard, milk and cream, berries and fruits in abundance. Their flours—wheat, rye, corn and buckwheat—are made from the grain they raise. A thousand quarts of meats, fruits and vegetables are canned each year by the average farm wife with a large family.

The Pennsylvania Dutch farm markets at Harrisburg, Lancaster, York and Reading are worth traveling miles to see. There are plump chickens and ducks, their skins as clean as parchment; rows of home-cured hams, slabs of bacon, rings of the famous Lebanon bologna, barrels of high-smelling and authentic sauerkraut—and stiff little bunches of herbs and flowers.

Many of the farmers sell their milk to the big candy factory at Hershey. Once it was shut down because of a strike. Hundreds of the "Plain People," as they like to be called, found themselves without a market for their milk and were forced to throw it away. This was a waste; therefore a sin. One not of their making, to be sure. So they did something about it.

A group of them armed with pitchforks marched on the pickets, singing a century-old hymn with vigor. They used the barn-yard weapon so effectively that the strike was broken in a quarter of an hour. The pickets, now back at work, speak respectfully of the pitchfork as a fearful and punishing weapon.

Some of the recipes of the Pennsylvania Dutch have been tested and used for a couple of centuries; yet many of their delicacies are never encountered outside the region. I first had pickled mushrooms, for instance, at a farmhouse near Kleinfeltersville. I had been pheasant-hunting and was famished. My hostess told me that dinner would be set soon yet and maybe I would have some pickled mushrooms while I waited. "They was wunnderful good for the appetite."

I watched her prepare them. She used small button mushrooms from which the outer skins had been rubbed. She placed a pan of them in a hot oven for about three minutes. When they came out, they were salted and peppered and tossed in a little French dressing containing tiny chopped onions. The mushrooms quickly and greedily absorbed the dressing. I ate a whole bowlful of them—and was still able to keep up with the farm men when they came in from the fields to dinner.

The famous *Schnitz un Knepp* is a delightful combination of dried apples and home-cured hock of ham, cooked slowly together. The ham is sliced before it comes to the table and covered with the *Schnitz*. Tiny dumplings provide a fitting obbligato, being distinctively flavored with the *Schnitz*.

Pennsylvania Dutch wives are not only *good* cooks, they are industrious cooks. A friend of mine is fortunate enough to have a Pennsylvania Dutchwoman as his cook. Last year he offered her a week's vacation. This was a thing unknown to her, but after consulting with her parents she decided it would be all right.

When the week was up, however, Mina came bustling back, impatient to be at work. She quickly tied on a big white apron, began a furious clatter in the kitchen, and explained, "My off is all!"

THE END

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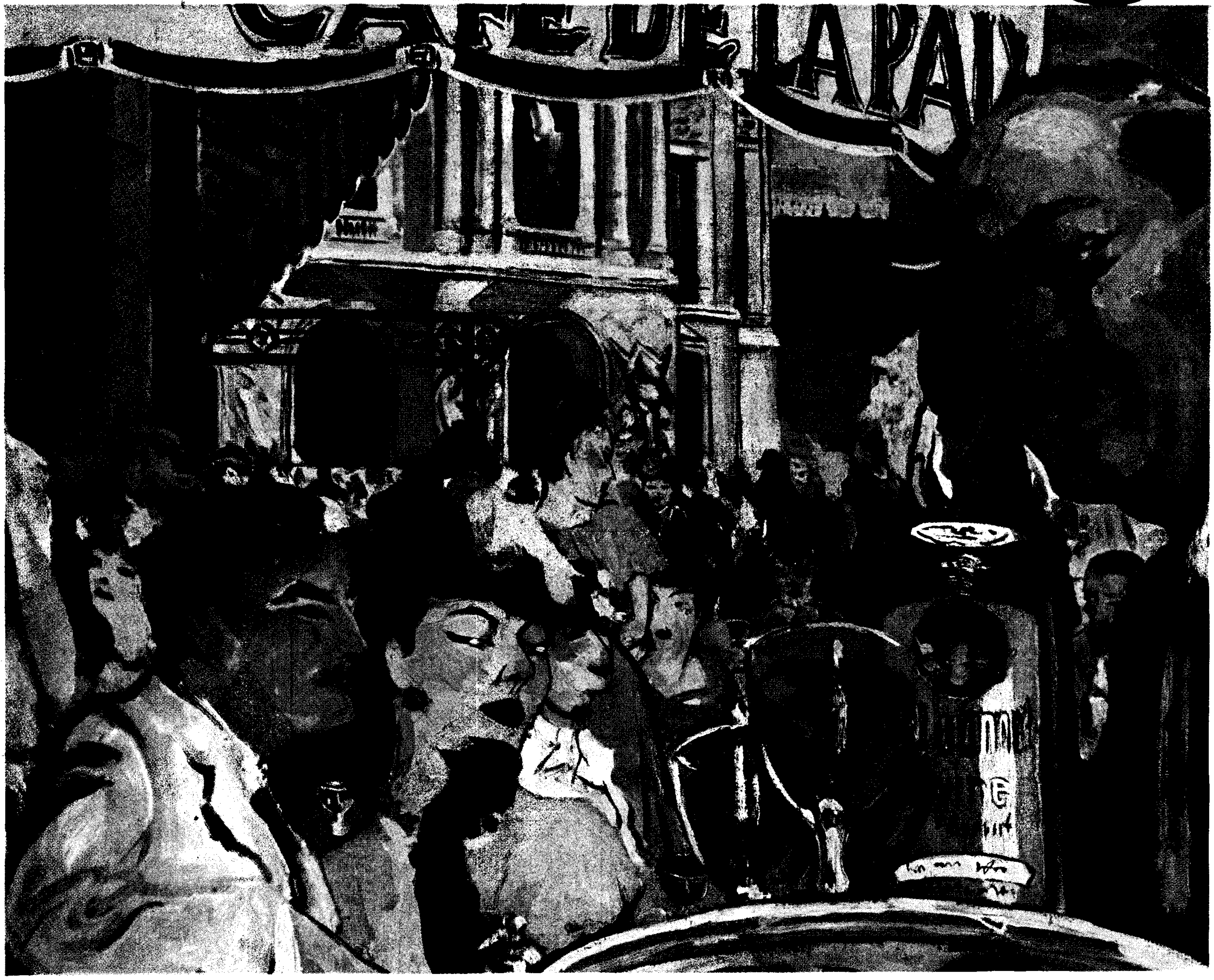

"*CAFE DE LA PAIX—PARIS*"—*painted by Stanton MacDonald-Wright*

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THE OAK AND THE SCYTHE

Continued from page 26

Doc Barlow came in with his black satchel a little later. He did say it was a miracle. He pretended to glower at Grandfather over his steel-rimmed spectacles. "Any ordinary man," he grumbled, "would have had the sense to die."

"Tut," Grandfather said. "It just wasn't my time."

Doc Barlow snorted. "I don't suppose medical science had anything to do with it?"

"Those pills?" Grandfather said. "Why, I stopped taking them after the first day. Made me sick to the stomach. Now when can I get out of this bed, and start carrying the rural *free* delivery again?"

"You get out of that bed for at least a week," Doc Barlow said, "and it'll be your death. And don't set foot outside for another week after that. Hear? Or if you do, don't bother me about it. Just call Sam Furney."

Sam Furney was the undertaker in our town.

"Bosh!" Grandfather said. "You two work together anyway."

"I mean this, John," Doc Barlow said. "Just remember, miracles like this don't come two in a row. Man, you've had pneumonia. And it's the dead of winter."

After the doctor left, I saw Grandfather listening to the sullen halfhearted moaning of the wind in the big oak outside his window. Grandfather was smiling a little to himself. But even so I think he would have heeded the doctor if that second great gale hadn't come raging in from the prairies a few days later. All day it scooped up the frozen snow and sprayed it in great mounting drifts. The icy air seemed filled with thousands of flying needles. I had to walk backward most of the way home from school. As soon as I got in I could see how worried Grandfather was. Grandmother could see it, too, and she was moving around the house in that hushed, tiptoe way again. I knew she was frightened, but she'd learned long ago that once Grandfather had set his mind to something there was no use at all in trying to argue him out of it.

EARLY in the evening Jim Bailey came. I guess none of us was surprised. He was the substitute, and had been carrying the mail while Grandfather was sick. He looked all fagged out.

"John," he said to Grandfather, "it was bad out there today."

"I guess it was, Jim," Grandfather said.

"It will be worse tomorrow," Bailey said. "I bucked drifts four feet high this afternoon. There was times when I didn't think that little mail wagon would ever make it through them. And they'll be deeper tomorrow. If this wind keeps up, they'll be ten, twelve feet deep by morning."

"I guess they will," Grandfather said.

Jim Bailey looked at Grandfather, lying helpless there in the bed, and his face was sad. "John," he said doggedly, "you know I can never get that mail wagon through tomorrow."

"I guess you can't," Grandfather said.

I was standing in the bedroom doorway with Grandmother, holding to her hand. I felt it tighten and tremble a little against mine. We were all silent, then, listening to the wild massive thrumming in the big oak outside. I heard Grandfather sigh. Jim Bailey said defensively, "I guess it won't hurt those farmers to wait a day or two for their mail. They'll just have to, that's all."

Grandfather didn't say anything now. His bearded face was turned up to the ceiling, and I think he was listening just to the oak. Jim Bailey sort of shuffled his feet and after a minute he turned and went out of the room. He said, "Good night, Mrs. Duncan," as he went past Grandmother, and then we heard him go out through the kitchen door. In the few seconds it took him to open and close the door the sound of the wind was like the quick, sudden screaming of a woman.

Grandmother's hand was clenching mine so tight it hurt. Grandfather looked over at her. "Nell," he said, "how long is it since I first started carrying the rural *free* delivery?"

"Thirty-one years come spring," Grandmother said.

"A long time," Grandfather said. "I've never given it much thought, but do you know, Nell, there's never been a delivery missed in all those thirty-one years?"

"John," Grandmother said, in a quick frightened way, "don't talk nonsense."

"The rural *free* delivery," Grandfather said. "Folks never think much about it. They expect their mail delivery, just like they expect the sun to rise and set. Well, it wouldn't do for folks to begin to doubt things like that here in America. I remember how it was when I first got off the ship. I stood on America and I didn't have to tell myself that this was a free country. I already knew it."

MARITAL MEMO

In line with all that's modernistic
Let us be fully realistic:
We know I'm yours and you are mine,
So please, dear, don't take me to task
Should I by chance forget to ask
If you will be my Valentine.

—S. H. Dewhurst

"Oh, John—" Grandmother said, and it sounded like she was crying.

"Now, now, Nell," Grandfather said. "We'll just wait till morning and see how things are then. No use in fretting about it tonight."

But I knew his mind was made up. So did Grandmother.

All that night the storm raged. I've never known a wilder one. The gigantic blasts of wind hurled against the house. My bed shivered and trembled. I could hear the old oak flailing and retching in the swirling tumult of darkness, fighting for its very life. I heard its branches cracking together like pistol shots. I thought that this time surely it could not survive the night. . . .

And yet it did. Again. It was still battling insanely in the black swarming darkness at four o'clock the next morning. I knew it was four o'clock because I heard Grandmother shaking down the grate and starting the fire in the kitchen range. In a little while I heard Grandfather's booming voice. I was terribly frightened. I got out of bed and climbed shivering into my clothes. When I came into the kitchen I saw that Grandfather was already wearing his great black buffalo coat. He was standing in the middle of the kitchen, drinking a cup of steaming coffee. Grandmother was trying to plead with him.

"John," she said, "you know what the doctor said."

"Tut," Grandfather said.

"There'll be drifts twelve feet deep," Grandmother said. "You can't take the wagon through them any more than Jim Bailey could."

"I'm not using the wagon," Grandfather said. "I'm going horseback. On Black Tony. He'll get me through."

"Even so," Grandmother said, "Doctor Barlow told you—"

"Now, Nell," Grandfather interrupted, "you know Doc's just a lot of hocus-pocus. I never even took those dratted pills. It wasn't my time then. Today maybe it is—or maybe it isn't. But if it is, just staying in bed isn't going to make any difference."

GRANDFATHER put his hand on my head, shaking me a little. "Now watch out for your grandmother, Davy." He opened the door and shouldered into that black howling flood of wind, started toward the barn, and just vanished, and we couldn't see him any more. I helped Grandmother shut the door.

That day at school I couldn't pay attention to my lessons. All I could think of was Grandfather. Grandfather, and the big oak fighting against a whole world of black thundering winds. I was certain that the old oak's time had come at last. Today it would surely fall. If it did, then surely Grandfather, too, would die.

I know now that Grandfather was always more to me than just one mortal man. He still is today, as I remember him, after all these years. My mother and father had been taken in the last of the great cholera epidemics. Grandfather and Grandmother took me in to raise when I was only three years old.

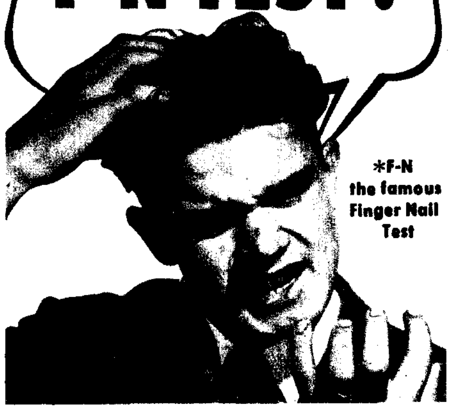
I remember the nights best, when I would lie beside Grandfather on the sitting-room couch, and he would tell me stories. The room would be dark except for the flickering glow that came through the little isinglass windows in the door of the big heater. Grandfather would tell me stories about the great highwaymen of England: Dick Turpin, Claude Duval, and Sixteen-string Jack, and their wonderful horses. He'd tell me, too, about Livingstone in darkest Africa, and about Bill Bidden, the American trapper, and the two other Bills, Wild Bill and Buffalo Bill Cody. And about the Pony Express. Grandfather had tried to be a rider for the Pony Express when he was just a boy, but even then he was too big. They only used small men, who weighed scarcely a hundred pounds. Grandfather was six feet four, there wasn't an ounce of fat on him, and he weighed two hundred and twenty pounds.

I never thought of Grandfather as just Grandfather. He was Bill Bidden, the trapper, and at one and the same time Dick Turpin, Wild Bill, and Livingstone in darkest Africa.

All day I kept thinking of him carrying the mail across the prairie through those icy blasts of wind and snow—not in the little wagon today, but unprotected, on horseback, like the Pony Express. I knew every inch of his route; often he had taken me with him in summertime. Those were wondrous events. Grandmother would always cook a whole chicken for our lunch, and bake a cake. The mail wagon was really a little house on wheels. It was painted bright green, and on the doors was proudly lettered U.S. MAIL. The doors had windows and swung open on hinges. There was even a miniature stove, with a chimney going out through the roof, and there was a coal box, and a tiny coal shovel and poker. In the front of the wagon were a lot of pigeonholes, like a desk, for Grandfather to sort the mail. He had a silver whistle, and whenever he left mail in a box he would blow a

CAN YOUR SCALP PASS THE

*F-N TEST?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KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKY
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100 PROOF

As it says on the label...

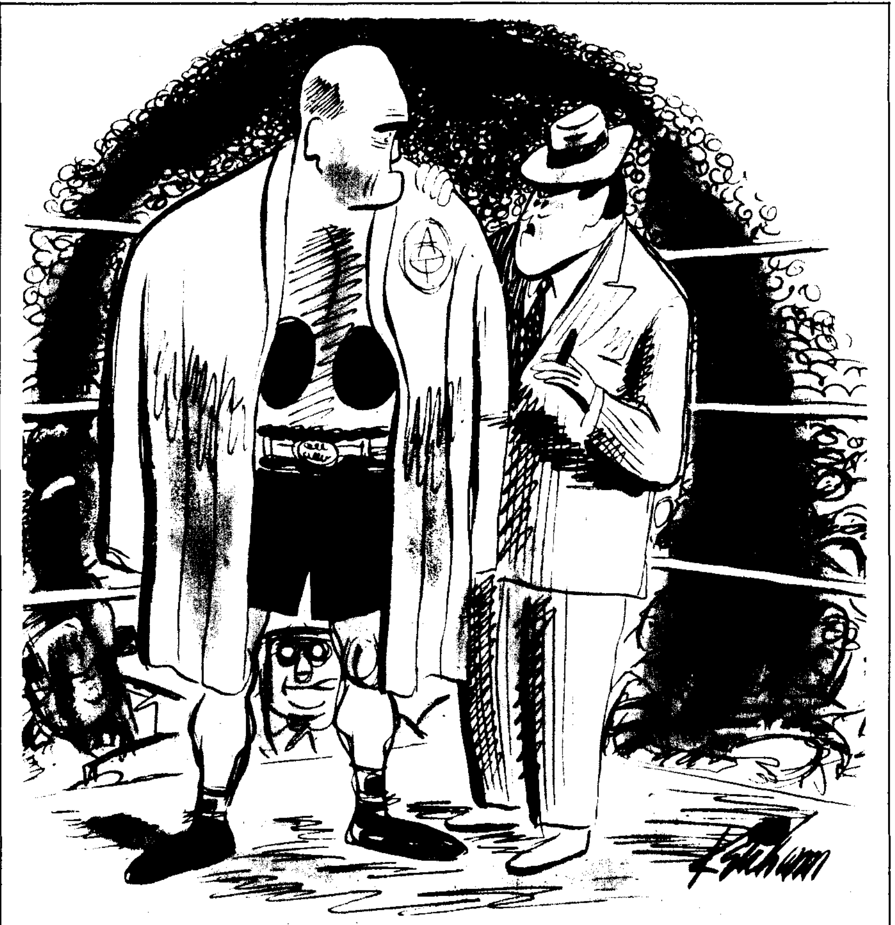
"There is nothing better in the market"

BROWN-FORMAN DISTILLERS CORPORATION, INCORPORATED, AT LOUISVILLE IN KENTUCKY

shrill blast on the whistle. When I went along he would let me blow it.

But today he wasn't in that snug little heated wagon. He was riding horseback today, on Black Tony. He was Dick Turpin, Claude Duval and the desperate Pony Express rider—on Black Tony. Grandfather pampered his horses. He had Topsy and Imp and Black Tony, and he never used one of them for two successive days on the mail route. They were all fine horses, but Black Tony was the finest of all. He had once been a race horse. I often dreamed about him. It would seem I was riding him through the sky, with all the stars rushing past, and there would be fire shooting from Black Tony's nostrils.

The stove glowed red, and still the schoolroom was cold. We could hear the steady muffled roar of wind, and sometimes the building shuddered. Gusts of flying snow struck the windows with a bony rattling. I thought of the wind and flying snow lashing Grandfather and Black Tony far out on the open spaces of tumultuous prairie. How it must cut through them! How could they even breathe? I remembered what Doc Barlow had said, that if Grandfather even set foot outside for a couple of weeks it would surely be his death.



"Remember . . . once you try to outsmart him, you're licked!"

COLLIER'S

HANK KETCHAM

But Doc Barlow had thought Grandfather would certainly die the night of the crisis. And I had thought the old oak would as surely fall—and yet neither had.

TODAY the winds were even colder and mightier than during that demented night. I could not believe that the old oak would live out the day. And yet I prayed it would. If it did, then Grandfather, too, would live. But if it fell, Grandfather would die. It seems strange remembering it now, how as the day dragged on I came to think only of the oak, and no longer of Grandfather at all. I prayed for the oak, instead of for Grandfather.

I stared at my geography book, and I whispered, "Please, God, don't let the old oak fall."

That was when I got the whipping. I felt the teacher's hand on my arm, shaking me. She had come down the aisle and was standing beside me. All the children were looking at me and snickering. "Davy," the teacher said, "what on earth are you mumbling about?"

"I don't want the oak to fall," I said.

She looked tall and thin above me. I remember how puzzled and angry her eyes were, and how tight and prim her lips got. I guess she thought I was being insolent.

"I just don't know what's come over you, Davy," she said. "Look, you even have your book upside down."

I looked. It was upside down. I turned it around. She said, "I called on you three times, and you didn't even answer me." She glared at me. I felt guilty, as if I were hurting her some way. She sighed in an angry, exasperated way and said, "Davy, come up in front of the class." She turned and walked back up the aisle. I followed her. I knew she was going to whip me. She said, "Bring me that switch, Davy."

I brought the switch to her. "Now face the class," she said. I turned toward them, but kept my eyes down, so I wouldn't have to see them staring at me. She switched my legs. I had never been whipped before. At first I felt terribly ashamed, but after a minute it seemed that I was sharing something with Grandfather and the old oak, and then I didn't mind the stinging so much.

I went back to my seat and began praying again that the old oak would live out the storm, only now I was careful not to whisper anything out loud.

I thought four o'clock would never come. I had to get home to see if the old oak was still standing. To see whether Grandfather was going to live.

Outside, the wind-driven snow was like sharp knives slicing across my face. I bent my head and started running toward home. I heard Sally Morse chanting after me, "*Davy* got a whipping." I didn't care. All I wanted was to get home, to see whether or not the old oak was still standing. The snow cut my face more sharply than the stinging switch had cut my legs. It gusted against me, punching my gasping breath back inside of me, and I could scarcely see twenty feet through the swirling white murk. Over and over I promised myself that the old oak would still be standing, lifting its defiant head into the sea of storm. I told myself this, but I didn't believe it. I didn't believe it at all.

I was gasping and my heart was pounding from running. It was jumping all over inside me. Yet it seemed just to stop, and lie still, when I came to the corner and looked over the top of Anderson's house.

I couldn't see the tip of the big oak lashing against the sky.

I think I was crying then. I lunged around the corner and looked into our yard. I saw the whole awful thing then. The old oak had fallen, and I saw how it had fallen. The mighty oak was dead. It had died, and it had died in a strange and horrible way.

HALF an hour later I was still waiting in the alley, watching for Grandfather. I could hardly believe my eyes when I saw Black Tony make a looming turn into the alley and come toward me through the snowy wind. Grandfather was astride, looking like a great snow-crusted bear in his buffalo coat.

They came up beside me, and Grandfather saw me. Then he did one of those wonderful things he was always doing. He leaned forward a little, and spoke in Black Tony's ear, and it was as if Black Tony had been shot from a bow. His neck stretched out and he raced up the alley. Grandfather wheeled him and they raced back, the snow flying like spume from Black Tony's hoofs. I thought I saw little streaks of fire jetting from his dilated nostrils. When Grandfather pulled him in, he reared straight up on his hind feet, snorting and pawing the air.

Grandfather winked at me as he swung out of the saddle. "Just thought I'd give Black Tony a little exercise," he said. "Hardly even got his wind up out there today."

I was afraid to tell Grandfather what had happened. I watched while he put Black Tony up in the barn, then I took his hand, and said, "Grandpa, something terrible has happened."

He looked at me quick and sharp. "Your Grandmother—" he started to ask.

"Oh, no—she's all right, Grandpa," I said.

"Then it can't be so terrible," Grandfather said. "What is it, Davy?"

"I'll show you," I said. I led him into the yard and over to where the old oak had towered longer than anyone in our town could remember. Grandfather didn't say anything for a little while. I know how sad he felt, because the old oak had lived so long and been so strong.

I don't think he even gave a thought to the damage it had done in falling. But he wanted me to understand what it meant. "Well, you see what happened, Davy," he said. "But do you see what *would* have happened if I hadn't gone about my business today? You see what would have happened if I had been afraid of dying?"

I knew then that Doc Barlow had been wrong again. Even then I knew that Grandfather was going to live and go right on delivering the rural *free* delivery for many a year to come. I looked with Grandfather at the ancient oak that had stood outside his window so long. It had fallen straight through the roof of the house and crashed right down upon Grandfather's big bed.

"You see, Davy," Grandfather said, "what would have happened if I'd stayed in bed like a fool today. It wasn't my time out there, but it was the oak's time here, and that old scythe goes swinging mighty careless. You see what would have happened to me if I hadn't been carrying the rural *free* delivery."

THE END

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COLD WEATHER JOINTS!

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Yes—you can do something to relieve the aching misery of joints that creak with every cold spell! You see, cold weather actually constricts tiny blood vessels, cutting down the supply of nature's own lubricating fluids to your joints—that's why they creak and feel stiff. Rub those aching joints with Absorbine Jr. and your local circulation speeds up. That wonderful "warmth" helps those tiny blood vessels feed your joints with more lubricating fluids—and you feel just grand! Be sure to keep a bottle of Absorbine Jr. on hand. $1.25 at your drugstore.

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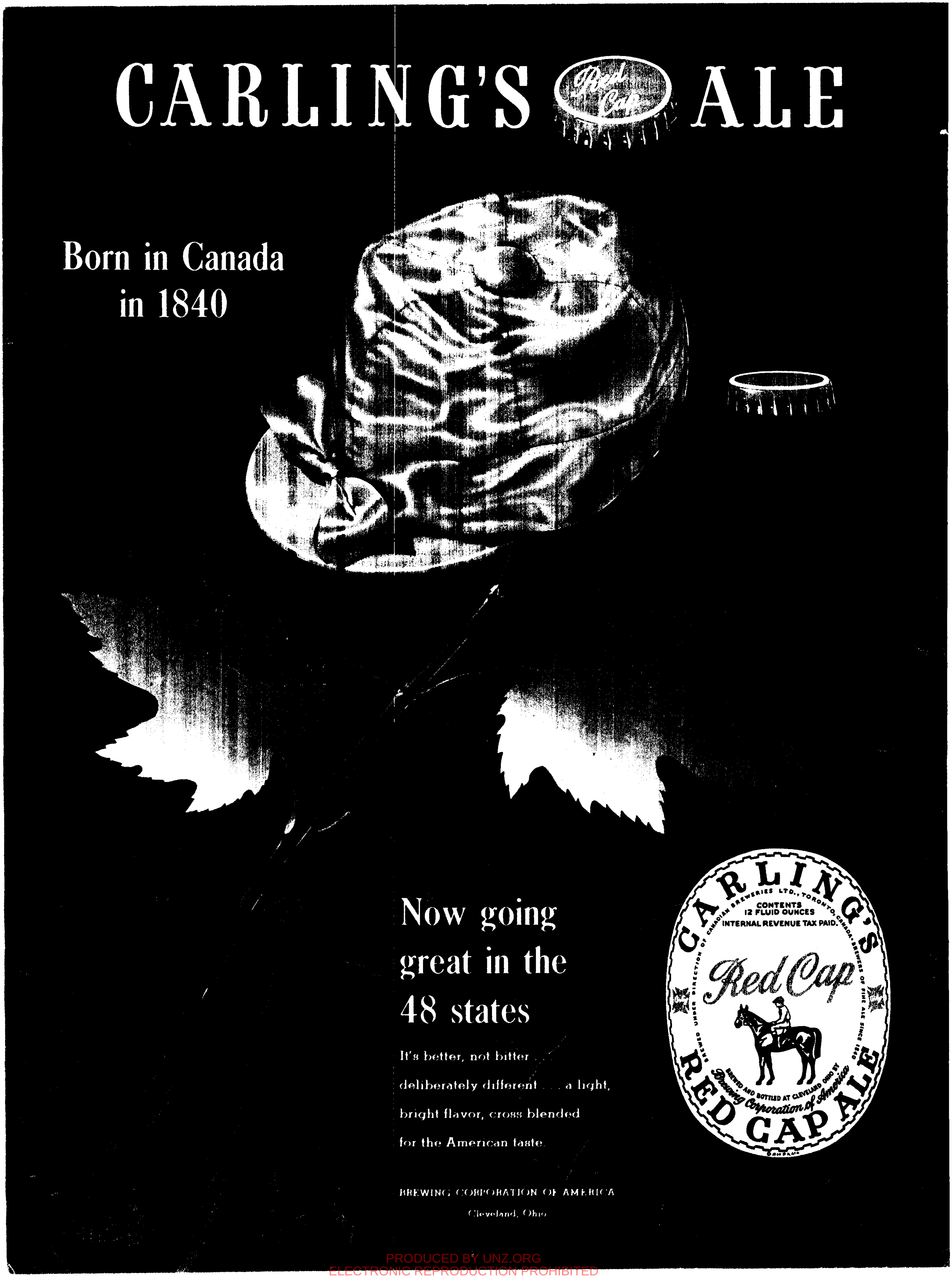

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bright flavor, cross blended
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RED CAP ALE

NO EMERGENCY

Continued from page 20

here, it wouldn't do any good. It's not a pass."

Private Keller picked up the pile of paper slips and thumbed through them awkwardly.

"I don't understand why it isn't here," he said. "The first sergeant said it would be. Can you make me out another one?"

"Hell, no." Sergeant Carter took the pile of passes from Keller's hand and put them back in the drawer. "They been chewing on me all night. I don't want to give 'em anything more to gripe about. I couldn't make you out a pass unless an officer was here to sign it."

Keller persisted. "Do you know when one will be here?"

"Duty officer'll be around in about an hour. I don't know where he is now."

"Ah, I can't wait that long. I'm late now." Private Keller ran his finger up and down the perfect crease in his trousers. "What'll I do?"

"Hell, man, I don't know what you'll do but sit tight and wait for someone to come in here and make out a pass for you. Why's it so important you get it right now?"

Keller twirled his cap through his fingers, then dropped it on the floor. He picked it up and started to twirl it again, then tucked it under his belt instead and put his hands in his pockets. "I guess it doesn't sound important," he said. "My wife's here. She's waiting in town for me. It's our anniversary and we're going out. When I found out I was on K.P. today I had to call her up and tell her I'd be late, but I thought sure I'd be there by now. I'd hate to call her up and tell her I'll be late again."

"Well, I don't know what you can do about it but wait. If you want to wait in here you can."

"No." Private Keller took the cap from under his belt again and put it on. "I'll come back. If someone comes in, make one out for me, will you?" He opened the door, held his fingers against it so it wouldn't slam, and went out.

The duty officer came in half an hour later. He was a young lieutenant, tall, and he walked straight.

"Where are all the jeeps, Sergeant?" he asked.

Sergeant Carter jumped to his feet. "We only have one on duty, sir," he said. "The driver had to take some men to the train."

"Anything very important come up?"

"No, sir. Nothing important. The lights went out in the day room. I called the electrician, but we can't get them fixed until morning. A couple of telegrams came in, but I got them delivered. And a fellow came in wanting a pass. He's going to come back when you're here."

The lieutenant walked into the main office and turned on the light. He picked up a magazine and turned the pages quickly.

The telephone rang in the orderly room. Carter answered it. "Yes, sir," he said into the mouthpiece. "Yes, sir. No, sir, I didn't know. Lieutenant Kramer is here now, sir. All right, thank you, sir." He laid the telephone back in its cradle.

"Who was that?" the lieutenant called through the door.

"It was the major, sir. He was calling from the officers' club. Seems this fellow that was here wanting a pass went to the officers' club looking for you and asked the major if he'd sign it for him."

"He *what?*" The lieutenant swore. "Who is this man?"

"His name's Keller, sir. He was on K.P. today and the first sergeant told him he could have a pass or something, but when he came in tonight looking for it, it wasn't here. He seemed pretty anxious to get it."

"Is he coming back here?"

"Yes, sir. The major said he was sending him back here and for us to give him a pass. I guess he told the major it was important."

"Send him in to see me when he comes."

"Yes, sir."

A LITTLE later, Private Keller walked into the orderly room and removed his cap. Carter glanced at him, then back to the letter he was writing.

"That pass, Sergeant," Keller said.

Carter looked up again. "Oh, you're Keller." He stood up. "Come in here. Lieutenant Kramer wants to see you." He led him into the front office. "Here's the man you wanted to see, sir," he said to the lieutenant.

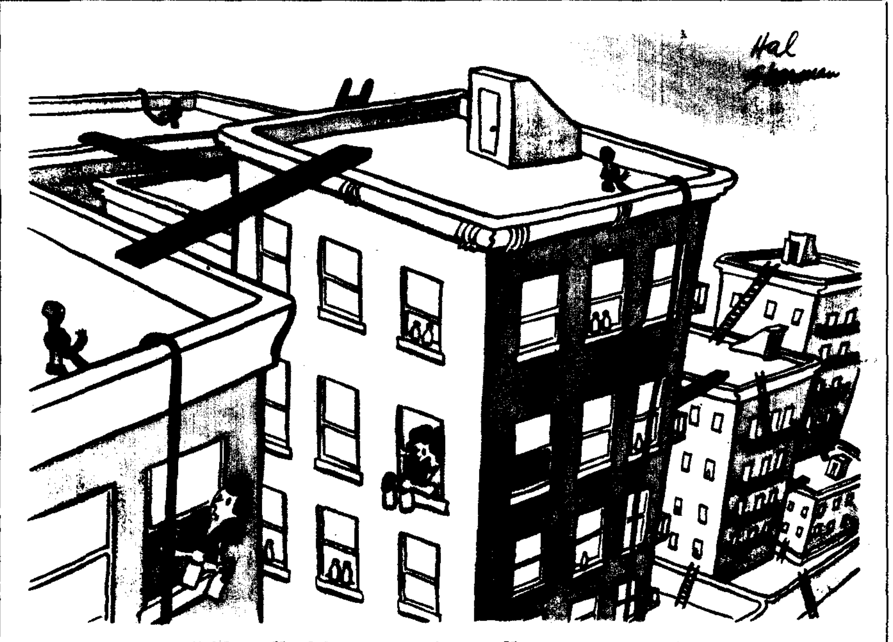
Lieutenant Kramer looked up. He laid down his magazine, placed his elbows on the desk and cupped his palms together. He looked the man in front of him over carefully.

"What's your name, soldier?" he asked.

Keller stood very straight. "Private Keller, sir."

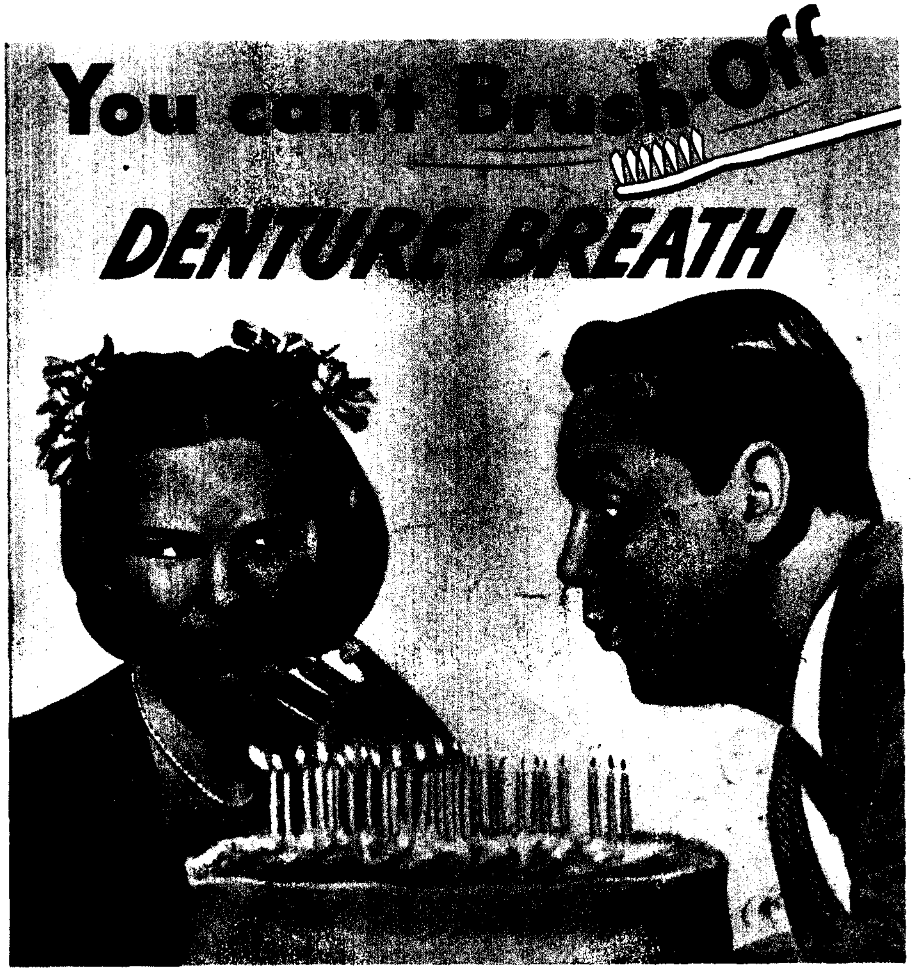
"And what's been all your trouble tonight, Keller?"

Keller allowed his shoulders, straight and erect, to relax, and his hand, hanging



COLLIER'S "I'd really like to see that milkman in action!" HAL SHERMAN

False Teeth Wearers



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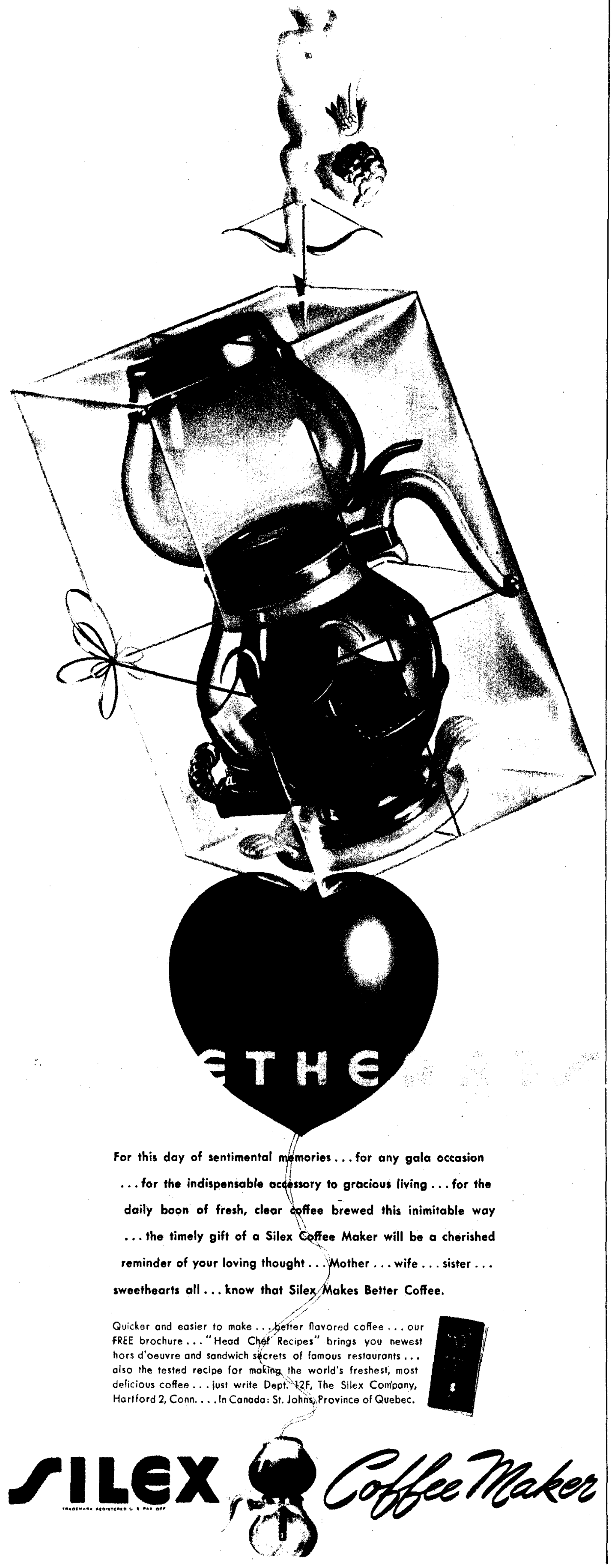

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limp at his side, to creep to the bottom button of his blouse. "Well—no trouble, sir," he said. "It's just—I had a pass here, or I was supposed to have one, and when I came in it wasn't here."

"Then it wasn't any trouble—just an inconvenience, is that it?" Lieutenant Kramer was conscious that that didn't sound just right and he regretted saying it. He didn't want to sound unfair; he didn't want to be unfair. "Who told you you had a pass?" he asked.

"The first sergeant, sir. I was on K.P. today, and I came in and asked the first sergeant if I could have a pass tonight, and he said yes, and when I came in it wasn't here."

"I see. So you felt that that justified your going over to the officers' club and asking a major to sign your pass?"

"Well—" Keller's hands were back at his side, but he couldn't get the feeling of being at attention. He felt that his feet were wide apart, or that he was stooping or that his head was hanging. "Sir, I was looking for you. I didn't go there to get him to sign it, sir."

"But you asked him, nevertheless. What is it you're going into town for?"

PRIVATE KELLER lost all desire to stand erect at attention. He felt himself sag. "My wife's here."

"But you told the major it was important. Is it important, Keller?"

"Well—yes, sir."

"Have you seen her yet? Did she just get here?"

"I've seen her, sir. She got here last night."

"Will she be here long?"

"Yes, sir. Two or three weeks."

"Well, then." The lieutenant's tone was lower. "I can't see what all the fuss is about. This wasn't anything drastically important, nothing that would justify your doing anything so irregular." Something caught on the word "irregular," and he went back again. "Nothing that would justify your going over to the officers' club to get this pass signed."

"Well, sir"—Keller clasped his hands tightly behind him and spoke quietly—"this seemed particularly important to me tonight."

"Why?"

"It's our anniversary." A great weariness went through Keller with the words.

"Oh. I see." The lieutenant sat far back in his chair. "But it wasn't anything *really* important, was it? I mean, it wasn't an emergency?"

"No, sir. It wasn't an emergency."

"No. You see, it wasn't an emergency. Your wife's here, and you want to join her in town. That's understandable. But it isn't as if this were the only night she'd be here. I'd like to be home tonight, too. It's one of those things, Keller, just one of those things. You have to expect them in the Army, and surely your wife understands that. I'm sure you do, Keller."

Keller focused his eyes on a blotter that lay on the lieutenant's desk. His fingernails were pressing into the palm of his hand. Lieutenant Kramer waited for Keller to say something; and when he didn't, the lieutenant searched for a way to end the interview. He took a packet of pass forms from his desk drawer and hurriedly signed his name on one.

"Sergeant Carter," he called.

Carter came to the door.

"Make this pass out for Private Keller."

"Yes, sir," Sergeant Carter said, and he took the signed blank from the lieutenant and went into the outer office. Keller followed him. Carter sat at the typewriter and inserted the pass in the machine.

"What's your full name?" he asked.

"Edmond Keller."

"Private . . . Edmond . . . Keller. Okay. Serial number?"

Keller told him, and Carter's fingers clacked down the responses. "Now. How long's this supposed to be for?" He went to the door of the lieutenant's office and said, "Sir, do you want this to end at midnight or at six?"

"Well—" The lieutenant hesitated and then called to Keller: "Keller, if we make this out till six in the morning, can you be back by then?"

Keller waited a full three seconds before speaking.

"Yes, sir," he said.

"You sure?"

The muscles in Keller's shoulders and in the back of his neck were tight and heavy. "Yes, sir."

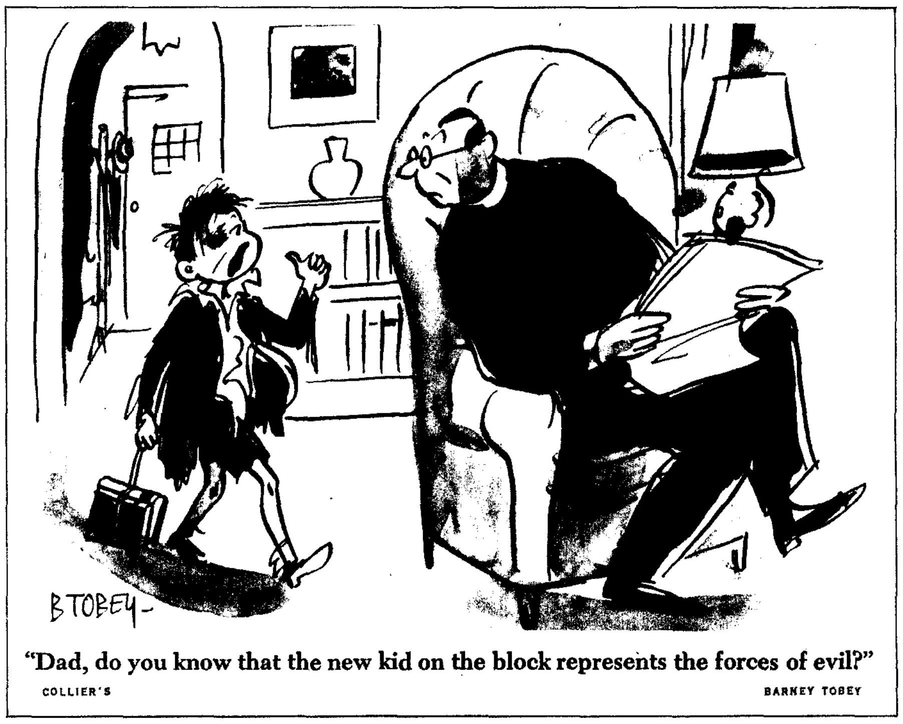
"All right," the lieutenant said, "make it out till six, Sergeant."

Carter came back and filled in the time. Keller took the pass from him when he had finished. His hand ached where his fingernails had been digging deep into the flesh of his palm. He opened the door and pushed the cap over his head and went out.

The bus was loading passengers at the corner, and he started to run for it. Then he stopped running and began to walk. The warmth of earlier evening was gone and the air was chilly, and he realized he should have brought his overcoat. His throat felt full. He cleared it noisily and spat on the ground, and for no reason at all smarting tears welled in his eyes. "Damn," he said softly to himself. Then, aloud and with feeling: "Damn, damn, damn, damn!"

He started running again for the bus.

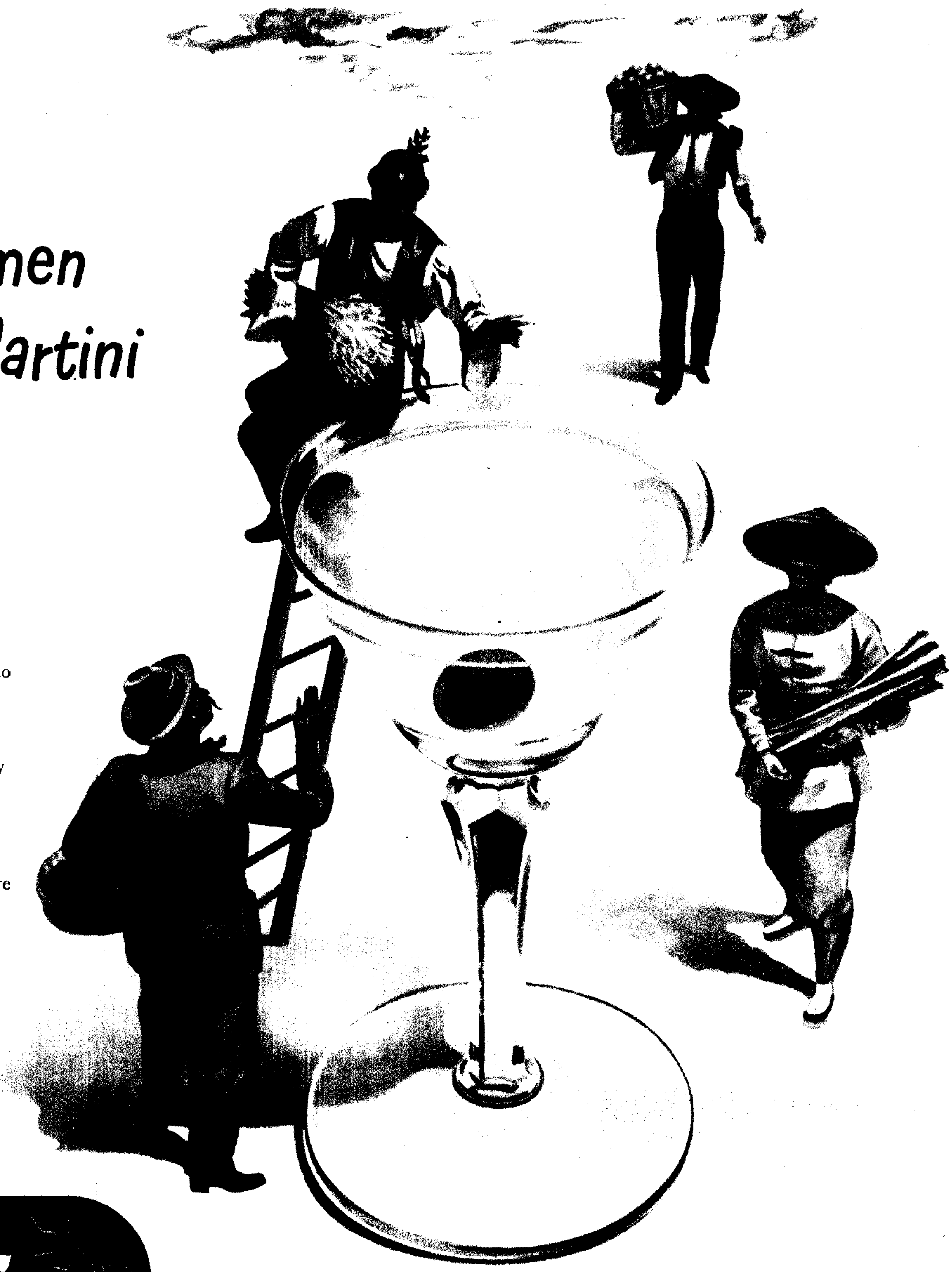
THE END



"Dad, do you know that the new kid on the block represents the forces of evil?"

COLLIER'S BARNEY TOBEY

These little men make a great Martini



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Here's what they do.
Those little men symbolize the *real* men who grow and harvest Hiram Walker's prized IMPORTED BOTANICALS . . . tangy cassia from China, spicy juniper from Italy, delicate herbs, roots and berries from many lands . . . the world's finest.

Even the best isn't good enough
for Hiram Walker's Gin in some years. You see, fine as they are, these botanicals are finer in *some* years than in *others* . . . they have their best, their "vintage" years. *Only then* do we buy them.

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Even the best mixers agree on this: *Hiram Walker's Gin makes a Martini something to be remembered!*

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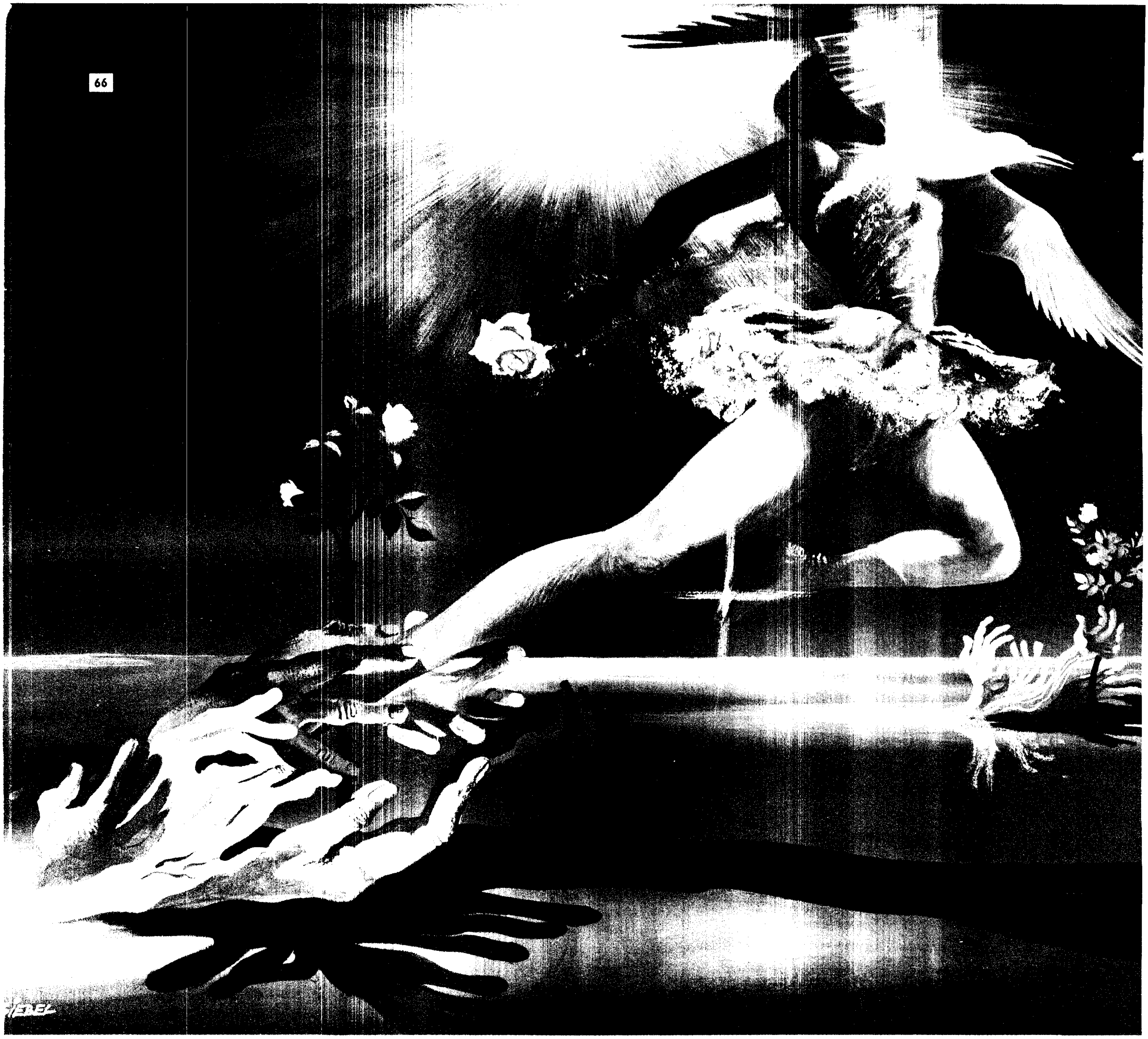


THE DARK DEVICE

BY HANNAH LEES

CONTINUING THE ABSORBING ROMANCE OF A WOMAN IN PERIL

ILLUSTRATED BY FREDERICK SIEBEL

The Story:

CHRISTINA LINGER, beautiful Norwegian skating star, barely avoids killing her widowed father, BERG, when she leaps over his prostrate figure during their sensational ice number, The Flight. After the "accident" Tina consults a psychiatrist, DR. SIMON SWORD. In spite of Tina's frantic declarations of filial love, her dreams and anxieties indicate to Dr. Sword that Tina has a strong subconscious desire to kill her father. A reporter, DILL DOONER, who knew Tina's older brother LARSEN in the Army, tells Sword that Tina is in danger. According to Larsen, Berg is a sadistic tyrant who has killed his wife and placed the blame on Tina, and Berg will even resort to physical violence to enforce his domination of his family. Sword refuses to believe the story, but Dill, who watches Berg, is increasingly alarmed and is determined to try to protect Tina, as well as her younger brother and sister, THOR and ALMA. Through her daily visits to Dr. Sword, Tina realizes that she wants to kill her father and that she must not skate The Flight until she is cured. She gradually slips away from her father's domination, refusing to obey his orders to stop seeing Sword, and insisting that she be allowed to skate solo. The day of her opening appearance, she startles Sword by kissing him and declaring she loves him. Determined not to encourage her love in any way, Sword decides not to watch her skate that night. As he reviews Tina's childhood memories and recalls Larsen's story, however, he becomes concerned for Tina's safety. This will be the first time she has skated without Berg; this will be the time for Berg to act—to counterattack.

III

YOU'RE looking very beautiful today, Sea Gull." Dill Dooner fell in step beside Tina as she came out of Sword's office. "What did the witch doctor tell you today to make you look like this?"

"Don't tease me. I thought we were friends, and friends don't tease each other."

"I'd have said it was only friends who dared tease each other," he answered, "but all right, I won't. Do we have tea today, or, since you're looking so beautiful, is this the day for a drink?" He looked at his watch. "It's five o'clock, what is known as the cocktail hour."

Sometimes she came out at four and sometimes at five, he had found out, and sometimes she had tea with him and sometimes he just walked home with her, but he always teased her about not drinking. It was fun to see her adolescent bewilderment.

Today she turned and laughed. "All right, since I am so beautiful today. I am, as Dr. Sword sometimes tells me, getting to be a big girl and it is high time I had a cocktail."

He whistled and his eyebrows lifted. "That's wonderful. Let's stop in here at the Flamingo. I hope you notice I always take you to smart places. Meaning it's an honor to be seen with you, and also at the smart places I get drinks free. Do you know what you want?"

"Prescribe, Doctor, please." Her voice was at the same time composed and provocative.

After he'd ordered he looked at her critically. All of a sudden she had stopped being an appealing little girl and become a tantalizing wench. "If I didn't know you'd just been with your witch doctor," he remarked, "and if I didn't know about analytic integrity, I'd say you'd been kissing someone."

"You weren't going to tease me," she murmured, blushing. "Analysis is very serious and I won't joke about it."

"Okay, I'll tell you about all the other famous people here. The old war horse over there, with the purple hair under the green roses, is Kate Boom, the movie gossip writer. She used to troupe with my ma and knew me in diapers. Want to go in the movies, Sea Gull? I'll introduce you to her. It's an awfully good start, knowing Kate Boom."

She did have a kissed look, he was thinking, and maybe analytic integrity was more variable than people thought. Oddly, in spite of a pang of jealousy, he found he had more respect for Simon Sword. The hell with dreams and repressions and the subconscious life. If Sword, by whatever means, could make Tina look like this, he had something.

"We've never wanted to go to Hollywood," she said with faint scorn. "There have been offers, Berg says, but never a good enough one for the Lingers. Hollywood is not for families."

It might be for you, for this Tina, he started to say, then decided to skip it. She'd just quote Berg some more.

She looked at him, her eyes as bright as turquoises, then slowly lowered her lashes as she picked up her glass. "A strong first drink," she murmured, and he realized that today was the first time he had heard anything in her voice but naïveté. This could be quite a gal, this Tina; this could be quite a work, quite a lifework, even.

"Nervous about tonight?" he asked.

She smiled in secret amusement at something. "No. I suppose I should be."

"If you're any better than you were in rehearsal the other day they'll tear the floor up."

"Dill. You snooped."

"Sure I snooped," he admitted; "I'm a reporter."

"So I can't trust you."

"You can't?" He smiled at her tranquilly. She looked back curiously, then picked up her glass. When she put it down it was empty.

"Well." He grinned. "I feel better. There's still some of the old Tina left, the innocent little thing. Sophisticated dames sip Bacardis, my girl. Remember that if you're going to cultivate this new role."

"There's so much I don't know about life, Dill. Berg has tried to keep us unspoiled, but what if something should happen to him?" She stopped. "I mean," she said, quickly, "everybody has to grow up. You must tell me what I do that seems babyish. I don't want to be a little girl any more."

Lord, she was beautiful today. Her unpowdered high cheekbones were a faint rose, and as smooth as satin. "You'll be quite a woman," he said, "but don't rush it. It'll happen. Mind if I stick around and watch?"

"Stick around and help." She laughed softly. "Lessons in liquor, Mr. Dillingham Dooner, by appoint—" Her voice stopped like a needle lifted off a record. She was staring up over his head.

"Sea Gull," he said in alarm, and turned.

BERG LINGER was standing behind him, his face accusingly cold and bitter. I'm not seducing your daughter, old man, Dill wanted to say, just buying her a drink, but the words froze as he looked back at Tina. You couldn't be flippant in the face of her alarm.

"Hello, Mr. Linger," he said instead. "Have a drink?"

"The Lingers do not drink, Mr. Dooner. Didn't Tina tell you that? One cannot skate and drink, too."

"I was only going to give her one," Dill apologized quietly. "The first show is three hours away."

"The Lingers do not drink. I consider this an unfriendly act. Tina is not to see you again. There will be no more interviews with any of us."

"I asked for the drink, Papa." Tina was trying to make light of the thing. "I felt experimental."

"Experimental." The word dropped from his lips as if disgusting. "You, Tina. Must I remind you that you are not one to be experimental? Must I remind you why? You are more stupid than I could have thought possible."

This was fantastic, Dill thought, looking from one to the other. But Berg didn't think so. His eyes were hard with anger. Tina didn't think so. She had gone white and suddenly limp.

"Yes, Papa," she said, almost under her breath. "It was stupid. I'm sorry." All the life had gone out of her face.

"You may well be. It is a good thing I happened to come in here to telephone. Stupid people clearly can't be trusted alone. You'll excuse us, Mr. Dooner?"

Tina got up silently and they were gone before Dill could ever say, "See you tonight." He watched her following the tall figure of her father between the tables and out the door. Like a dog, he thought, like a dog who has been whipped and brought to heel.

He wished Larsen were here to talk the thing over with him, and for a moment felt a flash of resentment. If Larsen didn't have the guts to come home and fight this himself, what right had he to ask anyone else to do it?

He shrugged his shoulders but knew as he did so that he was shrugging off no responsibility, rather shrugging off doubts. He was too deep in this thing to walk out on it and when he asked himself why, he had to admit that the little Sea Gull had got under his skin. What's more, right this minute he was afraid for her. He didn't know why, he didn't know if he was crazy, but there was something in Berg Linger's eyes that made you afraid.

He didn't feel much bounce as he got up, but from force of habit he pretended it.

"Katie, darling." He dropped into the seat next to Kate Boom. "Remember what a mean diaper you used to swing when your old friend Susie Dooner had a date? I'm it, remember? Little Dilly Dooner. You're looking luscious, pet."

"Dilly, you mad child. The last time I saw you, you weren't shaving and now you're involved with beautiful girls with jealous husbands." Kate had always been arch. "I saw it all, Dilly, but your back was turned. If I'd known it was you . . . He was standing at the bar watching you and his face, really, lover, it made me quake. You should be more discreet, you really should, but then the son of Susie Dooner . . ."

Dill put his hand on hers to stop the flow. "Standing at the bar was he, sweet? How long?"

"Oh, a good ten minutes. That beautiful grim creature just stood there, no drink, no cigarette, just that black look. Then like a panther stalking, he moved toward your table. It was very dramatic. She's beautiful, Dilly, yet. Would I know her?"

"You should. It was Tina Linger, the ice angel. And the man was not a jealous husband but a protective father. He objected to her having a cocktail. Tell me, Kate, don't skaters ever drink, even to be polite?"

KATE rumbled a chuckle up through three chins. "Skaters drink? I remember old Harry Waterwings used to say it takes an edge to make an edge. And how he wowed them! Papa must think you're dangerous. Are you dangerous, Dilly?"

"I wish I were," he grunted. "You're missing a bet, Katie, if you don't know the Lingers. Whole show at the Fire and Ice Room. Tina would wow 'em in Hollywood. You ought to discover her."

"Tina Linger." She rolled the name around on her tongue. "Seems to me I wrote a thing about her once. Never saw the gal but there was something about her being offered a fat contract and turning it down."

"You mean the whole family or just Tina?" He didn't sound eager but he felt it.

"Oh, has she a family?"

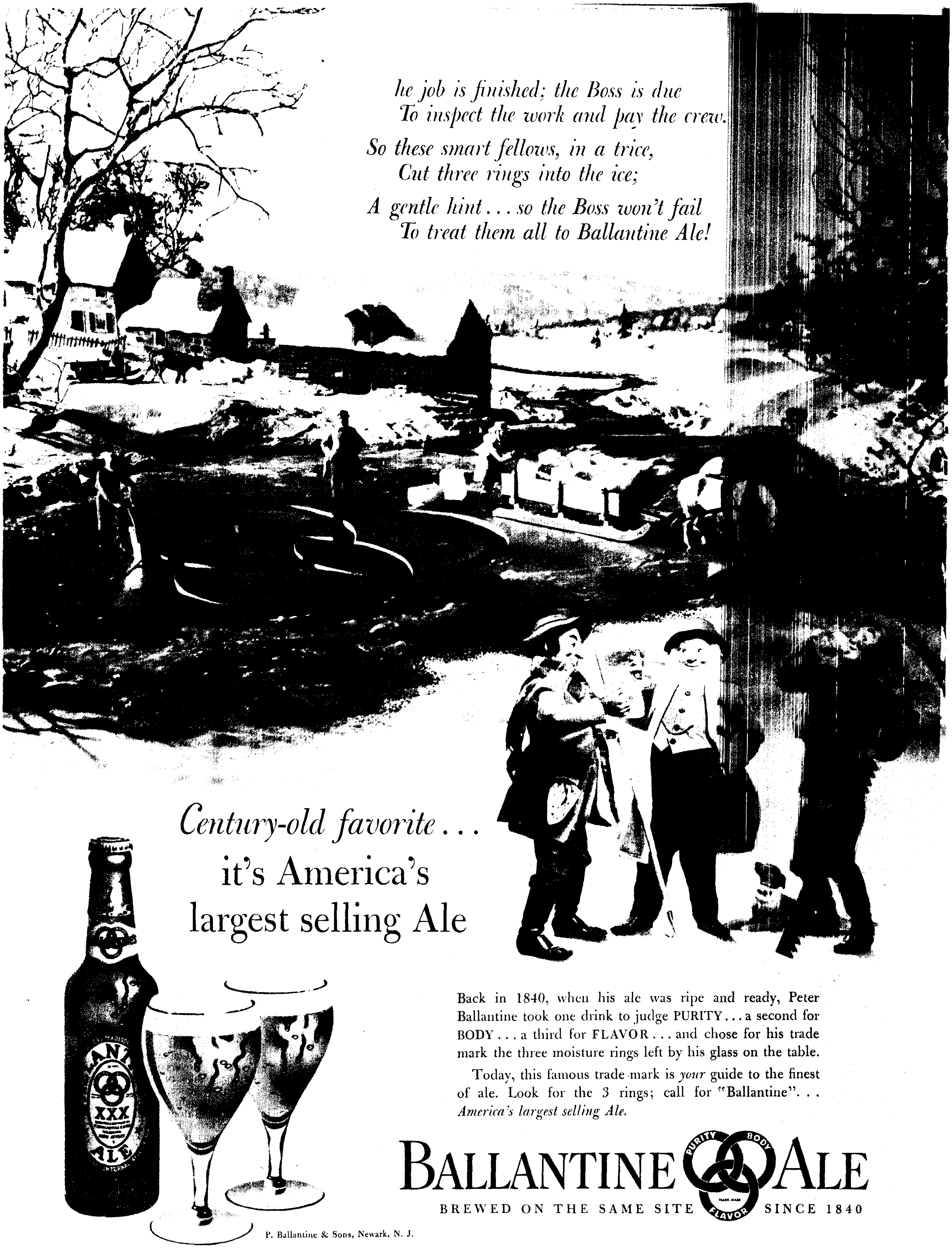
"I was telling you, dear," he said patiently. "She has the damnedest family you ever ran into. They all skate. They are the show at the Lavish. Why don't you take it in tonight? Tina has a new solo."

"Will do. Are you coming along?"

"Afraid not," he answered. "I kind of flit, but I'll see you." He didn't just know why but he wanted to be free tonight. He didn't know what was going to happen. But why had Berg Linger stood and waited for Tina to finish drinking her cocktail before coming up, if he was so antialcohol?

At half past seven Dill wandered into the Fire and Ice Room. It was already pretty crowded, and the crowd, he thought as he glanced around, looked more sophisticated every week.

"I've saved a table for you, Mr. Dooner." Covers oozed up out of the shining banks of linen and silver. "Right by the ice. I thought you'd be around tonight. That Tina." He guided Dill along as he talked. "A genuine artist. Her solo is sensational. Berg Linger is a fine skater, too, but getting on. He knows what a property he has in that girl, won't let her out of his sight. A nice Manhattan this evening? I'll order it myself. And



he job is finished; the Boss is due
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later perhaps some oysters and the chicken under glass."

"Why are you so good to me, Covers?" Dill murmured. "It couldn't be my circulation?" He looked around at the orchestra and the dancers. "By the way, Covers, if Kate Boom, the Hollywood gossip, drops around, treat her like a queen. It won't hurt you if she likes the place. Guess I'll drop back scene while that drink mixes."

He wandered over to the entrance where the skaters came on and pushed the curtain aside. Eight little rose trees in shining copper pots stood in one corner. Dill looked closer. The branches were covered with real roses stuck in little tubes of water concealed among the leaves.

As he was admiring them Alma stuck her head out of one of the dressing rooms.

"Hi, dumpling." He grinned. "Pretty handsome props. Tina dream these up, too?"

She giggled nervously. "We aren't supposed to talk to you any more, Dill. Father is furious and Tina is in a state."

"Is he still wild, no kidding?"

"When Berg gets mad, it lasts and lasts. He's the most wonderful father, Dill, but sometimes I think he loves us too much."

The next time, Dill thought, a young Linger says "He is a wonderful father," I may have a screaming attack. He grinned. "If Berg's going to come between us, dumpling, let's meet clandestinely. We can have a marshmallow-sundae assignation some afternoon next week. I'll leave a note behind the mirror in the hall on your floor and you leave an answer."

Alma giggled again. "Dill, you're a dream man."

Thor came out of one of the alcoves and went directly to Alma. His round young face was contracted with fatigue, but it merely looked more comically clownlike than ever as he said earnestly, "D-don't do it, Alma. We'll j-just all be s-sorry. I'm s-sorry, Dill, but y-you're s-supposed to be a c-c-c-contaminating influence."

He and Alma both turned nervously at a sound in the passage and disappeared into their dressing rooms as Tina and Berg came in.

"I know it is going to be hard, little one. You are under a strain and have been upset," Berg was saying soothingly. "But just relax and it will be all right, I hope." He saw Dooner and nodded stiffly. Tina said, "Hello," as if she scarcely knew him, and went into her dressing room.

FEELING depressed and irrationally guilty, Dill went to his table and began to work on the Manhattan. He saw Covers standing at the door shaking his head politely at some man who wanted a table. Then Covers shifted and he could see the man's face. It was Sword.

Psychoanalysts who looked like farmers weren't likely to be chummy with headwaiters. Dill stood up and waved vigorously.

"Never, never exclude a famous analyst like Dr. Sword, Covers," he reproved when they came over. "In your work you never know when you'll need one. Hi, Doc! Sit with me if you can take it. I'm alone."

Sword seemed grateful but uncomfortable. "This is very generous of you. I thought tonight was the big solo and I thought—"

"Sure." Dill decided to set Sword at his ease. "Just saw the props—some swell little rose trees with real roses on them. It's going to be a honey."

"Did you see Tina?" Sword still seemed strained.

"Yep, kid was kind of nervous."

Sword looked at him rather hard. "I'm glad to see you tonight, aside from getting a table. I've thought about you since we last talked." He seemed to be placing the words carefully on the table.

"Thanks," said Dill. "I've been thinking of you, too, not tenderly."

"I was pretty intolerant," Sword acknowledged. "I still think you and Larsen Linger are carrying the melodrama pretty far when you worry about life and limb. But I'm a lot more willing now to concede what a stinker Berg Linger can be."

"Take a real stinker and how can you know what he wouldn't do?"

"It's just that physical violence isn't in the picture as I see it," said Sword slowly. "Anything else, maybe, but not that."

"You're awful sure."

"Maybe. It's a funny thing, Dooner, and dangerous, I'll admit, but psychiatrists get to feel they can smell a storm coming up."

"How?" Dill was just short of frankly scornful, and Simon smiled.

"I think the patient smells trouble subconsciously, and the doctor, also subconsciously, sees her nose wrinkle."

COLLIER'S JARO FABRY

Sword was being elaborately impersonal, thought Dill. "Frankly," he said, "I smell it now, right now. My hackles are way up."

"Any particular reasons as of today?"

"Some. I met our mutual lovely coming from your office and she was feeling so wonderful she let me buy her a drink at the Flamingo." Dill found himself watching Sword as he said this. He still wondered what had given Tina that glow, but Sword's face told nothing.

Dill finished the story and said grimly, "I'm an unfriendly nation now. And, Doc, I'm scared. The glow in Tina went off like blowing out a candle, not at first, not until Berg said a few things. I'm still pretty fresh from fear."

"Remember what he said?"

"Not much that made sense, something about she'd better not think she could trust herself." His face grew even more serious. "He could get her so hysterical she couldn't function, you know. He was well on the way to that when they left. He could get her ripe for any accident. Skating's a delicate business."

Sword didn't say anything, but fished in his pocket and got out a prescription blank and a stub of pencil. He wrote a few words on the blank, folded it and called a waiter.

"Will you take this to Miss Tina Linger right now before the show? Don't give it to anyone else for her. See that she gets it personally."

"Psychological counterattack?" Dill's eyes were inquisitive. "If you take this much interest in all your patients, it must fill your life up."

"Not all." Sword didn't smile as he answered. "Very smart the way they work that floor, isn't it?"

The dance floor had been darkened, and was slowly, almost imperceptibly, sliding away at their feet, leaving a smooth expanse of turquoise ice, as the floor receded into the walls.

Dill decided to play along. "They flood it after each show, you know, and it freezes up while the customers dance. Some ice shows use plastic floors but it slows the skating."

The lights went on the ice and the Lingers appeared in peasant costumes. Berg explained in his low, musical voice that this was an original arrangement of an old Norwegian folk song about two farmers and their wives who went to the fair and had too much wine. "We will sing some of it and skate all of it," he finished.

They gave a very convincing illusion of family solidarity, Sword thought, even Tina. Her face was perfectly composed but it was the dream-maiden face. She smiled and laughed but she wasn't really there. He had scarcely made a dent in that wall Berg had erected around her, he thought, and wondered if she had got his note. The idea that this creature had been in his arms a few hours earlier was fantastic.

Then her searching eyes found his, and for a moment her whole face glowed into life.

It was like an electric shock and, even as he braced himself against it, Sword knew he should never have come tonight. They talked a good deal in psychiatric circles about countertransference, usually flippantly, sometimes bawdily, but it had always seemed a fairly silly complication other people ran into. There had been plenty of appealing women among his patients, but he had somehow been too absorbed in his analytic theories of neuroses to be more than professionally touched by them. He would have to examine this thing and get rid of it. Other analysts had, the good ones, anyway. But he was still shaken. He tried to give a return smile that was at once encouraging and impersonal.

He scarcely saw the first acts, absorbed in this professional and at the same time highly unprofessional problem. Then Dill whispered, "Here it comes," and Sword realized some men were pushing little potted trees out onto the ice.

"He has to have his finger in it." Dill grunted. Sword could see Berg skating around in the dark, directing the placing of the pots, even stooping to push them a little here and there as if the men couldn't get them just right.

THE lights shifted so that the ice was dark except for an oval of silver light where the trees were. The orchestra began a minuet, and Tina appeared in an absolutely unornamented ballet dress of silver net. Her hair was dressed into a high formal crown of curls and her face had a faint smile like a young girl dreaming. She had never looked more beautiful or less real as she floated around and around each row of trees in two long ovals with a slow, apparently effortless, spin at each end. But when she looked at Sword her mouth curved a little more.

Then, as if she saw the roses for the first time, she began to weave in and out among the little trees, all but touching the roses with loving fingers as she swayed among the trees. In and out she wove, again and again, each time going a little faster. It had an almost intolerably hypnotic effect and just as Sword felt he couldn't stand it, the music changed to a Slavic dance. She swooped down through the center, turned at the end, and leaped from one foot to the other in a perfect half circle around the end tree, snatching a flower as she did and throwing it straight to him.

But as she landed, her skate seemed to stick. She stumbled a little and a look of distress went over her face. She caught herself, smiled, and with a half turn made another leap around the inside of the second tree and picked and threw another rose.

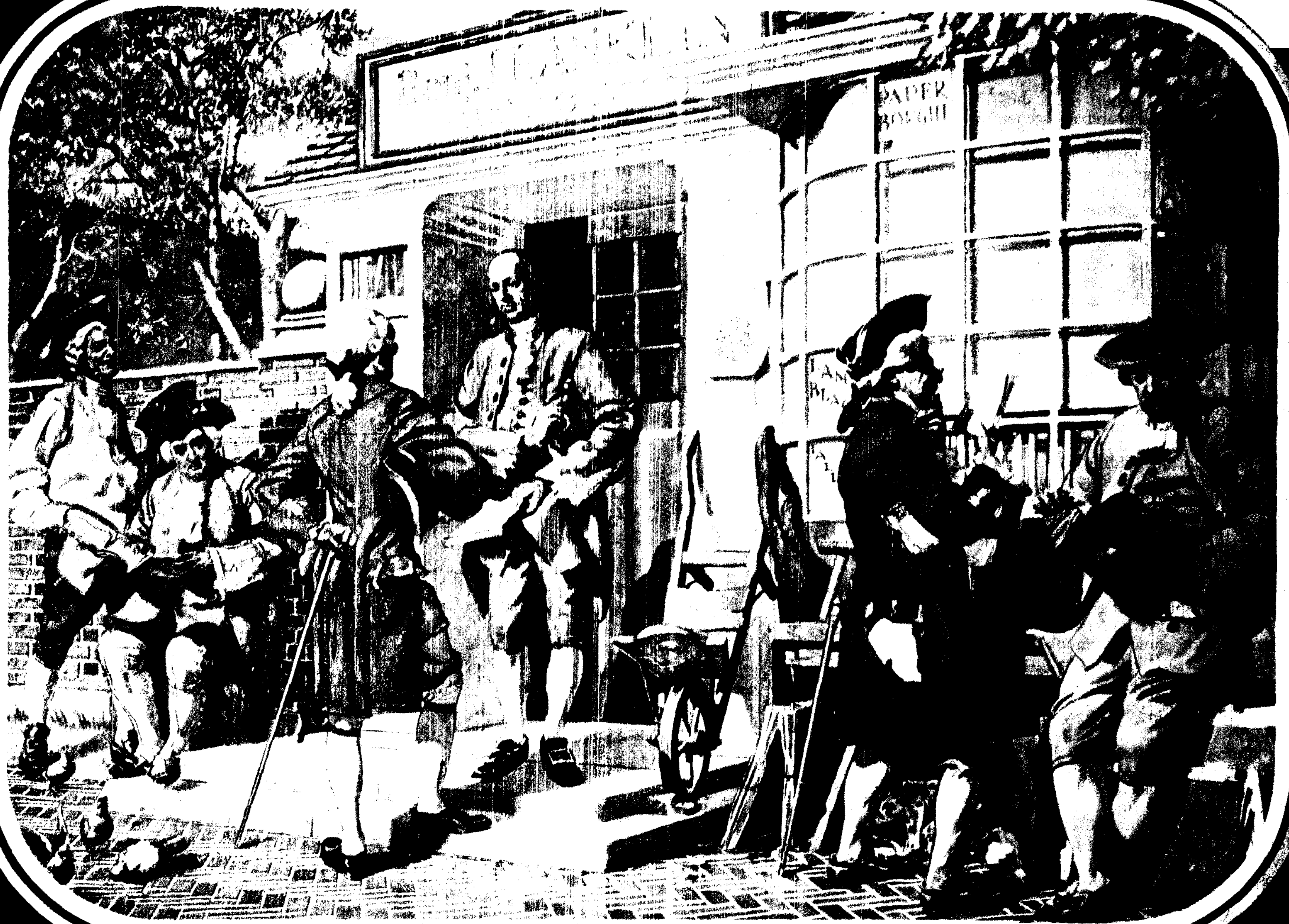
Again she stumbled when she landed and this time she almost fell.

The third time the landing was worse than ever and she sprawled heavily on the ice. It was like an amateur who had tried to do something too difficult and the audience sat in an embarrassed silence.

When she pulled herself up, her face was grayer than the silver of her dress and her smile was forced and mechanical. She didn't try to jump again but skated rapidly and easily among the trees, picking the roses and throwing them to the diners. It was pretty enough but a miserable anticlimax.

She went off quickly, and the whole family came on and bowed, Berg holding Tina's hand protectively and pushing her forward to receive the applause. She smiled and smiled but the shame and defeat behind her smile were almost more than Sword could bear.

"Were you watching that ice?" Dill murmured, as the ice went dark.



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"No, I was watching Tina," Sword said. "It was all so smooth until all of a sudden. I can't quite see . . ."

"I can't either." Dill hadn't taken his eyes off the ice. "I saw her do the thing a couple of days ago. It's tough skating but she took it like a breeze, like a swallow. I think there was something wrong with the ice."

"I'd like to think so," Sword said drearily, "but she covered the same ice earlier in the act. She went between all the pots. There couldn't be anything wrong. It was only when she tried to leap and pick a flower at the same time. I guess it took too much co-ordination."

"She did it in rehearsal," Dill repeated stubbornly, "and I'm not sure she covered exactly the same ice, earlier." He pointed. "Good skaters follow a pattern as if it were drawn with a pencil, never leaving the outline."

THE floor was slowly closing over from each end, but in the remaining space, Sword could see a faint series of circles—faint, but narrow and distinct.

"When she jumped, she landed inside those circles," Dill explained. "See where it's dug up."

"What are you talking about?" Absorbed in what Tina's unexpected collapse must imply, Sword was impatient. "What's on your mind?"

"Just this."

Dill stepped over the little wall at their feet onto the slowly moving dance floor and scooped up a double handful of ice shavings.

"You wouldn't be needing an analyst?" Sword asked.

"Nope." Dill didn't seem amused. "I need a glass of water."

He packed the turquoise shavings into his half-full glass of water. "It could have been sand or something that made Tina stumble like that."

They both watched the ice disappear into liquid, making the water faintly blue but leaving no residue. Dill rubbed his wet hands together. He looked down at them and then dipped his finger in the blue liquid and tasted it.

"Like the flavor of the dye?" Sword found all this quaint behavior profoundly irritating.

"Like it? Not very much, Doc. Taste the damn' stuff. It's sweet," Dill said.

"That bastard!" he went on, as Sword dipped his own finger and tasted. "That low-lived stinking bastard! What would happen if you sprinkled sugar on scratched-up ice? It wouldn't show and it would dissolve almost right away leaving a sticky spot. Skates have to run awful slick in figure skating. Even shreds of tobacco on the ice can cause trouble. Berg knew Tina's pattern well enough so he could have dropped some sugar while he was helping place the pots, dropped it just where she'd land in those jumps."

"It's very sweet," Sword agreed, "and sticky." He rubbed his finger with his thumb. "It's possible, my friend, you've got something here."

"Very smart." Dill didn't seem to hear him. "It was the last act. The floor rolls over, and the ice is flooded. If Tina says the ice was bad, how can she ever prove it? What a heel that guy is. Tina could have been badly hurt when she fell if she hadn't had such beautiful balance. There's your physical violence, Doctor."

Sword's eyes met Dill's squarely. "You win," he said. "I don't suppose he wanted to hurt her much this time, just destroy her confidence, but push a man who would do this a little further and you could have murder."

"Now what?" Dill's glance had gone back to the glass. "What do we do about wonderful Papa?"

"I'm going to tell Tina."

"What if she won't believe it?" Dill asked.

"She's got to believe it. We'll have to make her. It's too dangerous not to, in several ways."

"Also dangerous to try it, unless we can scare Berg. There is also the angle," Dill went on broodingly, "of Tina's reputation. There's Kate Boom from Hollywood over there, the gal with the purple hair, biggest gossip in the United States, bar none. If she's going to think Tina blows up in a crisis, everyone's going to think it. What if I should tell her it was maybe the result of dirty work? She'd eat it up and veiledly publish it."

"Why don't we," said Sword, "drop over and gossip with the lady? Then we might go up to my office and make notes on what you remember Larsen said, and come back and see what happens at midnight."

Dill pushed back his chair and got up. "Right, but first I think I'll get the official version of what happened."

He didn't wait for Sword's reaction, just brushed past the tables in his way and down the steps and through the velvet curtains. Berg was just going into Tina's dressing room. No one else was around.

"Mr. Linger."

"I've nothing to say to you."

"I have to you, though," said Dill, "unless you'd rather read it in the paper."

"Say it quickly then." Berg turned irritably.

"Nasty spill Tina took. What happened?" Dill asked conversationally.

"Skaters can't drink, Dooner. If this is an attempt at an apology . . ."

Dill raised his eyebrows. "Would it be the cocktail that made the ice sticky where Tina fell?"

"Sticky?"

"Yep. I scraped some of it up. It was sticky."

"You've a fertile imagination."

"Then two of us have. A friend of mine felt it, too. Who do you suppose could have made that ice sticky just where Tina might fall?" The question came soft but distinct.

"In that case someone was very careless." Berg was suddenly more gracious but ignored the question. "I'll speak to Tina and have Covers investigate. It was good of you to tell me."

"Not very." Dill's mouth performed a smile. "You see, I think someone did it deliberately."

"If I believed that," said Berg, "I think I'd notify the police."

"I figured the police would only be interested in this if something more serious should happen to Tina. I kind of hoped to interest you. Preventively as it were, Mr. Linger."

"I'm afraid I haven't your sense of melodrama, Dooner. Who could possibly wish my daughter harm?"

Dill's eyes held Berg's squarely. "I've got a very interesting answer. Would you like me to tell you?"

"I'm in rather a hurry now." Berg smiled and looked away. "Tina needs me. Some other time, perhaps."

"Any time. I just wanted you to know what I knew about that ice, in case anything else should happen. As her father, it might be worth your while to see that nothing does."

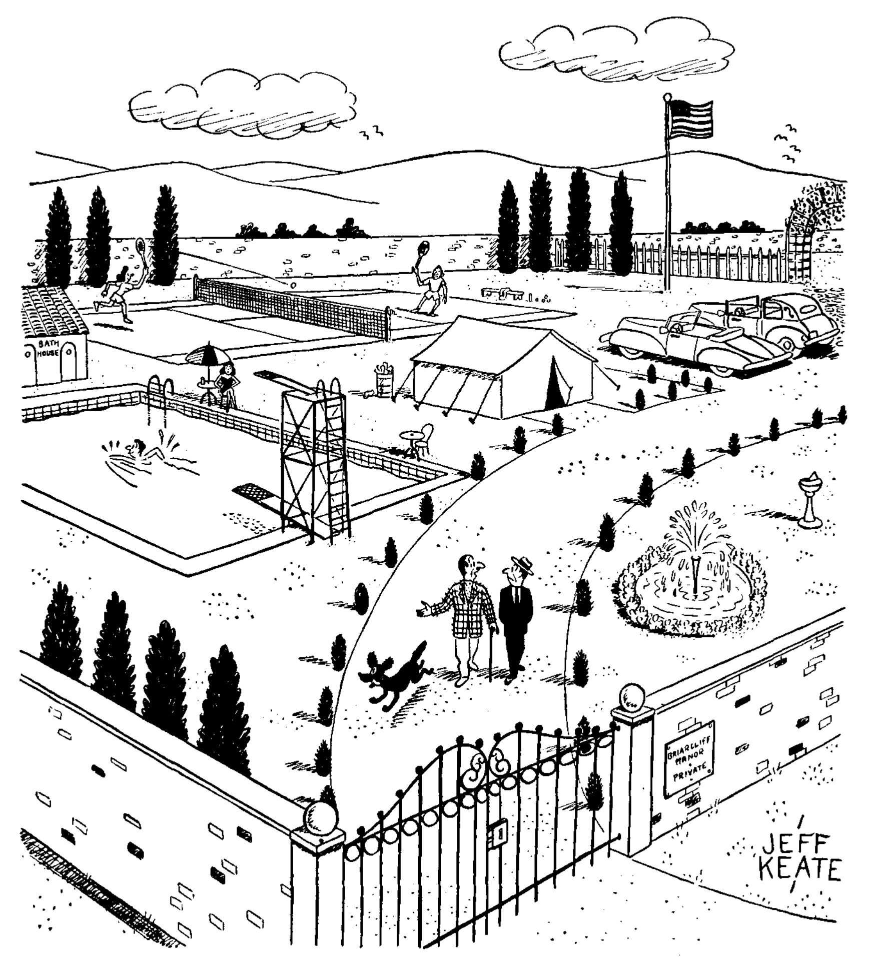
"Naturally." Berg shrugged gracefully. "But also there will be no more cocktails. Now if you'll excuse me . . ."

TINA could hear Berg's voice outside her dressing room, but she felt too sick to listen. Berg was probably explaining, apologizing for her to Covers. Alma hovered wretchedly around until Berg came in and said softly, "Go along upstairs, Alma, little one, and rest till the next show. I'll bring Tina up in a minute."

As soon as they were alone, he said caressingly. "Never mind, my Sea Gull. You have had a failure, rather a big one, I'm afraid, but most people have failures and live. You still have Berg to lean on." He put his arms around her shoulders and pulled her toward him. "Berg is here, right here."

"But I can't understand, Papa," she whispered, still looking into the mirror with bewildered, haunted eyes. "It went so well in rehearsal, never a hitch or stumble. I think there was something wrong with the ice."

"It is easier to blame the ice than yourself, little Sea Gull. Think now. The trouble didn't start until you did those



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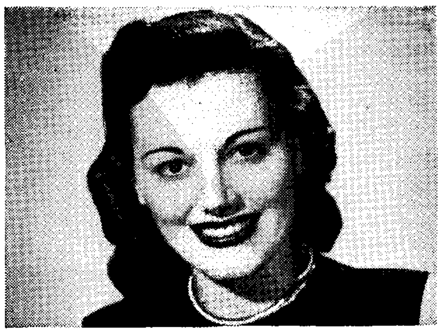

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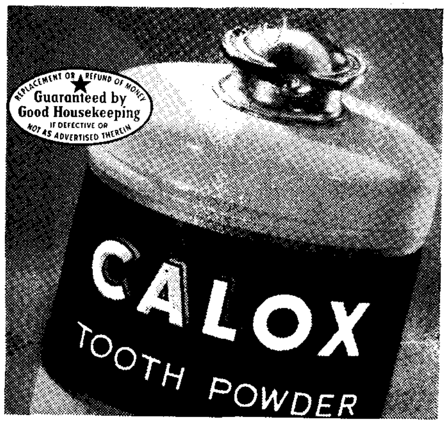
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curving jumps, the only really difficult part of the dance. You had been on that same ice a moment earlier circling around the rose trees, exactly the same ice. You had tested that ice, as it were, yourself."

"But my blade stuck, Papa. I could feel it. It was as if there were sirup on the ice."

Berg patted her shoulder. "I know your feet stuck, little Tina, but it wasn't anything in the ice." He turned her rigid body toward him and tapped her head and then her breast. "It was here. It was very stupid of you to drink that cocktail. You are not one who can lessen control even a little. It is not safe for you. Even so little alcohol could put one of your temperament off in your co-ordination." He hesitated as if wanting to spare her.

"I dislike saying this," he went on, "but I have always felt you had not the inner strength to go on your own. You need someone to lean on, someone to take care of you. I have known that for a long time—anyway since you were, say, ten."

"It must be as you say, Papa. There is no other explanation." Her voice was exhausted and her body suddenly drooped hopelessly. "I have tried and failed. I can't try again, not any more. Dr. Sword has tried and tried to help me, but he has failed too."

"Maybe not Dr. Sword." Berg's voice was soft and caressing. "But Berg can. Just trust him, just lean on him as I have been wanting you to and everything will be all right. We will say your neuritis—or no, we will say one of those men moving the trees tracked something on the ice."

"You want me to try it again?" There was fear but hope, too, in her voice.

"Not alone, little one. We haven't rehearsed it, but I have been afraid of something like this. I've had it in the back of my mind. I'll go on with you, and cross-skate the pattern up to the jumping. Now, the jumping I think you can do, but trying to pick flowers at the same time is too much. I'll weave in and out on the opposite side gathering the flowers and hand one to you at the end of each leap and you throw them to the audience. It won't be so hard that way, and what's more important, having me there will give you confidence."

"I don't know," she said. "I don't know. I can't go on always depending on someone else. I can't go on that way till I die."

"That's the natural thing for a woman to do," said Berg soothingly.

He drew her to her feet and a slip of paper dropped out of her lap. She reached for it clutchingly but he had already picked it up and smoothed it out. His mouth grew hard as he looked down at the prescription blank. *"You know I expect you to be wonderful,"* it said. But his voice was still silky when he spoke: "That, you see, is just one more example of the mistakes you have been making, little one; one more example of your bad judgment. I am no longer going to ask you to stop seeing him. But from now on, I think you'll see that Berg is the best person to lean on. Dr. Sword may have the right answers for some people, but only Berg has them for his Sea Gull."

WHEN Tina came into Sword's office the following Monday afternoon she went straight to the couch without speaking, but she didn't lie down. She sat upright, her eyes following him around as he closed the door, took some papers and a small package off his desk and sat down in his armchair.

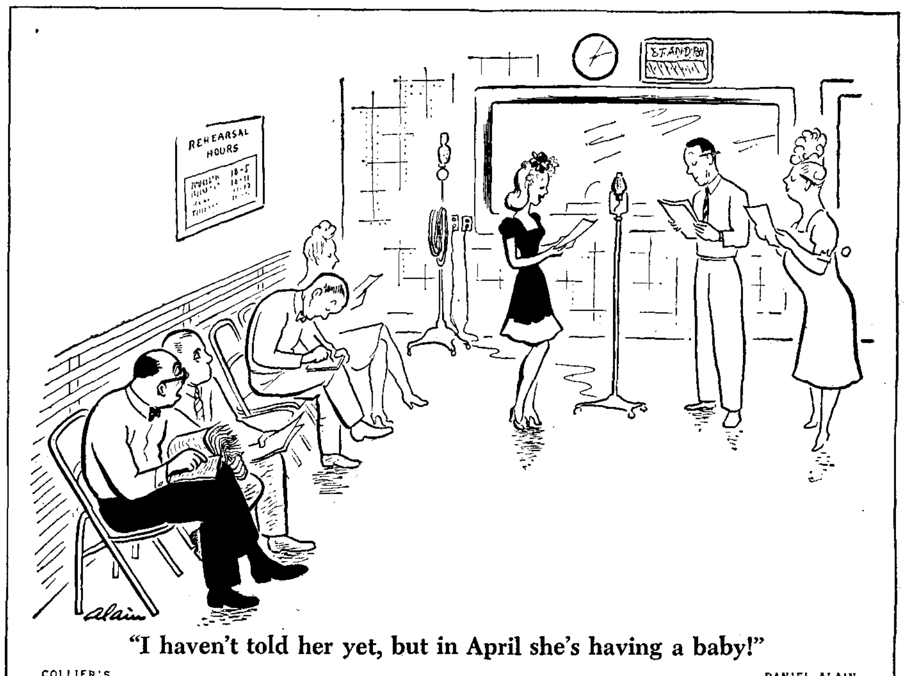
All through the long terrible week end of despair and defeat she had been reaching forward to this moment. Now she was here and, for a little, all she could do was sit and absorb the comfort of his presence. Looking at him she felt she had never seen him before. Her eyes caressed his rough face. She couldn't see his eyes because he was looking down at a paper in his hand, but his sandy eyelashes were long and thick and curly, and the fact was profoundly touching.

She was waiting for him to look at her, for the current that had flowed between them the last time, that had seemed to keep her alive since then, to be regenerated. As she waited, her eyes absorbed such details as the pulled thread in his gray tweed jacket, the springy hair on his wrists where the sleeves were pushed up a little, his tie knotted carelessly so it pulled his collar crooked. Every line, every texture looked beautiful to her. Why wouldn't he look at her?

When he did, it was only a brief glance accompanied by an almost perfunctory smile. "How was the week end," he asked, "pretty bad?"

His eyes were gray, she hadn't known that before, she told herself, a beautiful gray. But the something in her that had been reaching out for so long had found nothing. Perhaps he didn't know what she had been through since she last saw him, perhaps he didn't understand what she had found he meant to her.

She answered his smile with a look of frightened appeal that tried to tell him all this, and began to speak, leaning back on her hands for support.



"I haven't told her yet, but in April she's having a baby!"

COLLIER'S DANIEL ALAIN

"I suppose it's the worst time I've ever spent in my life," she said. "I don't have to tell you why. You were there and saw what happened. Nobody has reproached me. Berg has sheltered and spared me every moment since. He's been wonderful. But he's right, Dr. Sword. I'm not strong enough to be on my own. I can't trust myself. All week end the pressures were there again, squeezing me between them. I kept thinking how easy it would be just to walk out on the balcony and lean a little too far over. I kept thinking and thinking about it. I would have, I think, if it hadn't been for you. I had to see you again."

Her eyes were imploring him to look at her. Instead he began to open the paper parcel beside him.

"I guess you've had worse times," he said, "only now you're beginning to be able to feel and everything hurts more. Do you mind if I eat a sandwich? I haven't had any lunch. And lie down, Tina. Your thoughts come more freely that way."

The impersonal words were like a slap. Was he punishing her for having failed? Her head began to hurt. She lay down and a wave of despair and disappointment went over her.

"Did Berg know how you felt over the week end?" he asked.

"He knew I was upset, but not that I wanted to kill myself. I couldn't tell that to anyone but you."

Put your arms around me, comfort me, something inside of her was crying. She knew she should say it aloud; he expected her to be honest. But she couldn't, not now while he was eating that sandwich.

"Friday night I had the most terrible dreams," she said. "I was a sea gull again and desperately hungry. I was trying to catch fish in an angry sea but when I did I found there was a ring around my neck. I wasn't a sea gull but a cormorant, the kind the Chinese use to catch fish for them. I couldn't swallow. I kept trying and trying, and choked and woke up crying, and Papa had to come and comfort me. He has been wonderful."

"Does that dream mean anything to you?"

SHE couldn't make up silly stories about dreams, not today. "No," she said, "nothing." Then: "I want you to put your arms around me again," she whispered.

"Do you think perhaps Berg has been so wonderful to you because he was glad you failed?" He spoke as if he hadn't heard her appeal.

"Glad?"

"Glad you had to turn back to him?"

"Oh, perhaps that a little. He had had it all worked out in his mind how we could do the act together. I think he had been hurt all along that I wanted to do it alone—and terribly afraid, he says, that I wouldn't be able to."

"I saw how he helped you at the midnight show. It was very clever."

He had stayed on for that, she cradled the fact. He wouldn't have stayed through two shows if he didn't love her. Her hand reached out to him behind her. He took it and held it a moment, then laid it back on the head of the couch.

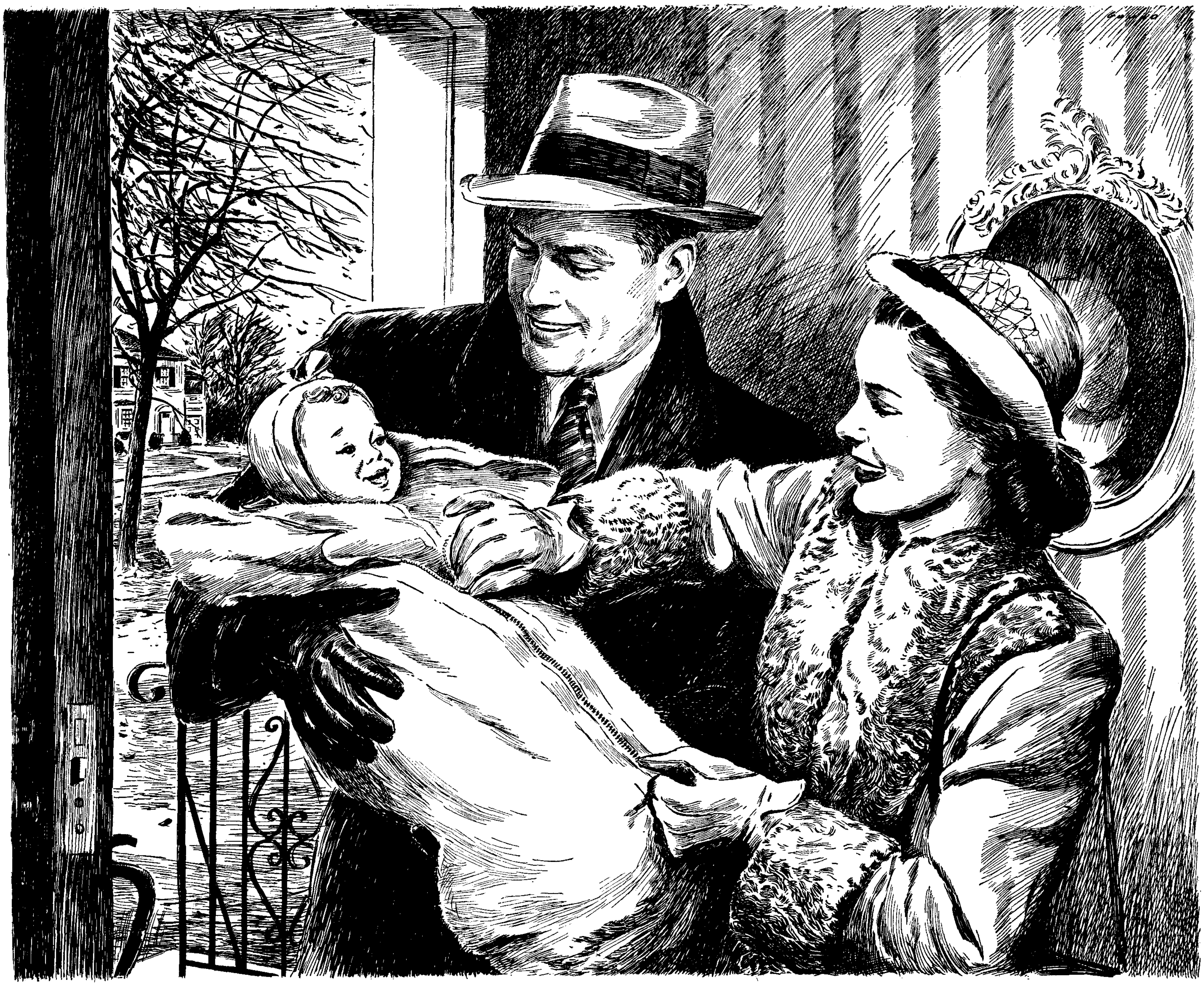
"Why do you think you failed when you did it alone, Tina?"

"Berg thinks it was partly the cocktail. I was so happy when I left here Friday afternoon that when Dill Dooner asked me to have a drink, I did. Berg happened to see me and was terribly upset. He says skaters can never drink, and I especially. He had to remind me that I can't, you know, trust myself."

"That's what Berg thinks, but what do you? Do you think one cocktail several hours ahead could have made you stumble so badly?"

"At the time I didn't. At the time I thought there was something wrong with the ice. It seemed sticky. But Berg pointed out that I had skated over the same ice earlier and it was all right, he made me see I just wanted to think that."

"Your friend Dooner thought there was something wrong with the ice, too. Just before the floor closed over he went



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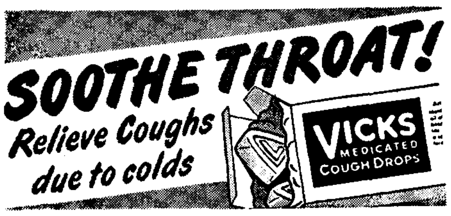
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out and scooped up a handful of ice shavings from where you stumbled, Tina. He thought there might be sand in the ice, or something rough."

"But there wasn't, was there?" She asked the question with mechanical weariness.

"No sand. He melted the shavings in a glass of water to see. But you were right, Tina. The ice was sticky. Dooner's hands were sticky from picking it up, and the melted ice tasted sweet."

"How queer." She tried to concentrate but she felt so lost and hurt. "Are you sure? If the men who put out the pots had tracked something in I would have felt it when I did the weaving pattern."

"You would if it had been an accident, but suppose somebody who knew your skating pattern and knew how precisely you stick to it had dropped sugar just where you would land after each jump, carefully avoiding where you would skate when you wove in and out?"

"But that's fantastic. Who would want to in the first place? And if anyone had, there would have been no chance. Papa himself was out helping the men place the pots."

"Exactly." The single word dropped dryly on her ears.

"But then—but you don't mean—"

THERE was a sudden horror in her. She stopped, waiting for him to go on. As the seconds stretched out and he didn't, the horror grew. "You're not trying to say that Berg . . ."

"Tina. An analyst's job is to help you see things as they are, not to tell you anything. Something has happened which is hard to understand. The most likely answer to it may be difficult for you to contemplate, I understand that, but there are so many things in your life that are going to be terribly difficult to contemplate. Yet you will have to look at them before you can be well, look and look until you become accustomed to the sight and they cease to frighten you. Start now. Don't just shut your eyes without looking." His voice was tender at last, and full of warm protection, but it was too late. Her revulsion at his words blotted out everything else.

"I am telling you the ice where you stumbled was sticky, as if someone had spilled sugar on it," he went on. "You don't want to believe that, but both Dooner and I felt and tasted it. It was sirupy. The only person who knew your skating pattern well enough to spill sugar just there was your father and he was out there in the dark while the pots were being placed."

"He wouldn't, Berg wouldn't and, anyway, why?"

"Your father is an abnormally possessive man, Tina. He can't face your independence. You think he is afraid you will get into trouble. I think he is frantically jealous." The words went on relentlessly behind her head.

"But he loves me so much, he couldn't . . ."

"You don't know. You think he was angry about your drinking the cocktail, yet he waited for you to finish it before accusing you of taking chances with your co-ordination. A friend of Dill Dooner's was in the Flamingo and saw Berg stand watching you for a long time before he spoke to you."

"It was someone else they saw. I might have been badly hurt when I fell. Papa couldn't want that?'

"Your brother Larsen believes he could. He talked to Dooner a good deal about your family. Larsen is afraid for you, Tina, for your very life. Larsen asked Dooner to come back and look out for you." The words fell slow and separate like drops of water. "Larsen thinks that your father somehow arranged your mother's accident because he thought she was going to leave him, and then made you feel it was your fault so that you would never dare to leave him. I know this is too much for you to hear all at once but you must know; you have to believe, Tina, that Berg can be dangerous."

The pressures grew and grew. What he was saying was disgusting. Berg, darling, wonderful, tender Berg. Sometimes he went too far to keep you safe because he loved you. But this! It was wicked and insane. A safe, thick, comforting curtain of anger rose and obscured the ugliness. The pressures eased and she seemed to understand.

"You're the one that's jealous, not Berg. You led me on last week to think you loved me, to feel something beautiful and warm I had never felt before. But you only did it because you thought that way you could make me do whatever you wanted. But you can't, not with lies. You can't change what I am or what I have done. You can't destroy my love for my father so easily. You came to the show Friday to gloat over my success and feel it was all due to you. When I failed you hated me. When I failed, it meant that you had failed."

"I suppose you have to think these things," he said, when she stopped. "Berg has taught you to expect that sort of rottenness of people. Deep inside somewhere you know this. Sometime—soon, I hope—you will accept it, and then you will be happier."

The words reached her dimly through the curtain even when he said, "Friday you were alive and warm. I kissed you because you were so close and so lovable I couldn't help it. That was wrong. I can't help you by loving you that way. I can unfortunately only help you by making you hurt." His hand touched hers for a moment, but she brushed it off.

"Are you listening?" he said. "Because there is one more thing you must think about. Or are you too full of anger toward me to consider anything else?

"I'm listening," she said, sullenly, bracing herself against whatever he might say.

"That dream. You were a sea gull catching fish dangerously, but when you were about to swallow and destroy the fish you found you were a captive cormorant, being used by someone else. It's pretty clear, Tina. You are your father's bread and butter. He not only loves you possessively but needs you economically. Don't shrug off that fact for it's obvious that your subconscious knows it already and resents it."

She stirred at the words, and remembered Berg's voice. *I won't let you go see him! I won't pay the bill!* But she brushed the memory away with a quick mental broom stroke before it reached the surface. She lay there stiff and silent. It had been stupid and disloyal to think she could trust anyone but Berg, who, as long as you tried to be the sort of person he wanted, was all kindness and understanding.

Sword demanded you believe his incredible suggestions and wicked lies. Sword gave her nothing.

She knew she should try to express some of this, but she couldn't and why should she? If he was not going to be honest, why should she be? Bitterness and hostility rose and rose in her in mounting waves. As each wave receded she caught a brief glimpse of the warmth and understanding she had been so sure were here last Friday. But then another wave would come engulfing the memory and all but engulfing her.

She turned to look at him, but he was taking a last bite of his sandwich. His gray eyes were detached and distant. He turned them toward her as she looked, and smiled impersonally, patronizingly, it seemed.

"You'll work it out," he said. "You're a good girl, Tina."

"I will," she said, desperately. "I will even if you won't help me." She hated him now more than she had ever hated anyone in her life, especially when he didn't answer but left her with the hate full and heavy inside her.

The curtain of anger was still protectively around her as she came out of the building, so close that she heard a voice say, "Tina," and saw Dill come toward her, almost without recognition.

"You've been damn' inaccessible the last couple of days," he affectionately complained.

"I'm sorry," she said distantly. "I haven't been feeling well. Berg thought it would be better for me not to talk to anyone."

"Berg thought? Have you seen Sword?"

"I just saw Dr. Sword." She hugged the safe blanket closer around her.

"Did he say anything about our . . .?"

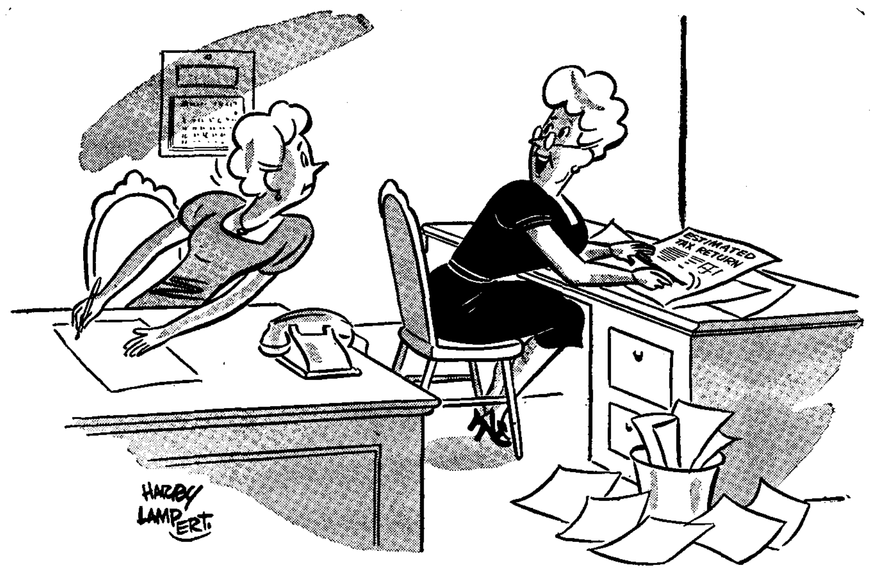
"He said a number of fantastic things. I hope you aren't going to try to tell them to me, too. Frankly I think you both sound unbalanced."

He didn't answer for a long time. Then he said, almost humbly and very softly, "Okay, leave it that way for now, but mind if I stick around?"

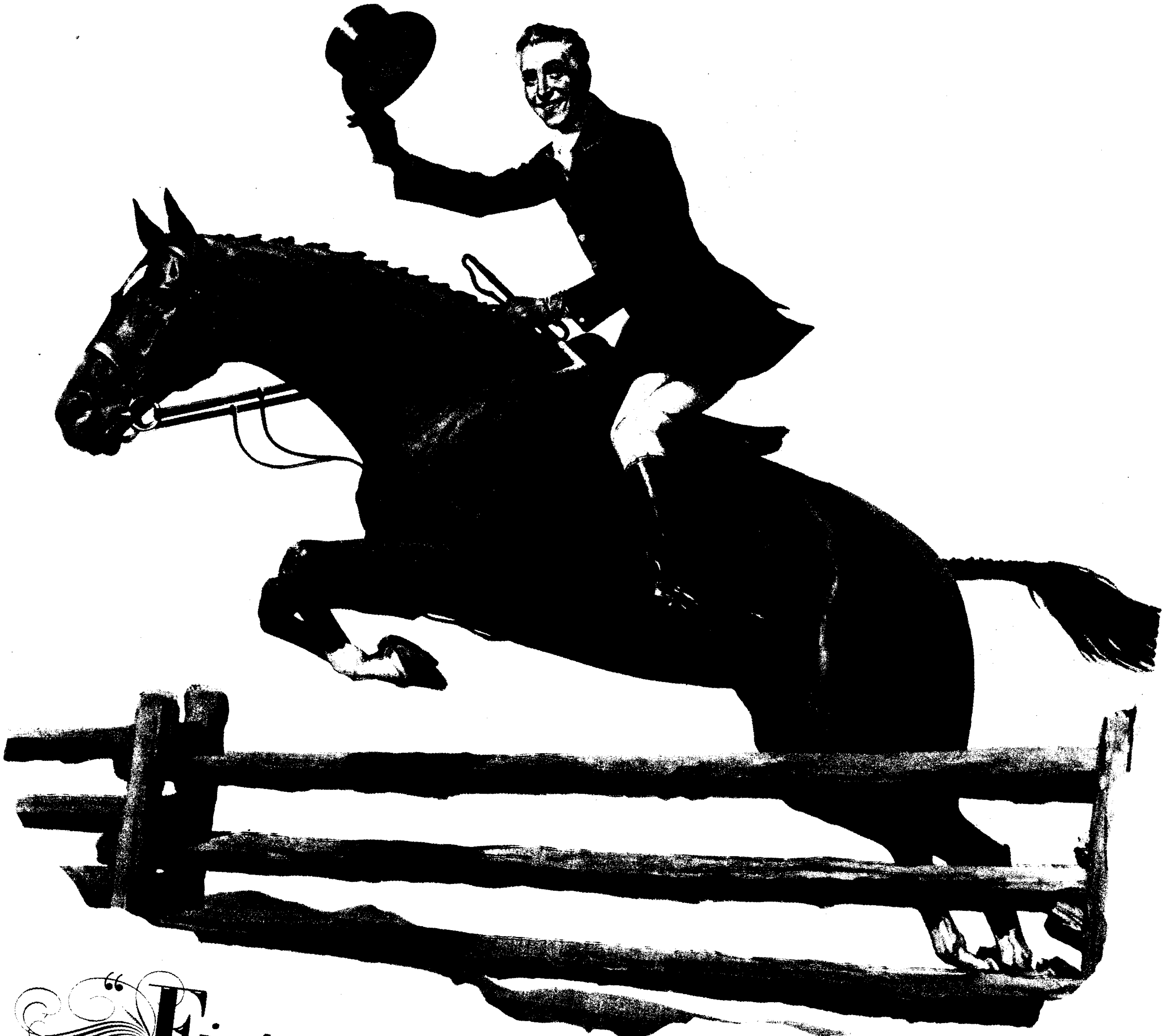
"Berg thinks you aren't good for me and he's right." She was looking straight ahead of her. "It's not your fault. There are certain things—I can't talk about it—but I think you had better not meet me any more. It—it seems to upset me. I'm sorry, Dill."

"Okay," he said again. "But if you should change your mind, just holler. I'll probably hear you, Sea Gull."

"Don't call me Sea Gull," she said violently. "Never, never again. And



COLLIER'S "I like to overestimate my tax and then get a refund. It's the only way that I can save money!" HARRY LAMPERT



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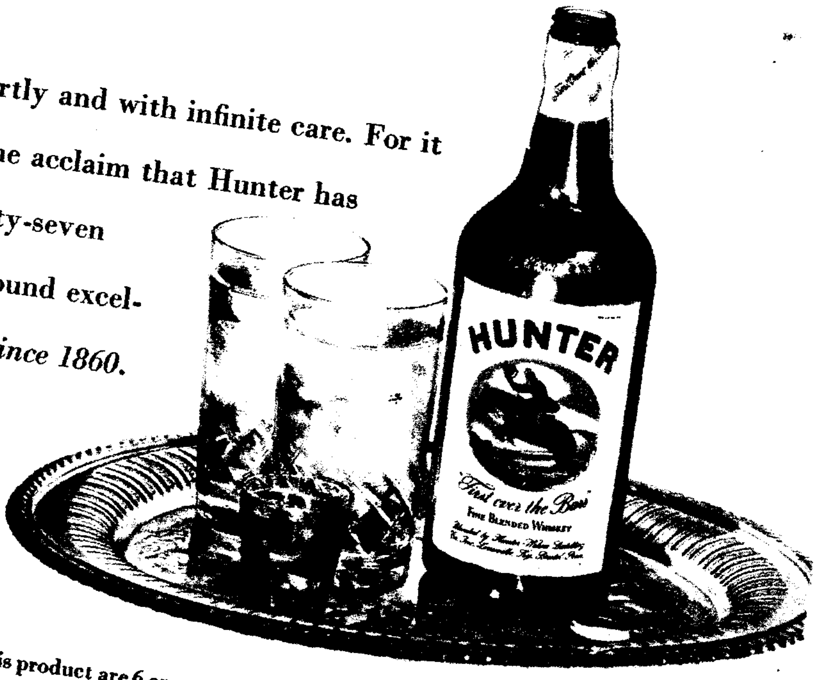

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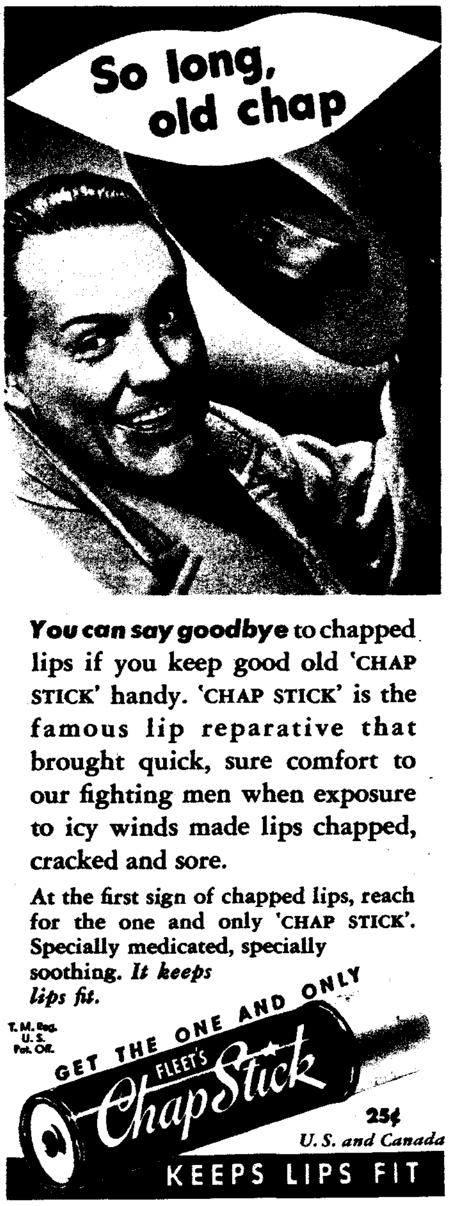
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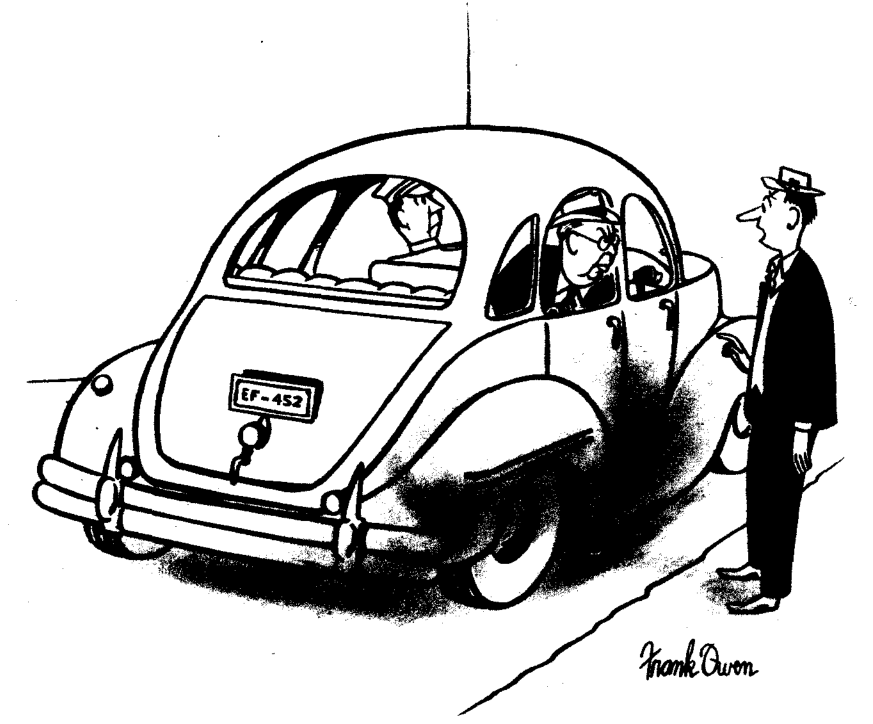


COLLIER'S "No—I only wanted to use your phone" FRANK OWEN

"please leave me alone." She walked off rapidly without looking back. She wouldn't see Dill any more and she wouldn't see Sword, either. Her unhappiness, her trouble and difficulties all dated from the beginning of seeing them. She had been so happy as part of the Linger family, before these outside influences began beating in on her, pushing her, squeezing her. She would tell Berg she wasn't going to see Sword again and not go back, not ever.

But as she thought this she was thinking of all the things she still had to tell Sword, things he had to know. How wrong he was about Berg, how wrong and fatuous to think he could give her anything Berg hadn't, that he could influence her, change her. He was a brutal, wicked, jealous person, trying to build suspicion and hatred between father and daughter. Someone should tell him this, someone should make him realize what he was doing, and she would, tomorrow.

SWORD knew when Tina left him Monday afternoon that this was it, this was what he had been waiting for ever since she started working with him. Sword knew now that Berg Linger was dangerous. But Tina's hidden hate for Berg was even more dangerous.

He'd done his best to make Tina face the danger that was Berg. She couldn't. That hidden hate stirred too painfully, too frighteningly, at the mere possibility. All right, if she couldn't hate Berg let her hate Simon Sword instead. It wasn't much fun, acting as a sounding board for hate when what he wanted was to put his arms around her. But it was analysis and he was an analyst.

Let her feel he had led her on and then rejected her. Let her feel he was using her and sadistically destroying her. It didn't matter to whom she fastened it at first, as long as she got it out in the open where she could look at it and see who had taught her to expect that of men. And in the open it could burn itself out harmlessly, leaving room for a little decent love. Not love for him, he hastened to remind himself, not for him.

There was still, of course, the unknown factor of Berg. At the moment Berg thought he had won. While Tina was busy hating Simon Sword she'd be a good little daughter and Berg would relax. But as soon as she stopped, as soon as she even dimly saw the score and began to fight Berg again, then you were in for trouble, almost any trouble. You couldn't let her hostility ebb and flow week after week as you normally did, each time getting nearer to the truth. There wasn't time. Tina had to work through to freedom now, on this mounting wave of hate, or she might never have another chance.

He hadn't any doubts about how overwhelming that wave might be. He hadn't been fooling when he had said, "You'll probably want pretty badly to kill me before you're through." She'd been driven to a point where killing seemed the only way out and it was a lot easier to face wanting to kill him than her father. If he kept his head and his balance that wave needn't drown anybody. But it had to come.

The week that followed was the strangest and grimmest Sword had ever spent. By Tuesday, Tina had pulled herself together. "You see," she said, "I came back. Berg has never been more understanding and I have never loved him so much but I have told him I must keep on seeing you even though I no longer trust you, because I must work through this thing. It is not good to live with hate. Berg understands that."

When Sword made no comment, she gave a hard little laugh. "Today you are like a clam, a great round white stupid clam. You have no feeling, have you, except your lust for power?"

"Yes," he answered, "I feel great admiration for your honesty in trying to tell me exactly what you are feeling. Did you dream anything last night?"

"I hoped you'd ask me that." Her voice was hard with malice. "I dreamed I was that nude girl hanging in that frame over your desk, only instead of looking at you or the other patients you see to satisfy your power lust, I was looking down at myself. Worms were eating me, horrid little white worms. I was watching them eat me and smiling. Interpret it, Doctor, by all means."

"You interpret it."

"If you like; it is so easy. It expresses my opinion of your taste, of your integrity, of everything that belongs to you, only worthy of being eaten by worms, and aware of it inside."

He said mildly, "I would have said it meant you want to be like that girl in the picture, warm and vital and alive. It's what every man wants; what every woman wants to be like. But your father has made you feel that to be like that, even to dream of being like that, would destroy you loathsomely. That was quite a dream."

"If I told Berg how you talk of him, his patience would wear thin. He would not let me come back."

"But you never tell him. Why not?

Do you think about it when you are at home?"

"Never. I love him. Would I want to hurt him?"

Wednesday she lay silent for a long time and then said, "I think I may commit suicide any night now. It would be hard on Berg but it seems too exhausting to think of living, such a futile waste of time. The only thing that keeps me from it is the satisfaction it would give you, the ultimate in power. You would think I had done it because I want you and can't have you, wouldn't you?"

"No," he said, "I'd just be sorry to know you had been sicker even that I realized. I don't think you are sick enough to kill yourself. I think you dream about it now as a substitute for dreaming of killing me, as you did with Berg earlier. Remember?"

She was silent for so long, staring stonily at the ceiling, that he said, "Did you dream last night?"

"I dreamed of you. I was a bird and you were drowning so I swooped down to save you. I am, you see, a kind bird, but when I pick you up, I find you are not a man at all but a clam, and I drop you in disgust on the rocks beneath. That needs no interpretation. You are not a man but a clam, as I discover when I get close, when I treat you as a human."

"Yes, that would be it," he said thoughtfully. "You are always a bird, partly because Berg calls you Sea Gull and partly because a bird is beautiful and free. You are a narcissistic artist, Tina, so you have to be beautiful in your dreams, and your one deepest dream is of freedom. As for the clam. You know a sea gull's way of feeding? He carries a clam high in the air and drops it on some rocks so that it will break and he can eat it. That was a death wish, Tina, but more than a death wish. You wanted to destroy me and at the same time possess me. People often think of love in terms of eating."

"I think I am going to be sick," she said faintly. "I think I am going to be sick all over your lovely couch." But she wasn't. She went out at the end of the hour without even looking at him.

Thursday she was hysterical. "You are sending Dill Dooner to spy on me," she said. "He is always hanging around the hotel lobby. Tell him to stay away or I'll have Berg throw him out."

"I haven't seen Dill since last Friday night," he said. "Hotel lobbies, floor shows are Dill's business, you know."

"That is like you," she said, shrilly, "reminding me of my shame last Friday, but I have been thinking about that. I wonder if perhaps I failed because you were there. You have a wicked influence on people. I think I failed because of you."

"That is quite a job of transference, Tina. You failed because of Berg and you know it inside. You know he is capable of violence or you would not talk of his throwing Dill Dooner out of the hotel, but you can't let yourself believe it, he still seems too necessary to you, so you fasten it on me."

"How can I help fastening everything on you?" she said after a long silence. "You are driving me insane. Since yesterday I have felt as if I were surrounded by a decaying shell of some sort that was closing in on me."

"You have been surrounded by a shell. It is crumbling, not decaying. People often feel insane when they are beginning to see things as they are. You were much more insane, my girl, when everything looked beautiful to you."

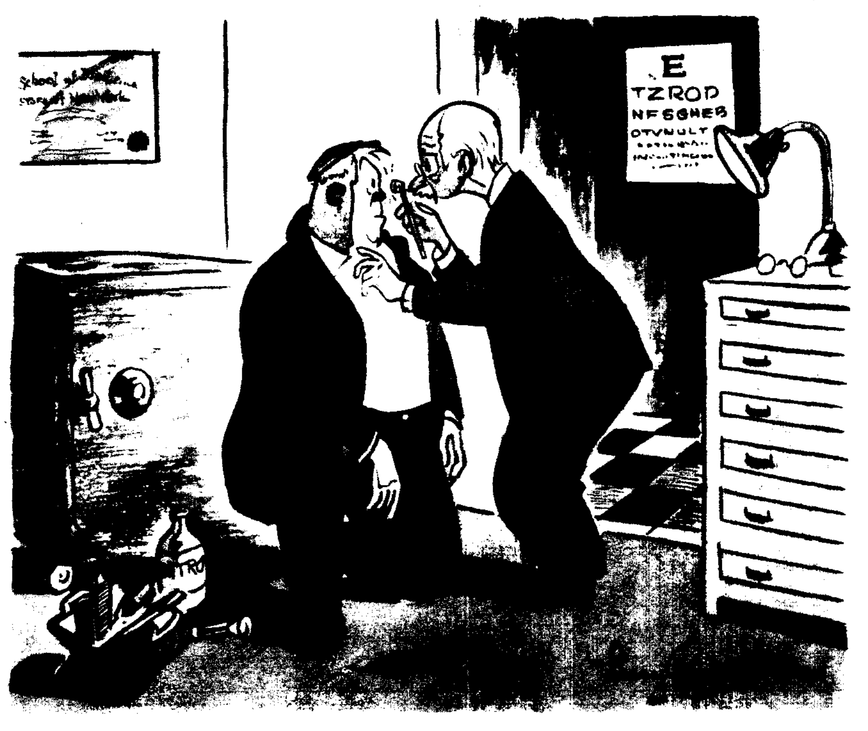
FRIDAY there was a new desperate look in her eyes. She couldn't, he felt, go much further without something cracking. But he mustn't let her withdraw, he mustn't let her rest and run away. Now was the moment! She lay down on the couch and almost immediately began to talk in an exhausted voice.

"Last night," she said, "I very nearly did it. I stood on the balcony a long time looking down at the lights below. They looked so soft and beautiful and everyone else was asleep. I have been sleeping very little. I would have done it then. I wanted to do it so much, but somehow you would not let me. It was as if you wanted to keep me this way as a plaything, and would neither let me quite go insane or kill myself so long as I amused you."

"Now," he said gently, "you do sound insane. If you really thought that, you wouldn't come back. Somewhere inside you, you know that coming here is good for you, that you need to express these things you have been feeling lately. If you really thought I was trying to destroy you, you would just stay away. People have a strong instinct for self-preservation."

"You see," she said, "that is just the way you have tried to tell me Berg is,

BUTCH by LARRY REYNOLDS



COLLIER'S

"Mm, hmm! I could tell the way you were squinting over my safe that you needed glasses"

My daughter...
marry a
bank robber?

"But I don't understand, sir. I've never robbed anyone . . ."

"Young man, only a bank robber could live up to your ideas. You've already told me how much you make, and I'll admit it's a good salary. But how can you give Martha those other things you're talking about . . . lifelong security . . . her own home . . . and retire yourself when you're 60? Those things take money, more than anyone your age is likely to have . . . unless he's robbed a bank to get it."

"That's where you're mistaken, sir. Why, almost anyone my age can do just what I'm doing . . . with the help of 'Insured Income'."

"And by 'Insured Income,' I suppose you mean me?"

"Not at all. I mean Mutual Life's 'Insured Income' Service. It's a new way of teaming up Social Security and life insurance to get the maximum benefits from each. It means Martha will always have the comfort and security you and I want her to have. And when I reach 60 I can retire, and Martha and I can enjoy the independent, leisurely life everyone dreams about."

"She's yours, my boy. Mutual Life? . . . Insured Income Service? . . . Security? . . . Retirement? . . . Hmm, guess I'll look up that Mutual Life representative myself!"

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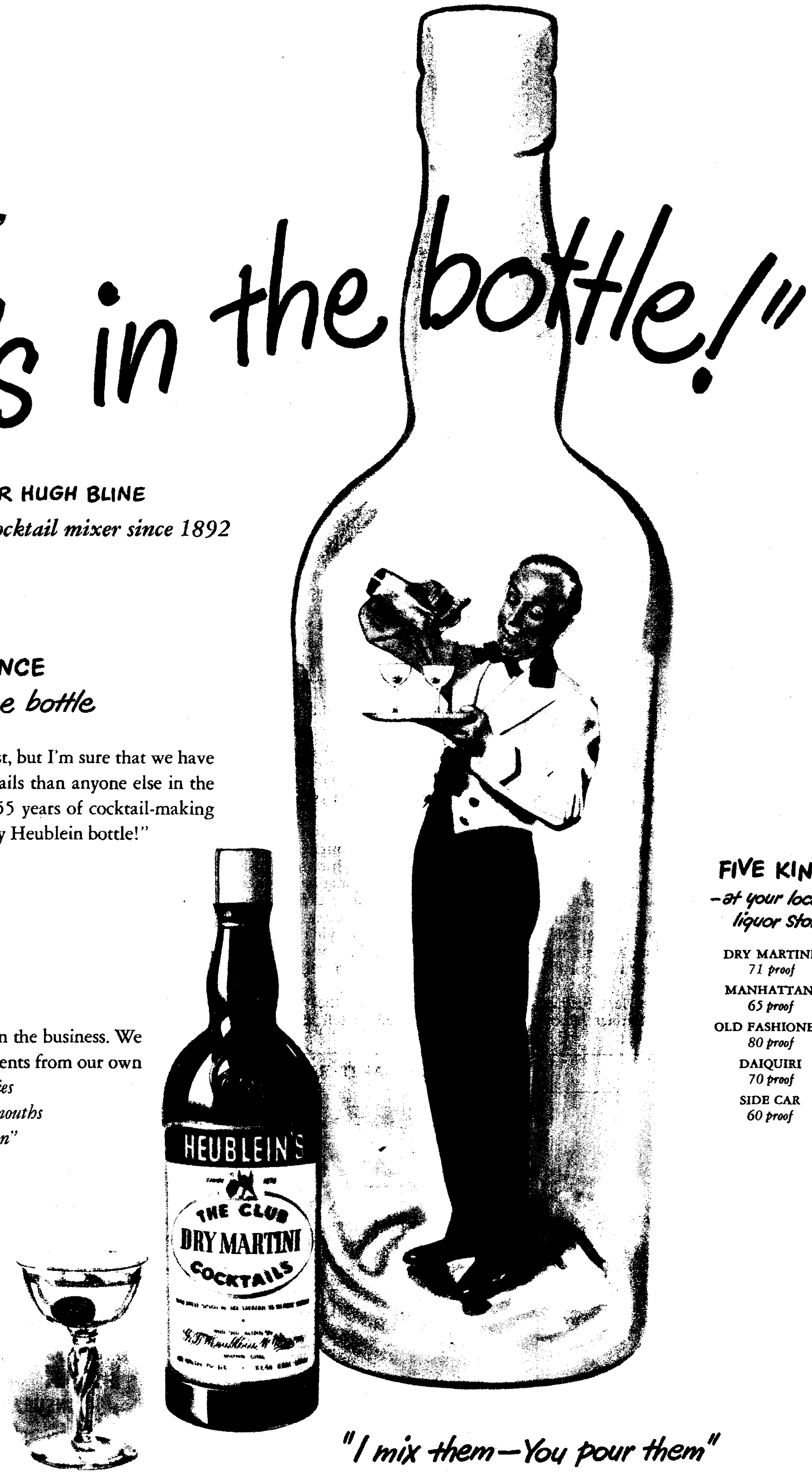

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T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

AMERICA'S LARGEST-SELLING COCKTAILS • SINCE 1892 doing one thing and pretending it is something else. You read these things into his relationship with me because you are like that. I know you are bad for me but I can't help coming back here. I am trapped by you. I suppose in some terrible way I am still in love with you."

"The word, Tina, is transference. You have transferred to me all the desire for love, all the well-nourished hate that grew up in your childhood. It is not easy to express things like this and you are magnificent to work so hard to be honest."

"Magnificent." Her laugh was sharp and bitter. "I only do it because I can't help it. All day and most of the night I am thinking of coming here, of what I will say to you. Sometimes I can't believe it doesn't show and then I look at people in the street and wonder how many of them feel the way I am feeling—trapped and driven, hating someone like this, yet doing their work, brushing their teeth, smiling at their families as usual."

"More than you think," he said wearily, "and most of them will go on that way all their lives, a lot more than you think."

"But I can't go on this way. I can't stand coming here day after day feeling these terrible things, and yet if I stayed away I would burst in a million pieces. Why do you do this to me?"

"Something will happen," he said. "Keep on saying what you feel, Tina, and something will happen soon."

IT WASN'T any fun to sit and watch the glowing girl who had been in his arms a week ago turn into a hysterical paranoid full of fantastic accusations. Sword knew what hate and suspicion lay just below the surface in most people, well enough to watch it with neither disgust nor alarm, but Mammy saw his face grow pinched and gray for the first time in the two years she had known him.

Friday, Mammy watched Tina leave and then said, "Tell me to mind my own business, Simon, but I don't like the look on that girl's face. It frightens me. She might be dangerous."

"It's not a pretty look, is it?" he answered. "But it's better there than buried at the bottom of her heart where it's been for over ten years. It's got to get worse, Mammy, before it goes away. But don't worry. She's not going to hurt anybody."

"I hope you're as right as you're sure," she snapped her anxiety. He chuckled and patted her hand, but after she went out he found himself echoing the hope. This week end would do it, probably. She'd phone him tomorrow or Sunday. She couldn't carry all that around inside her for three days.

All that week, life among the Lingers had gone on with its usual apparent serenity. Tina had learned long ago that when the pressures began to beat against her the thing to do was sit still and not fight them. Berg called it her dreaminess and several times he patted her cheek and said, "I have my old soft Sea Gull back and that makes Berg very happy."

Tina would cling to his hand and say, "If nothing else, Papa, that doctor has made me realize that you are the only person I can ever really depend on."

Berg would smile tranquilly and say, "That's fine, fine. Maybe soon you'll want to stop seeing him." But he didn't really care. Every day seemed to draw Tina closer to him. It was well for Tina and for Sword that his knowledge of psychology was no more profound than it was.

It was also convenient for Alma. Berg was so benign she had no trouble keeping her marshmallow-sundae dates with Dill. They met on Tuesday at a back table in a tearoom.

"How's your big sister, dumpling?" he asked.

She shrugged, "Oh, since the trouble Friday she has been a regular clinging vine, Dilly. It's Papa this and Papa that all the time. I think Berg is wonderful, too, but he can be very mean sometimes. He's not that wonderful. I don't think anyone has to love a father that much."

"I'm worried about your big sister, Alma. That Friday business upset her more than she's showing. You keep an eye on her, see, and if anything goes wrong or seems funny to you, even if you don't know what it's all about, you just call the desk and ask for me. They'll know where to find me."

"Dill, you sound like the movies," Alma said.

"I feel like the movies, Grade-B. But humor me, dumpling. Just keep an eye on Tina for the next week. She feels pretty bad. How about Thursday, same time, same place?"

TODAY she wouldn't see Sword, Tina thought, when she woke up Saturday morning, nor tomorrow. And that was good. She would simply put him out of her mind. It was terrible being trapped like this by your feeling for a man. She would fight it in these next two days, fight it and win. But even as she thought, his face was before her eyes. He was pulling her, drawing her down, down, down, over the balcony railing. He had hypnotized her, of course. She had heard that psychoanalysts did that. Well, she was too strong for that. She would make him set her free.

After breakfast she found a chance to slip down to a pay booth and phone. He wasn't in his office, nor that afternoon either. There was no home address for him. Every hour the pressures grew worse, every hour of the day and every hour of the long night.

When the rest of the family went to church the next day, she said she had a headache. As soon as she was alone she called his office again. He wouldn't be there on Sunday, but she had to try.

Miraculously he answered the phone almost at once.

"Dr. Sword, this is Tina."

"Yes, Tina." He was kind but impersonal.

"I can't stand it, Dr. Sword," she told him. "You must see me and set me free. I am going to—I don't know. Can I come over?"

"I'm on my way out of town, Tina. I know you're having a bad time but you are stronger than you think. Work through it, Tina. Just let it happen. Let yourself feel whatever you feel. It won't destroy you, I promise."

"I can't feel anything but what you let me. I am trapped. You have to set me free."

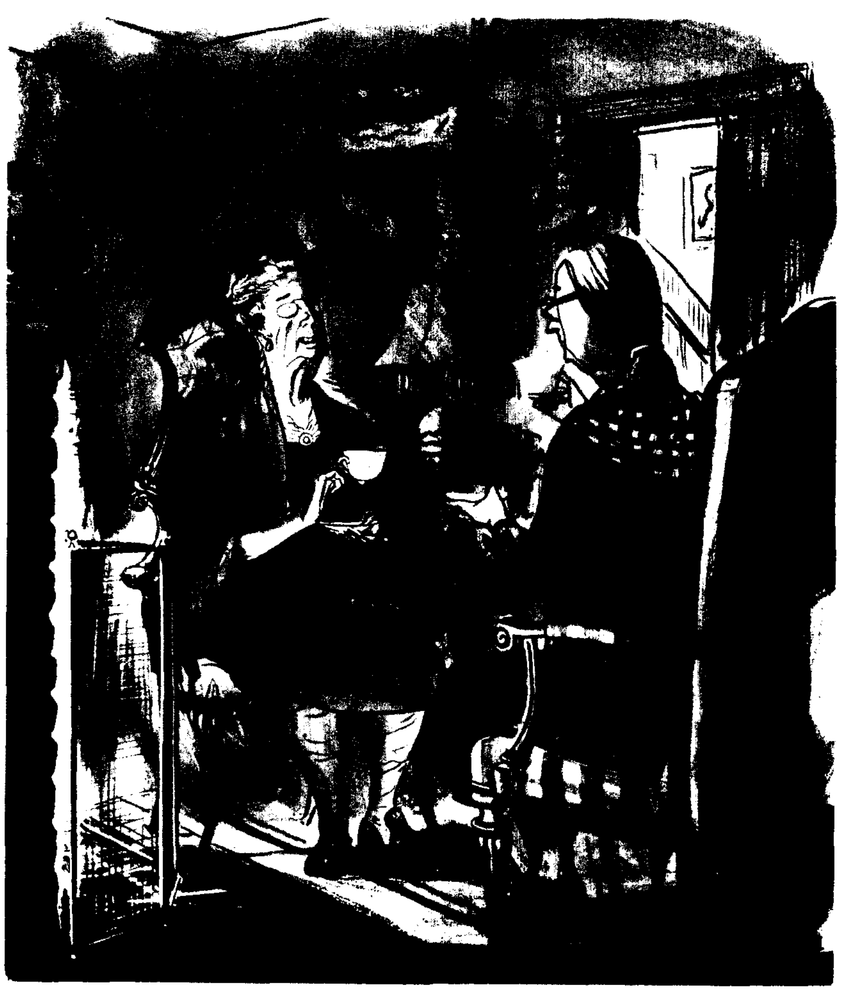
"You're going to set Tina Linger free, my girl. No one else can. Oh." He seemed just to have remembered something. "I'm jammed up on Monday, I'm afraid I can't see you."

She felt a terrible sinking at his words. Still another day.

"Unless," he went on, "you could come in late, say at seven. There is no show on Monday, is there? Could you do that?"

"Yes," she said breathlessly, "yes, I can come at seven," and hung up abruptly before she burst out crying. Whatever he asked, whatever he wanted, she had to do. She was a slave and somehow, someway, she must break free from this if she had to destroy him to do it. If he should die today, if he should be killed on his way to the country, then she might be whole again. Perhaps if she willed it enough something would happen. Her mind closed down as she tried to form the thought and the pressures beat and beat and beat on her for the rest of the day and far into the night. She looked over the balcony when she got up Monday morning and saw a twist of paper floating down from an open window where someone was cleaning. She imagined his long angular body hurtling down through space like that, slowly and deliberately. Only he would gather momentum as he fell, as the paper did not.

(To be continued next week)



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COLLIER'S JOHN RUGE

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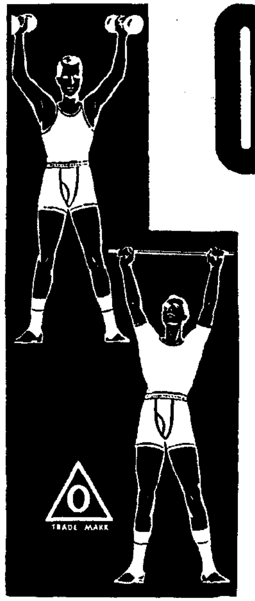

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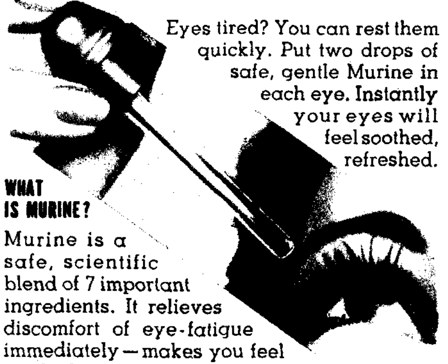

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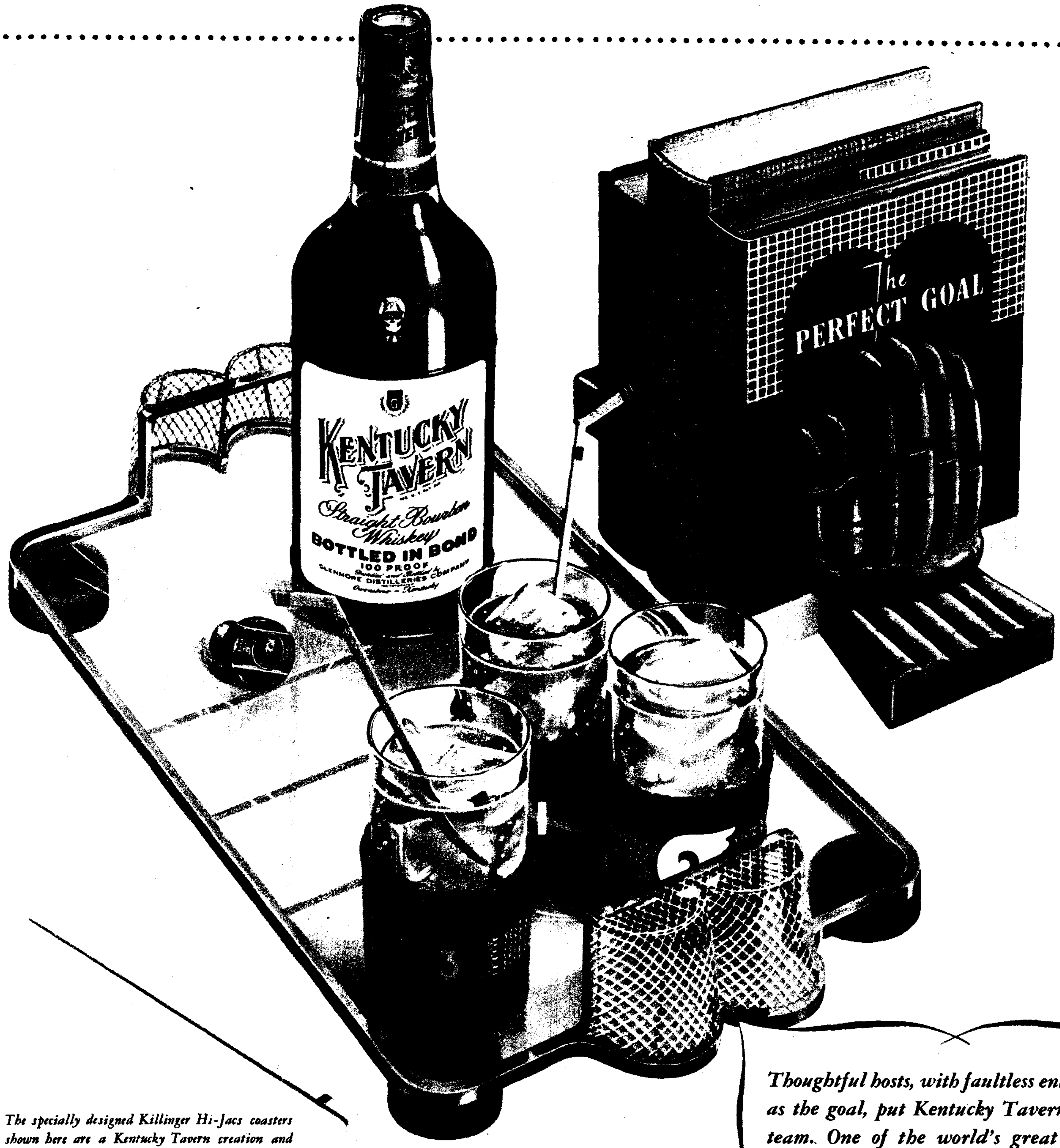
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THE FABULOUS BILLY ROSE

Continued from page 13

"Who's going to buy them—your father?"

"The title is Hungry Hearts, get it, Harry—just that—Hungry Hearts."

"It's from hunger," Ruby said.

Rose glared up at Ruby, who towered above him and cried, "Come on outside and I'll show you what's from hunger, you funny-looking baboon."

Ruby laughed. Everybody in Wolpin's thought little Billy Rose was a scream.

Rose was living in a small room at a dingy theatrical hotel on 51st Street. He paid $5 a week rent. He subsisted on his small hoard of savings, and he skimped on meals, filling up on doughnuts and coffee frequently.

Despairing, finally, of being able to cozen a veteran composer to collaborate, Rose took one of his lyrics—based on a current piece of slang—to Irving Bibo, a staff pianist at Feist's. Bibo wrote the music. Kornheiser accepted it in the summer of 1921. The title was Ain't Nature Grand?

It followed all the timeworn formulae of popular songs. The lyric was as foolish as all the lyrics Rose had analyzed. The tune sold 100,000 copies. Rose earned slightly over $5,000 for approximately 90 minutes of intellectual labor. He had fallen into a lazy man's Golconda.

Right on the heels of Ain't Nature Grand?, Rose had another hit: You Tell Her—I Stutter, written to Cliff Friend's music. It followed the formula of K-K-Katy, the wartime favorite. Instead of the stutterer addressing his beloved directly as in K-K-Katy, he asks her brother to function as his ambassador.

You, you, you, you, you, you tell her,
Cause I, I, I, I, I, I stutter and
O, o, o, o, always get in Dutch.
(Copyright, Bourne, Inc.)

It sold 700,000 copies in sheet-music form. Rose now was publishing one or two songs a month—most of them being what are known in the trade as "dogs." A "dog" might be defined as a popular song which isn't popular.

Found! The Perfect Song Word

For two years now, Rose had been looking for an original "oo" word. He found it in a cartoon by Billy de Beck, Barney Google, and the result was the song originally plugged by Olsen and Johnson.

Deems Taylor once stated that Barney Google was the worst song ever written, which seems a rash statement, although Barney Google undoubtedly would give any rotten song a good run for its money.

For his next success, Rose returned to the Rabelaisian vein, with a not-too-subtle opus, You've Got to See Mamma Ev-ry Night or You Can't See Mamma at All. In 1923, he collaborated with Mort Dixon and Ray Henderson on one of his best songs, That Old Gang of Mine, a sentimental tune which struck a genuine note of nostalgia.

Rose decided to give the song to Van & Schenck. They were breaking in a new edition of the Ziegfeld Follies at the Colonial Theater in Boston that week. Rose had never seen a Follies and he had no conception of the recklessness with which Ziegfeld lavished money on scenery and props. He thought That Old Gang of Mine would be most effective if sung under a lamppost. He bought a lamppost from a junk dealer and shipped it to Boston. Then he entrained for Boston himself, picked up the lamppost and dragged it backstage. Then he talked to Van.

"Gus," he said, "I've got the greatest song I or Dixon or Henderson has ever written. It will be sensational if you sing it under a lamppost. Here, I have the lamppost."

They burst into howls of laughter and followed Rose out on the bare stage. He pulled and pushed the lamppost and, out of breath, finally balanced it near their piano, and they started learning the song. They put it in the show—two nights later—without the lamppost. At the New Amsterdam Theater, That Old Gang of Mine stopped the Follies cold, and Van & Schenck took four curtain calls. Soon, the song was selling 30,000 copies a day.

One morning, Rose passed Irving Berlin in the hall at his publishing company.

"Good morning, Irving," Rose said, in his usual cocky way.

Berlin absently walked past, without acknowledging the greeting.

Rose was furious. He whipped around and raced after Berlin. He barked, "When I say good morning, Mr. Berlin, answer me, because my hit is paying for your flops."

ON THE AIR
NBC
DON TOBIN

"Mary, darling, will you be my wife . . . er . . . Mary, angel, will you make me the happiest man in the world . . . Mary . . . Mary, will you walk through life by my side . . . Mary . . ."

COLLIER'S DON TOBIN

Berlin reddened. A naturally amiable person, he had not meant to snub Rose. Furthermore the dig hurt, as his last few songs had been stiffs.

Berlin said, "I'm sorry, Billy. I was thinking of something." He ushered Rose into a piano room and played his newest melody. "What do you think of it?"

And Rose told him.

In his second year of song writing, Rose had earned $60,000. By 1923, he was in the $100,000 bracket. Although just 24 years old, he acquired Broadway delusions of grandeur. Forgotten was the example of dignified wealth he had admired in Washington.

Told he should wear pin-stripe suits to heighten his appearance, Rose ordered six, none of which he kept cleaned and pressed. He ordered built-up shoes. He bought an overcoat with a fur collar (that was the year they were wearing overcoats with fur collars), and a lion's head diamond ring (it was the year for lion's head rings). He acquired a slightly used Blitzen-Benz racing car, the size of a boat, and a Japanese valet and a Negro chauffeur.

He rented an apartment and furnished it in a *fin-de-siècle* style with heavy teakwood tables, chairs and couches done in black satin, wine-colored drapes and rugs and lamps suggesting a Turkish harem. For pets, he had a vicious green macaw, chained to a perch, who croaked all the time; and a friendly turtle named Max.

Several nights a week, Rose threw parties that began after midnight and lasted until dawn. Rose supplied a case of bootleg hooch and all the sandwiches needed. At his parties, everyone drank, except the host. Rose is still as dry as the state of Kansas. "I dislike the taste of alcohol," he explains. "I am too self-indulgent to swallow anything that tastes like medicine."

During one party, Rose was horrified to see one of the guests, a show girl with frizzled dark hair and bangs, balancing the vicious macaw on the index finger of her right hand. The macaw always nipped a hunk of flesh from anybody who came near him. This girl was placing a grape between her lips and the macaw was skillfully nipping it out.

"If you don't watch out," Rose said, "he'll eat your eye for a grape."

She just waved her hand and calmly went on feeding grapes to the bird, and he was as gentle with her as he was truculent with everyone else. This was Rose's first meeting with Helen Morgan, who was to become the great singer of the speak-easy era.

Fred Fisher interested Rose. Fisher, 47 years old in 1923, had written such hits as Chicago, Chicago, That Toddlin' Town; I found a Rose in the Devil's Garden; Ma, He's Makin' Eyes At Me; Peg O' My Heart, and There's a Broken Heart for every Light on Broadway. Fisher was a short, portly man, with a small fringe of hair, cut tonsurewise, so he looked like a Dutch comedian of the Weber and Fields era. His accent matched his haircut.

Rose went to see Fisher with several lyrics. Fisher operated out of a small office on 46th Street, overlooking Broadway. As Rose recited his ballads, Fisher seemed to grow restless. He bowed his waist and unlaced his shoes. Then he absently took out a dollar bill, and as Rose continued reading, he slowly tore the bill into fragments. He tore up several bills during his session with Rose.

After Rose finished, Fisher spoke: "Young man, zong writing is a question of zounds not zense. If you create new zounds you make money. If you could come to me with a title like Gazoo, Gazee, Gazoo, Gazeezum, den you vould be interesting. If you can't get new zounds, den you must write mit passion."

Eventually, he wrote a dozen songs with Fisher, including Happy Days and Lonely Nights, and I'm Hungry For Beautiful Girls, But They're Too Damn' Hungry For Me. This song became an Eddie Cantor hit.

Father Wasn't Proud of Him

One afternoon his father banged on the door. Rose got out of bed and let him in. Mr. Rosenberg sniffed as he noticed the monogrammed yellow silk pajamas his offspring was wearing. With a look of distaste he surveyed the snarling macaw, the Byzantine floor lamps, the doorway shaped like a minaret, the grilles, the rugs.

"Well," he inquired, "how goes it, Willie?"

"Fine, just fine, Papa."

"Ah," sighed Mr. Rosenberg, "these songs you are writing do not fill me with pride."

"What's the matter with these songs?"

"Well, I got a lot of time on my hands, so I walk here and walk there. I walk on Fifth Avenue, I do not hear your songs. I walk on Park Avenue, I do not hear your songs. But when I walk by the gashouse neighborhood or in the fish market I hear everybody is whistling and singing Barney Google or That Old Gang From Mine. In my opinion, Willie, you are writing for bums, loafers, and no-goods. Good afternoon." He slapped his black Homburg hat on his head and stalked out.

Late in 1924, Rose was signed up to a three-month contract, at $200 a week, by the William Fox movie studios. He was to write titles for comedies. Rose reported to Sol Wurtzel, who was then producing B pictures for Fox.

A week after his arrival, he was taken to a screening of a two-reel comedy dealing with a duck farm. Wurtzel asked, "Well, Rose, what do you think of it?"

Rose said, "I think it stinks and I'd junk it if I were you."

That was the last he saw of Wurtzel. Rose was sent back to New York after his contract expired, wiser in the optimistic ways of Hollywood.

On his next trip to Hollywood, in 1928, Rose pulled off one of the most daring coups in the entire history of music, classical or popular. Universal had recently bought the book and the score of Show Boat. They were now planning to do a movie version of the Jerome Kern-Oscar Hammerstein masterpiece, with a musical sound track. Now, song writers are practically unanimous in saying the Show Boat score is the greatest musical-comedy score that ever was, or ever will be, composed in America.

Rose remarked to Carl Laemmle, Jr., that he was quite interested in Universal's project to do Show Boat. "But," he said,

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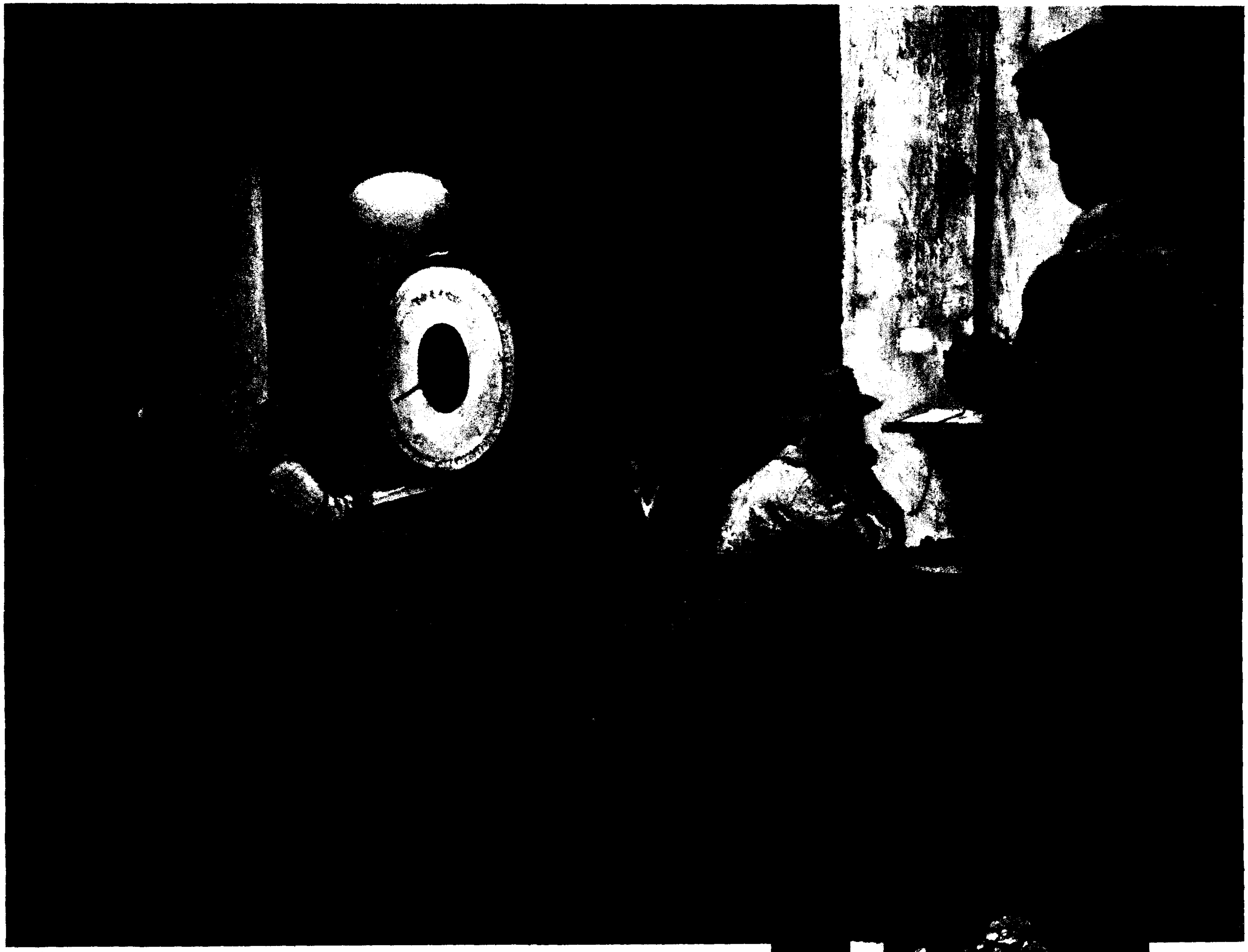

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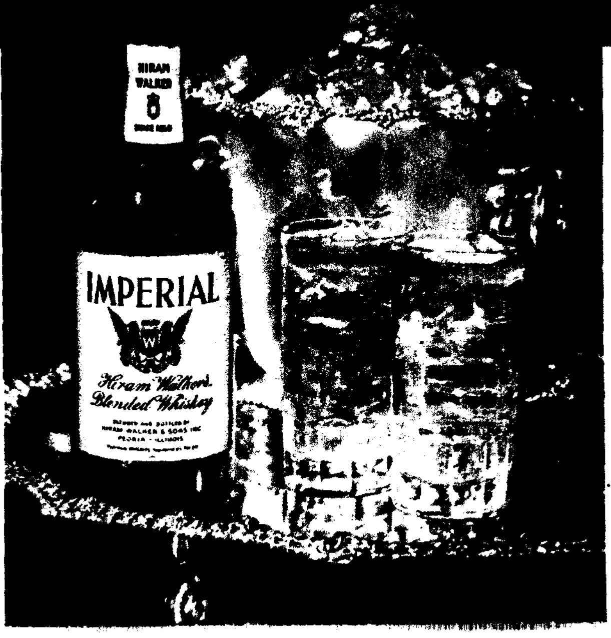

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"I hope you don't think people again want to hear Ol' Man River and Why Do I Love You?"

Junior was rather impressionable. "No," he said, "I guess they are pretty tired of those stale old songs."

"This great industry," said Rose, "has got to contribute something fresh to this musical."

Junior was properly flattered by Rose's observation. "What do you suggest?" he asked.

Naturally, said Rose—a brand-new score, which he would be glad to write for $10,000. They shook hands on it. Junior had been neatly hocused out of the Kern-Hammerstein score!

In about two hours, Rose knocked off the new score. In place of Why Do I Love You, he wrote I'll Never Love No One Like I Love You. In place of Can't Help Lovin' That Man, he wrote Magnolia. And in place of Ol' Man River, he wrote Shoes Take Me Back.

Even Rose's conscience itched uncomfortably when he attempted to palm off an improvement on Ol' Man River. He let the songs age for several weeks and then he submitted his tunes and received $10,000—undoubtedly the most spectacular feat in musical history since the invention of counterpoint!

Breaking into Musical Revue

Billy Rose's first musical-revue experience came in 1926 when he wrote the lyrics for the songs in Texas Guinan's Padlocks of 1926. In 1927, he contributed several songs to Harry Delmar's Revels, including Me and My Shadow:

Me and my shadow,
Strolling down the avenue,
Me and my shadow,
Not a soul to tell our troubles to.
(Copyright, Bourne, Inc.)

Of all his compositions, Rose feels his outstanding lyric is Without a Song, one of three lyrics he wrote with Eddie Eliscu for a Vincent Youmans operetta, Great Day, in 1929.

Rose was flattered when Youmans asked him to contribute these lyrics. Though Youmans did not write many melodies, every one he composed was a natural, an overnight smash hit. Youmans was known in musical circles as "Powerhouse."

At times, Rose feels it is likely Tin Pan Alley will remember him more for his efforts in founding the Songwriters Protective Association in 1931 than for any of his songs. The SPA is a tightly organized craft guild of the Broadway Bards. Rose was the moving spirit in its organization and its first president.

"Up until the formation of the SPA," Rose says, "when a publisher accepted your song, all he did was invest in a piece of paper, your contract, which cost him one tenth of a cent. He was under no obligation to publish your song or to plug it. He could promise you the world, and then bury your song in a safe. Besides this, royalties in general were too small, and firms, like Shapiro-Bernstein, paid little or no foreign royalties. Writers received no compensation for the use of our songs in folios, which sold hundreds of thousands of copies."

One night, Rose, Fred Ahlert, George Meyer and Edgar Leslie were brooding over these injustices in Lindy's. Rose said, "Let's form a union." They all agreed.

"It is important we get the right lawyer and an impressive business executive who can front for us and scare the publishers," Rose said.

"Who," said Leslie, "would you suggest for a lawyer?"

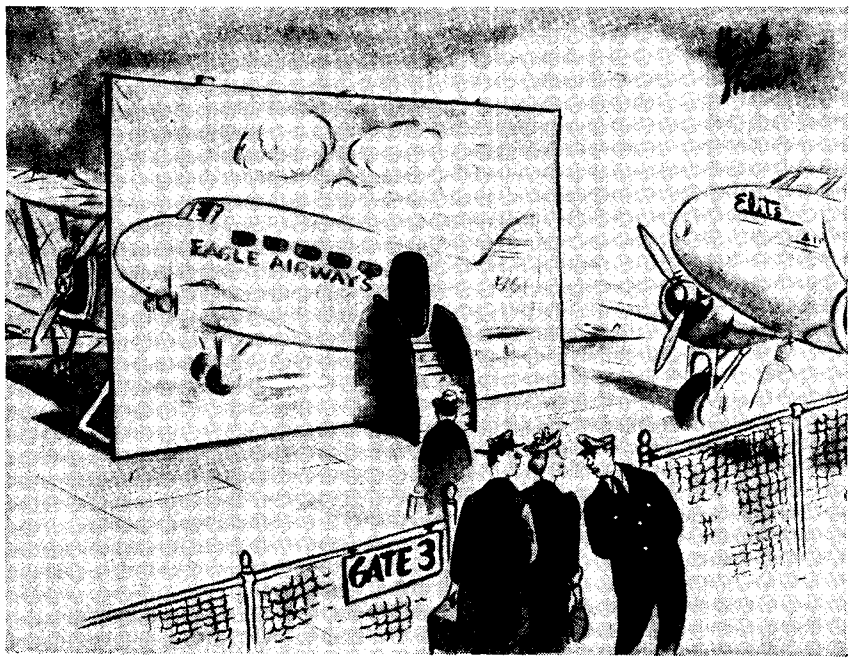
"Well," said Rose, "I have heard of a mouthpiece named Arthur Garfield Hays. He is always being mixed up in civil liberties. He is a big underdog man."

Rose telephoned Hays at his home then and there. "When would you like to go into this?" Hays asked.

"Right now," replied Rose. He was afraid their enthusiasm would cool. The four writers jumped into a cab and went down to Hays' home. It was after midnight, and Hays was considerably flustered. For the next week, with John Shulman and William Abrahamson, two of his associates, he held nightly conferences in Lindy's, Sardi's and Dinty Moore's with various song writers. Finally, a constitution, by-laws and a minimum basic standard contract were drawn up.

Within a few weeks, Rose, who can be a very persuasive orator, had lined up every important song writer. They pledged themselves to sign only the SPA contract and they gave 10 per cent of their ASCAP earnings to the SPA. Moses Koenigsberg, an impressive gentleman, formerly head of King Features Syndicate, was hired at $25,000 to be executive secretary.

The publishers were furious and refused to sign the SPA contracts. They said they would ignore the established writers and develop new song writers. After all, there were millions of Americans always writing and submitting songs. For several months, things were



COLLIER'S

"I know I shouldn't knock my competitor—
but let me give you folks a friendly tip!"

DICK SHAW

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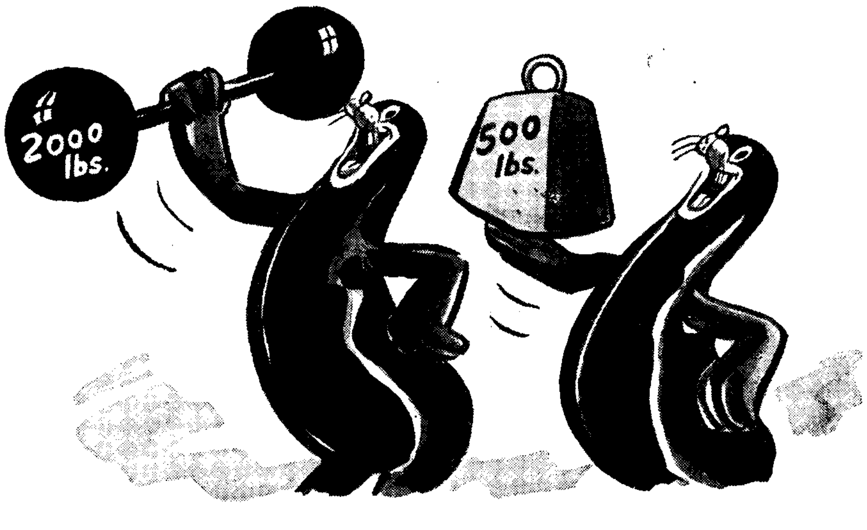
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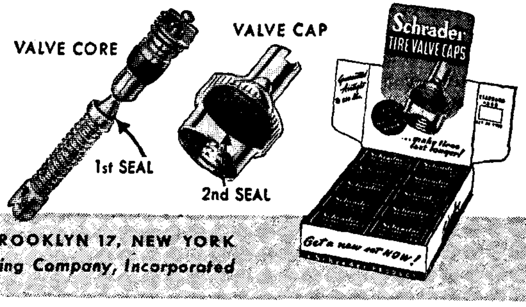

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at a stalemate and the writers began worrying.

Rose, as president of the SPA, went to Washington and had a conference with William Green. They decided to affiliate with the A.F. of L., if the publishers remained obdurate. Green said he would grant the writers a charter.

Rose returned and told the publishers: "Either treat with us as a guild or treat with us as a union." The publishers surrendered. . . .

I asked Rose if the words of a popular song ever reflected a writer's actual experiences or feelings.

"Sometimes, but in the main, song writers are fellows who've never been south of 42d Street writing about Tennessee," Billy replied. "They are hotel-room Harrys writing about the old homestead. I wrote a song about how I would give the world to see that Old Gang of Mine. What old gang? The toughies I knew down on the East Side? Then that song of mine about me and my shadow all alone and feeling blue. Alone? I wrote that lyric in my 52d Street apartment and a dozen of the best-looking gals in show business were there that night."

In the American Society of Authors, Composers and Publishers (ASCAP), an organization which collects fees from theaters, night clubs, taverns and radio stations for the right to perform music in public, Billy Rose has a classification of AA—the highest possible. He still receives $20,000 a year from ASCAP. He is in the same ASCAP class as Dick Rodgers, Cole Porter, Irving Berlin, Sigmund Romberg, Oscar Hammerstein.

As his energies became absorbed by night-club and stage productions after 1930, Billy Rose wrote fewer and fewer songs. Yet despite the multifarious life he leads today, Rose still cannot resist turning his hand to a sentimental lyric. He still concocts the entire book and lyrics for all the Diamond Horseshoe revues (with music by Dana Suesse). Sometimes, at parties, when somebody produces an interesting or novel slang phrase and challenges Rose to expand it spontaneously into a lyric, he will place his hands over his stomach, furrow his forehead and ad-lib a verse and chorus suitable to a 32-bar popular song.

From 1921 to 1933, Rose labored mightily in the vineyards of Tin Pan Alley. As a lyric writer he never achieved a marked distinction of style or great fame, but he ground out the words of some 400 popular tunes, of which about 50 became smash hits, and of these some 10 or 15 sold over 1,000,000 copies. For brief periods, a succession of syllables he compounded was on everyone's lips or in everyone's ears, played by every band, sung by children in the streets, echoed in the radio, banged on every piano, memorized on a scale which a serious poet would envy.

And a few of Rose's evanescent poems have outlasted their temporary vogue and achieved the curious immortality that frequently is given to a simple popular ballad. They are still sung, played, and rearranged to fit new fashions of harmony and orchestration. And even those of his lyrics which are neglected in performance still live in the minds of thousands, to whom a fragment of the melody or a line of the chorus will bring back an evening in a theater, a kiss in summertime, the anguish of early love, the sorrow of parting.

That shadowy immortality for which great poets and statesmen yearn—that their little words may be quoted and remembered—is Billy Rose's.

(To be continued next week)

THE WEEK'S MAIL

Continued from page 4

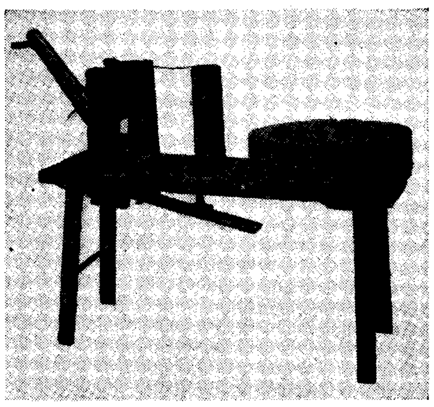
Dave Warner of Philadelphia, who was sitting at the table, arose, bowed in courtly fashion and sang "Happy birthday to you!"

There are nights when, no matter what kind of hands you have, your opponents always have something just a little better. On one of those nights, I had been drawing better-than-average cards, but I was either outbid or set on almost every hand. Finally, I drew the one-in-a-million hand, thirteen spades. So I casually said: "I've got thirteen spades. What have you got?"

The gentleman at my left spoke up: "Fourteen cards."

That was when I decided to call it a night. BOB HAWK, Columbia Broadcasting System, N. Y.

WHAT IS THE "WHAT IS IT?"



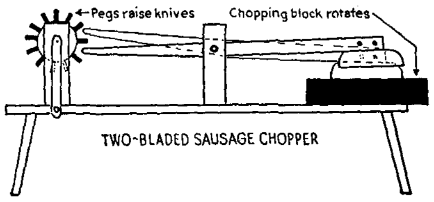
DEAR SIRS: In the Antickity Man (Jan. 4th), George P. Campbell asks what is the "What Is It?" in the picture on page 24. I have the answer. When I was a boy this machine was used to make sausage. The cutters and ring around the block are missing. It's the same as the machine used today to cut hamburger and sausage meat. This is how it worked: The cutters were wood stick with a hole in the middle where the pin of the middle post went through and sharp (knifelike) cutters at the cutting end that were heavy and when lifted by the other end, by the pins in the cylinder fell down on the meat on the block and chopped it fine.

One man turned the handle and another man turned the block so that it did cut at one place. When the meat was fine on the block they removed the ring around the block and took the meat off and put more on to be cut until they had it all cut.

H. S. GREINER, Manheim, Pa.

. . . The "What Is It?" is an old-time two-blade sausage chopper that looks like this:

B. T. STEVENS, Antioch, Cal.



. . . My grandparents had a machine in an old barn like the "What Is It?" It belonged to their parents and was a "cheese press." A heavy weight was applied and pressure exerted. I never saw the machine in use but used to play with it.

MRS. E. G. DICK, Troy, N. Y.

. . . Unless I am badly mistaken, the "What Is It?" is what we used to call a horse fiddle when I was a boy in Iowa, many years ago. This ingenious device was used to serenade newly married couples in what was called a "charivari" (pronounced "shivaree"). When the crank was revolved the thing gave out with a noise like a watchman's rattle, only about ten thousand times as loud. . . . Augmented by sundry shotguns, cowbells and screams, the "fiddle" induced the harassed bridegroom to come out and pay off either with liquid refreshment or a cash bribe. HERBERT B. KENNEDY, San Diego, Cal.

RADIANT EDITORHOOD

DEAR COLLIER'S: Re Motherhood Without Misery (Nov. 16th): My wife believes that she owes much indeed to that timely article—for her first child was born December 1st, shortly after she had read it. She believes it did in a large measure allay her fears of the pain of childbirth and gave her a complete relaxed natural attitude toward the whole process. As a result—her child was born without her experiencing anything more than mild cramps even in the very last stages of labor. Would you please tell me where we can get a copy of Dr. Read's book?

MURRAY G. BOWEN, Fredericton, New Brunswick, Canada

Childbirth Without Fear, by Grantly Dick Read, is published by Harper's, 49 East 33d Street, New York City. Collier's congratulates Mr. and Mrs. Bowen, and wonders if the baby's middle initial might be "C" for a certain magazine.

SOCIOLOGICAL MEDICO

DEAR EDITOR: What to Do About Strikes (Jan. 18th) is the sanest approach to labor-management relations I have seen in public prints. The author has a social physician's approach.

It is useless to try to solve kindred problems—that of the atomic bomb, for instance—if we cannot first resolve differences between workers and employers. The author realized that unionism often furnishes an emotional release, and an incentive, which act as a corrective on the monotony of daily work in mechanized industry. Too often the public thinks that all a union is for is to strike . . . but that is only a minor function. A union is a school, a club, a forum, and even a religion. Fundamentally the author has invented a new valuable phrase "psychological unemployment." I have been told that even the rich carry an anxiety complex. M. H. HEDGES, Director of Research, International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers, Washington, D. C.

DUNKEL IN THE DOGHOUSE

DEAR EDITOR: Dick Dunkel recently gave out with his list of the nation's 40 top basketball teams and even went so far as to name New York University the No. 4 ball club. What happened on the night of Dec. 23d at Madison Square Garden should not have happened to a Dunkel. The Violets were rudely and soundly trounced 81-65, by our boys from Oregon, who weren't even listed in the top 40.

ED WAHL, Portland, Ore.

BROKE WITH BERT

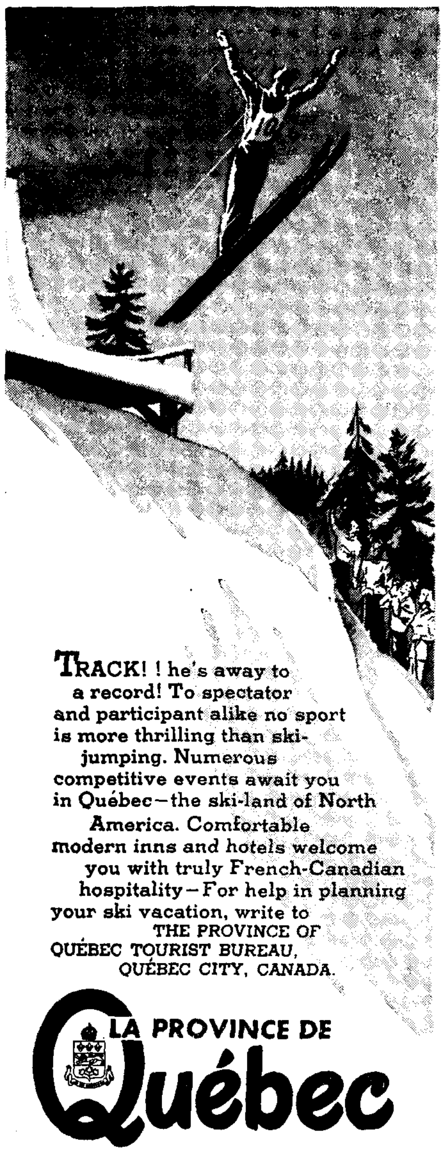
DEAR EDITOR: I read in Collier's that UCLA has a football team that is simply terrific (The Bruins That Bert Built, Jan. 4th) and I bet ten bucks that UCLA will defeat Illinois in the Rose Bowl. And what happens? Illinois lambasts UCLA 45 to 14, without even breathing hard! I think you owe me an apology—and maybe ten bucks. DON BIERCE, St. Louis, Mo.

Stop beefing, pal—we lost a hundred.

MARRIAGE VOWS

DEAR EDITOR: In view of Mrs. Apgar's statement (The Week's Mail, Dec. 28th) that the phrase "I do" is never used, I am apparently unmarried. I can remember uttering those fateful words "I do" for I've been married only a week.

EDWARD J. STEIN, Chicago, Ill.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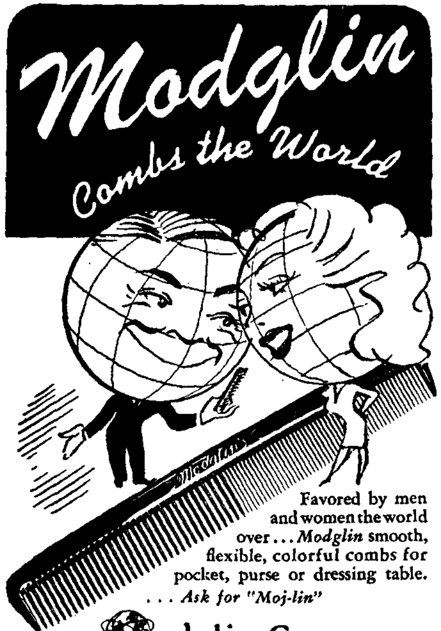

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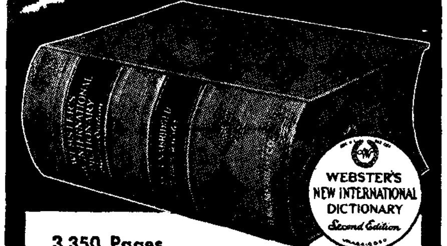

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WING TALK

EDITED BY
FREDERICK R. NEELY

PART I

AIRLINE operations people entered the 1946-47 winter flying season with feelings ranging from mild uneasiness to downright fear over the probability that before spring, two airliners, milling around in the soup near a congested airport while awaiting orders to land, somehow would lock wings and produce the greatest disaster in the history of scheduled air transportation.

The reasoning behind this apprehension lay in the recent addition of 421 scheduled airliners to the airways to bring the total in domestic and international operation to 816; their increased size and speeds and schedules that have doubled and trebled resulting in a mileage flown at the rate of 370,000,000 a year to meet the demand of 14,000,000 passengers.

The current system of bringing airliners to a terminal like New York in bad weather and stacking them up at 1,000-foot separations over a half-dozen holding points near La Guardia and Newark airports until one by one they are called down, has backed up air traffic, slowed down arrivals, created delays in take-offs, outraged passengers, wasted gasoline and rubbed raw the nerves of pilots, who, after cruising in circles in the overcast for an hour or more, often have had to return to their point of departure or land their passengers at an alternate airport far from where they had paid to be taken.

The public's pressure for regularity of traffic flow and its criticism of the delays in meeting published timetables have kept airline people and traffic controllers on the airways and at airports working around the clock trying to speed up the service without jeopardizing lives. Then, just when it looks as though a good plan has been evolved, somebody rightfully raises the cry of possible mid-air collisions.

Most of this precautionary thinking has been centered around tough spots like New York, Chicago and Washington in bad weather. There didn't seem to be much need to consider the problem of collisions along the airways in clear weather, but on the night of last December 19th mere inches stood between life and death for 84 passengers and crew as an Eastern Air Lines DC-4 clipped a DC-3 chartered plane operated by nonscheduled Universal Airlines, 2,000 feet over Maryland in the vicinity of Aberdeen. Both planes were damaged, but remained under control.

The night was clear enough for visual flying as against instrument or blind flying. The planes were at the same altitude and going in the same direction—down the airway from New York to Florida. The DC-4, with a cruising speed 60 miles an hour faster than the DC-3, was cleared from Newark Airport 14 minutes after the DC-3 got on its way. This was a simple, everyday case of a faster aircraft overtaking a slower one for which the Federal Air Traffic rules prescribe: "An aircraft which is being overtaken has the right of way, and the overtaking aircraft, whether climbing, descending or in horizontal flight, shall keep out of the way of the other aircraft by altering its course to the right."

The Civil Aeronautics Board's Safety Bureau conducted an investigation and by now may have published its findings (and penalties, if any) to clear up much confusion as to just what happened. The conflicting reports were very similar to those that come out of a highway accident in which the driver of the car that was hit did not see the one that hit him and the hitter didn't see the other fellow until he suddenly shot out in front of him. But all reports pointed to the wonderful reflexes of EAL's Copilot Roland J. Brown, who, seeing the DC-3 at a disastrously close range, pulled up his 35-ton plane just in time to touch the DC-3 and nick a good-sized hole in the underside of the DC-4 near the vital tail section. His action prevented both planes from locking and spinning down to certain death for himself and 83 others.

More than two months before this collision the CAB Safety Bureau rewrote the Federal Air Traffic rules, which had last been revised in August, 1945, and distributed them to all users of the airways for comment and suggestions, as is customary. Safety Director W. S. Dawson gave the airway users until November 1st to study and return the proposed new rules with their comments so the CAB could promulgate them as rapidly as possible. The Safety Bureau not only was mindful of the approaching winter flying season but also of the influx of newly licensed airmen and students.

But by the end of 1946, the comments and suggestions were still trickling in. Promulgation of the new rules was further delayed when it developed that British, Canadian, Dutch, French, Latin-American and Scandinavian pilots of foreign airliners flying into busy American air terminals were not quite clear as to the interpretation of some of them, so the matter had to be threshed out in Montreal by the Provisional International Civil Aviation Organization (PICAO), the governing body for all phases of international air transport operations. This has been done and the new Air Traffic rules were scheduled for promulgation early this month.

They are aimed at facilitating the flow of airway traffic and at the same time doubling the precautions against collisions. Provisions dealing with right of way, converging, approaching head on, overtaking, taking-off and landing were clarified or stiffened. But Safety Bureau authorities are aware of human fallibility even among air line pilots where momentary relaxation of vigilance could bring about a disaster.

"You can write the stiffest rules and provide extreme penalties," they say, "but if the pilot and copilot aren't constantly on the alert, the rules are of no comfort to the surviving families of passengers and crews." The new rules represent the best thinking by airmen who constantly use the airways and know their traffic problems, and are not the product of landlocked bureaucrats.

Yet if airliners don't get the word by radio from the air traffic controller, who supposedly knows the location of every plane along his airway, or if it is garbled in transmission or erroneously transmitted, or if the crews are busy with voluminous form-filling work in the cockpit when they could be looking out for other aircraft, or if they're momentarily distracted by an engine acting up or by ice forming on the wings, then the rule book won't prevent a collision.

Only the splendid alertness of air line captains and their first officers up to now has spared the public the consequences of a full-impact, mid-air collision, because the men who fly our airliners have had some pretty bad information pitched up at them from the experts on the ground as to what course was safe and who was near or far away.

(To be concluded next week)

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WHAT WOULD LINCOLN DO TODAY?

DISTANCE, transport, communication, geographical and human resources were in Lincoln's mind when in 1837, in a speech at the Young Men's Lyceum in Springfield, Illinois, he said, "Shall we expect some transatlantic military giant to step the ocean and crush us at a blow? Never! All the armies of Europe, Asia and Africa combined, with all the treasure of the earth (our own excepted) in their military chest, with a Bonaparte for a commander, could not by force take a drink from the Ohio or make a track on the Blue Ridge in a trial of a thousand years."

HALLMAN

Those words, then, carried a sweeping oratorical excess not found in the later Lincoln. The march of events and invention have now canceled that utterance.

And yet, in that same speech, in the year 1837, came words that could have come from the later Lincoln, words that hold good for this hour with their solemn, quiet murmur: "At what point then is the approach of danger to be expected? I answer, if it ever reach us it must spring up amongst us; it cannot come from abroad. If destruction be our lot we must ourselves be its author and finisher. As a nation of freemen we must live through all time or die by suicide."

Would Lincoln today be giving that same counsel? Would he scan the national scene and ask troublesome questions about forces of internal disintegration? We may believe so. He spoke then in 1837, not quite twenty-seven years of age, of personal ambition, its danger to a freedom-loving people. "It thirsts and burns for distinction; and if possible, it will have it, whether at the expense of emancipating slaves or enslaving freemen. Is it unreasonable, then, to expect that some man possessed of the loftiest genius, coupled with ambition sufficient to push it to its utmost stretch, will at some time spring up amongst us? And when such an one does, it will require the people to be united with each other, attached to the government and laws, and generally intelligent, to successfully frustrate his designs."

Twenty-seven years after this speech to the Young Men's Lyceum in Springfield, Illinois, the same Lincoln, grown older, hard worn, made a journey to a little country town in southern Pennsylvania. He spoke there as the key figure in a civil war that had run its track of blood and desolation from the Potomac to the Rio Grande, the red thumbprint of sacrifice on a million door fronts north and south. He was there to dedicate a burial ground, and saying that "in a larger sense," it couldn't be done . . . "we cannot consecrate—we cannot hallow—this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it, far above our poor power to add or detract."

He could have said "the brave *Union* men." Did he have a purpose in omitting the word "Union"? Was he keeping himself and his utterance clear of the passion that would not be good to look back on when the time came for peace and reconciliation? Did he mean to leave an implication that there were brave Union men and brave Confederate men, living and dead, who had struggled there? We do not know, of a certainty. Was he thinking of the Kentucky father whose two sons died in battle, one in Union blue, the other in Confederate butternut, the father inscribing on the stone over their double grave, "God knows which was right"? We do not know.

At twenty-seven years of age, and again when he was fifty-four, he hoped that a quiet, cool, unimpassioned mind would shape his decisions rather than wild blood indulging itself and not knowing what it was doing. In 1863 he wrote, as he would have in 1947, granting the fantasy that he could be here: "Let us be quite sober." There were critics then who couldn't see that, as advice, it had merit, seeming too simple and certainly not very original. Those critics hadn't heard of the Tennessee father who wrote his son in the Confederate army, "This war was got up drunk but it will have to be settled sober."

Said Lincoln, in a message to Congress, December 1, 1862: "In times like the present, men should utter nothing for which they would not willingly be responsible through time and in eternity."

This same message to Congress holds a closing passage that some Lincoln students place alongside the Gettysburg speech and the Second Inaugural for color and solemn cadence. "The dogmas of the quiet past are inadequate to the stormy present. The occasion is piled high with difficulty, and we must rise with the occasion. As our case is new, so we must think anew and act anew. We must disenthrall ourselves, and then we shall save our country." How can this guide us on what Lincoln would do today? Lincoln himself gives us some light in a letter of April 4, 1864, wherein he writes a Kentucky friend: "I claim not to have controlled events, but confess plainly that events have controlled me . . . the nation's condition is not what either party, or any man, devised or expected. God alone can claim it." This, too, chimes with his little remark at the dedication of a Sanitary Fair in Philadelphia in April of 1864: "It is difficult to say a sensible thing nowadays."

We may speculate and surmise that if today he sat as a counselor of the United Nations, he would stress the quality of patience, under all shifts of events and changes of circumstance, patience—and the utmost possible respect for the traditions and opinions of opponents. It was said of him as a lawyer trying cases that he fought fair with opposing counsel. One of these was quoted as saying of Lincoln: "He made a better statement to the jury of my case than I could have made myself." He carried over into politics that courtroom habit of trying to understand an opponent, if possible, somewhat as that opponent understood himself.

Would Lincoln cherish now as he did then the hope of speaking and writing today so that his words would not mock at him tomorrow? He would. Of that, we may be sure. He had humility, scruples, care and anxiety, about what he thought, wrote and said. He could speak with breath-taking simplicity, words carrying a music. And again he hedges, cribs and confines, with modifying clauses and phrases, insertions and clarification, till the sentences are near being crabbed and clumsy. He is circumscribing the area where he can end up saying he knows something for sure. He is taking care to mislead no one, including himself.

Democracy? No man has as yet told with any final exactitude what it is and how you can get it and keep it. Some authentic breath of it, however, comes out of Lincoln, the first true humorist to occupy the White House. Popular government? Republican institutions? Lincoln had the idea—it has become the belonging of many clean millions of people. It is there in the lights and shadows of his personality. It moved in his blood and bones as a sort of dream. A London Spectator writer tried to analyze Lincoln's message to Congress in December of 1862, found it having a "mystical dreaminess," and "The thoughts of the man are too big for his mouth." . . .

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RESERVE

Warm Welcome

Make your Hot Toddies with *Three Feathers* and watch guests flock to your door! Everybody has a warm welcome for this smoother, lighter, richer whiskey... *the finest-tasting Three Feathers in 64 years.* *"Good things come in threes"*... Call for

THREE FEATHERS

Reserve

First Among Fine Whiskies

Blended Whiskey 86 proof. 65% grain neutral spirits. Three Feathers Distributors, Inc., New York

L.S./M.F.T.

QUALITY OF PRODUCT
IS ESSENTIAL TO
CONTINUING SUCCESS
L.S./M.F.T.

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So Round, So Firm—
So Fully Packed
So Free and Easy On The Draw

LUCKY STRIKE
Means Fine Tobacco

CIGARETTES
L.S./M.F.T.